

**THELMA**

Written by  
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Based on what almost happened.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Light streams in to illuminate a wood paneled office. Full but neat. A lifetime of tchotchkes encompass the shelves but all surfaces are meticulously ordered.

THELMA (93) sits at her desk, finger outstretched toward her computer screen. She is tough and elegant in her old age. She wears a wide-necked, flowy silk blouse.

Her grandson DANIEL, somehow washed up at (24) but an all-star grandson, peers over her shoulder, lovingly assisting.

DANIEL

What are you looking for?

THELMA

Bobby's email.

DANIEL

Scroll up--

THELMA

I'm scrolling.

DANIEL

You're not scrolling. Look, this is scrolling.

Daniel scrolls through her emails, they begin to rush by.

THELMA

Okay, wait! Wait...

DANIEL (CONT'D)

What?

THELMA (CONT'D)

Stop fussing with it.

She scans the emails with her finger. Like a phone book.

THELMA (CONT'D)

What's this?

DANIEL

This is an ad for Neiman Marcus.

THELMA

Get rid of it.

DANIEL

You don't have to trash it, it can just stay in your inbox.

THELMA  
 Who needs it?  
 (then)  
 What's an inbox?

Daniel patiently tries to explain. Thelma patiently tries to understand. This isn't their first rodeo.

DANIEL  
 It's... where all of your emails  
 are stored. Like a folder on your  
 computer with all of your emails.

THELMA  
 And what is a computer?

DANIEL  
 ...*This* is a computer--

THELMA  
 I know *this* is a computer but what  
 is it really? How does it function?

DANIEL  
 It's-- let's come back to that.

Thelma agrees. Daniel searches for the email. Thelma watches intently. He finds it.

THELMA  
 Yes, there!

A FEW MINUTES LATER - in a lingering two shot, Daniel and Thelma listen to an old, crackly audio file (from the 1960s) on her computer. A man croons "Some Enchanted Evening" as a baby coos in response. Thelma listens, transported.

The camera drifts over to a picture of Thelma and her late husband TED. The recording continues to play under...

**TITLE CARD:** A floral needlepoint canvas. The hand stitched text at the center reads "THELMA."

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - VARIOUS - A LITTLE LATER**

We cycle through shots of Thelma's condo. The faint diegetic rumblings of an intense action sequence can be heard over serene tableaux of the carefully maintained space.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - DEN - CONTINUOUS**

We locate the source of the sound as a TV screen fills the frame: *Mission: Impossible - Fallout* plays as Tom Cruise runs in a long uninterrupted take.

THELMA (O.S.)  
Pretty fast.

DANIEL (O.S.)  
Very fast. He's like sixty.

THELMA (O.S.)  
It's not a stunt man?

DANIEL (O.S.)  
No, that's the whole thing. He does it all himself.

THELMA (O.S.)  
Wow. Terrific.

REVERSE ON our pair, lounging on the couch. Daniel watches Thelma watch Tom, glancing intermittently up at the screen and back down at her needlepoint.

THELMA (CONT'D)  
What's with you? Big plans tonight?

DANIEL  
Nah, just dinging around...

THELMA  
Have you spoken to Allie?

Daniel shifts his weight.

DANIEL  
We're still on a break. I'm trying to give her a little space... And just not really sure what my selling points are at the moment.

THELMA  
Psh! You're a wonderful grandson. You know computers. You have your hair.

DANIEL  
I think it's gonna start to go early.

THELMA  
You can't get hung up on that.

DANIEL  
 We're just in different places...  
 as people, you know? She's thinks  
 I'm stuck.

It's clear Daniel agrees.

THELMA  
 You're too young to be stuck.

DANIEL  
 I don't feel young.

THELMA  
 I don't feel old.

DANIEL  
 Oy.

THELMA  
 Oy is right.

They chuckle. Then settle...

THELMA (CONT'D)  
 You're gonna land on your feet.  
 Like Cruise. Who is it they say  
 lands on their feet?

DANIEL  
 That's cats. But in a way it could  
 be about both.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Thelma shuffles through the contents of a mid-century secretary desk. Daniel lingers a few feet behind, eyeing her balance nervously. She pulls out a marble.

THELMA  
 You want this? It's a marble. I  
 have a ton of these.

DANIEL  
 Sure.

She closes up the desk.

THELMA  
 You want pretzels? I have a ton of  
 pretzels.



**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - DEN - LATER**

Thelma dons bifocals as she needlepoints a floral pillow cover. The news blares on her TV as she works.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - OFFICE - LATER**

AT HER COMPUTER, Thelma watches a video embedded in an email from her friend Herman. He's singing karaoke against a psychedelic screensaver. Thelma chuckles, overjoyed.

THELMA

Oh my god...

She nudges the cursor toward "reply" and eventually clicks it. She slowly and deliberately begins to type her response.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Thelma crosses the expansive living room on foot. It's vaguely treacherous but she shuffles across the space with confidence and familiarity.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - LATER**

Thelma makes an afternoon coffee. She itches the area where the Lyfe Line bracelet grates on her wrist. She removes it and places it on the counter.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - OFFICE - LATER**

Thelma sips her coffee as she chips away at her response to Herman. She's gotten a few words down now but she's made a spelling error. She struggles to backspace.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - LATER**

Thelma, seated in a chair, gets a little exercise in on a mini pedal bike at her feet. We hang in a wide as she pedals.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - DEN - LATER**

Thelma peruses Instagram on her iPhone. She sees a photo of Daniel, attempts to "like" it but takes a blurry picture of her den and posts it instead.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - OFFICE - LATER**

Thelma's in the home stretch on her email to Herman. It reads: "Wonderful. Thank you for sharing.! Broughghht me a smile." Good enough. She clicks send.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - LATER**

Thelma listens to a VOICEMAIL on her machine. A kind elderly voice crackles through--

*BEN (V.O.)*

*Hiya, Thel. Ben here. Looks like I missed you again. I read a terrific article about mangos I thought you might enjoy. They seem to have many wonderful properties... not sure if you'd be interested but I found it interesting and thought of you. Be well, doll. If you need anything, you know where to find me.*

Beep. She furrows her brow, annoyed, and erases the message.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Thelma, now wearing a loose white nightgown, removes her hearing aids. And everything GOES QUIET.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - LATER**

Light from the TV illuminates the room. It's presumably loud but we can only hear the muffled hum. Like we're underwater.

Thelma approaches the edge of her noticeably high bed. She turns her back to it, then **THROWS HERSELF** onto it. From there, she tucks herself in. All part of the routine.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - OFFICE - MORNING**

The TV blares per usual as she needlepoints. Her cell phone rings - the sound feeds directly into her hearing aids via Bluetooth. It's loud.

She swipes elegantly on her iPhone, pinky outstretched, until she manages to open her **HEARING AIDS APP**. She adjusts the volume. Better.

The contact: **UNKNOWN CALLER**. She picks up.



UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)  
 (muffled)  
 Grandma!

THELMA  
 I'm sorry, hello--

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)  
 (muffled)  
 Grandma! It's me. Can you hear me?

Thelma perks up.

THELMA  
 Danny?

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)  
 I got into an accident.

Her breath quickens. She rises swiftly and begins to pace.

THELMA  
 What are you saying? You got into  
 an accident? What happened?!

Nothing. Then--

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)  
 I'm in jail.

THELMA  
 You're in jail? Oh my god! Wha--

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)  
 (rambling, muffled)  
 I hit a woman-- she was pregnant. I  
 don't know what's happening but  
 they're holding me here.

THELMA  
 ...You sound so strange, do you  
 have a cold?

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)  
 I have a broken nose! The airbag  
 went off...

Now she's starting to panic.

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You're gonna get a call, okay? It's  
 a defense attorney. He's going to  
 bail me out but you need to send  
 him the money.  
 (MORE)

*UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
*I'm so sorry, I can't believe this  
 happened. He's going to call you--*

Thelma's phone vibrates - another UNKNOWN CALLER.

THELMA  
 Someone's calling now--

*UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)*  
*That's him, pick it up--*

She ends the call and answers the other line.

SOMEONE speaks, his voice is comforting but firm.

*SOMEONE (O.S.)*  
*Hello? Ms. Post?*

THELMA  
 Hello! Yes! This is Thelma Post. My  
 grandson Danny Markowitz was, uh,  
 involved in an accident of some  
 kind. He has a broken nose--

*SOMEONE (O.S.)*  
*Danny Markowitz, you said?*

THELMA  
 Yes! Daniel Markowitz. Daniel  
 Alexander Markowitz.

*SOMEONE (O.S.)*  
*...Okay. I see the file here.*

THELMA  
 What do you need? What can I--

*SOMEONE (O.S.)*  
*Don't worry, ma'am. We're going to  
 handle this. I'm going to need you  
 to mail \$10,000 to this address--*

THELMA  
 \$10,000? Oh my god--

*SOMEONE (O.S.)*  
*Can you drive to the post office?*

Thelma is starting to tear up, overwhelmed.

THELMA  
 I don't drive anymore. I don't have  
 a car.

*SOMEONE (O.S.)*

*Then how about a cab? And remember, it has to be cash. We don't want him sitting in there any longer than he has to. I'm going to give you the mailing address. Are you ready?*

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma frantically retrieves small STACKS OF CASH from hiding places throughout the condo - couch cushions, mattresses, balled up socks, bookshelves.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

She makes her way down the long hall, hustling with great effort, clutching an ENVELOPE OF CASH.

A large potted plant sits by the elevator. Maintaining her momentum, she walks directly through the overgrown leafy branch, letting it wallop her gently as she passes, unwilling to risk a directional change.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - "ELEVATOR" - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma steadies her breathing as she calls GAIL, her daughter (and Daniel's mom). It rings. And rings.

**INT. WARMLY FURNISHED OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS**

In the foreground, a cell phone lights up. It's on silent.

In the background, GAIL MARKOWITZ (50s) attentive, nodding, an empathetic bundle of nerves, is seated in a comfortable chair, notepad in hand. She listens to a PATIENT who sits across from her. Her voicemail picks up. A beep, then--

*THELMA (O.S.)*

*Gail! Something has happened.*

**EXT. THELMA'S CONDO - A LITTLE LATER**

Thelma calls ALAN, her son-in-law (and Daniel's father). It rings. And rings. A cab pulls up and she gets in.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

In the foreground, his phone lights up, resting on his desk in his personal office.

In the background, through various panes of glass, we can see ALAN MARKOWITZ (50s) cautious, practical, muttering, in the midst of a meeting, out of earshot.

**EXT. POST OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER**

Thelma waits anxiously behind a line of people waiting to send packages. Antsy, she notices a free standing mailbox with no line across the way.

She steps up to it, opens the slot, lifts her envelope to insert it, then pauses...

**INT. WARMLY FURNISHED OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Gail, still nodding, closes the door behind her client. She exhales and turns over her phone. Her face drops instantly at the many missed calls. She clicks play on Thelma's voicemail.

GAIL

Oh my god.

**INT. POST OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Thelma shakes off her hesitation and DROPS THE ENVELOPE IN. It plummets into the darkness of the slot which closes with a sharp crack.

GAIL (PRE-LAP)

Mom, wait, wait. Slow down--

**EXT. OFFICE WALKWAY / POST OFFICE - INTERCUT**

Gail hustles toward her car, keys jangling wildly, with Thelma on speakerphone, moving past the same line.

GAIL

Who did you talk to?

THELMA

Daniel! Oh, Gail he was so upset.  
He was so upset!

Gail is getting swept up now too as she tumbles into her car.

GAIL

Okay. I'm going to try him. Hold on-

Thelma heads inside. Gail calls Daniel.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT LOCATION - CONTINUOUS**

We PUSH IN slowly on Daniel's phone as it buzzes and glows in the darkness. But no one picks up.

**EXT/INT. OFFICE WALKWAY / POST OFFICE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Thelma washes her hands, still on the phone.

GAIL THELMA  
He's not picking up. Oh my god.

GAIL (CONT'D)  
I'm trying the house line.

Thelma crumples up some paper towels and trashes them.

**INT. GAIL AND ALAN'S HOUSE - VARIOUS**

A modest middle-class home, furnished with care. We cycle through various rooms as the home phone rings. And rings.

**EXT. OFFICE WALKWAY / POST OFFICE - INTERCUT**

GAIL  
No answer. OH MY GOD--

An incoming call from Alan.

GAIL (CONT'D)  
Mom, Alan is calling--

THELMA  
Wha?

GAIL  
Alan is calling. I'll call you back.

**EXT/INT. OFFICE PARKING LOT / OFFICE BUILDING - INTERCUT**

Alan sits at his desk, slightly calmer than the rest.

GAIL

My mother got a call from Daniel  
and apparently he's in jail and  
someone broke his nose--

ALAN

Who told her this?

GAIL

She said she spoke to him! To  
Daniel.

GAIL (CONT'D)

And I can't reach him.

ALAN

He's not picking up his  
phone?

GAIL (CONT'D)

No! I'm trying him again.

Alan's not fully convinced, but as a diligent and cautious  
man he'd like to get to the bottom of things. He begins to  
pack his briefcase.

ALAN

I'm getting in the car. Let me know  
what you hear.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT LOCATION - CONTINUOUS**

Daniel's phone lights up again. This time, a hand juts into  
frame and snatches it up. We follow it to reveal a groggy  
Daniel, just waking up in HIS CHILDHOOD BEDROOM.

DANIEL

Hello?

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

The family is gathered. A distraught Thelma sits next to Gail  
who fans herself and her mother with an portable hand fan.

Daniel sits opposite them, his eyes trained on Thelma, while  
Alan leans against a nearby cabinet. The dialogue is  
overlapping. The handheld camera drifts between them--

THELMA

He was going on and on about how  
you hit someone and it's worse than  
you think - she's pregnant! And--

DANIEL

That I hit a pregnant woman? Like I struck her, with my fist?

THELMA

No, it was a car accident!

DANIEL

Oh, yes, that makes more sense.

THELMA (CONT'D)

What are you talking about?

GAIL

This was all happening inside of a car.

DANIEL

Got it. I misunderstood--

GAIL

Why weren't you picking up your phone?

DANIEL

I was asleep.

Gail turns off the fan. She shifts to face Daniel, concerned.

GAIL

At 10:30? I called you at 10:30--

DANIEL

I was out late with some friends.

GAIL

(sad)  
Did you get drunk?

ALAN

You didn't drive did you?

GAIL (CONT'D)

Drinking hard liquor can make you depressed. You know Wendy Horowitz' son got hooked on Don Julio. He's been in and out of rehabs, he can't hold a job. He's got no sense of agency. He is totally lost. And he may never find himself...

Daniel and Thelma exchange a comforting glance.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me?

DANIEL

Yes, I understand.

Gail turns her attention back to Thelma. She softens.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Mom, did you really think you were talking to Daniel? How did you think this was real?

DANIEL

You thought it was real too--

GAIL

Well, *she* was very convincing!

THELMA

She got scared, your mother. We were all scared.

ALAN

I wasn't quite as scared. For the record.

Thelma musters a chuckle.

THELMA

See what happens when you get a call, buddy.

ALAN

I wouldn't be fooled. My mind is sharp as a tac.

THELMA

Wha?

ALAN

(same joke, louder)

I said I wouldn't be fooled. My mind is sharp as a tac!

Thelma turns to Daniel.

THELMA

What's he saying?

GAIL

(to Alan)

You have to speak louder.

DANIEL

He's making a joke.

THELMA

What's the joke, Alan?

ALAN

Never mind.



DANIEL

Well, it was a close call but it's over now.

Thelma doesn't look appropriately relieved.

THELMA

...I'm so embarrassed!

GAIL

Why, mom? It's okay! You're here. You're safe. That's all that matters.

THELMA

I sent the money.

Daniel, Gail, and Alan exchange a glance.

SMASH TO:

**INT. DANIEL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Daniel, Alan, Gail, and Thelma are crammed into Daniel's old Camry (which is actually Thelma's old Camry, with colorful sun hats displayed in the rear window). Everyone is silent. Tense. Daniel is speeding.

ALAN

You're speeding, Daniel.

**INT. POLICE STATION - LATER**

The family sits across from DETECTIVE MORGAN (50s) seasoned and generally unhelpful.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

We can report a tracking number if it's with Western Union, FedEx, UPS. With a letter, our only real option is to notify the postal service but with these types of things the odds are slim. Especially without the address...

THELMA

I think I have it here.

Thelma rifles through her purse, searching for the slip of paper with the mailing address. Gail is incensed.

GAIL

Such a mean thing to do! Just sick!

ALAN

Is there anything that can be done?  
A database of some kind?

Detective Morgan offers a meager shrug.

GAIL

We've lost our moral center as a  
society. This is a *systemic*  
problem.

THELMA

I don't know where it is.

The reality that the money may be gone sets in. Daniel puts  
his arm around Thelma.

DETECTIVE MORGAN

If it's any comfort, these kinds of  
scams are increasingly common.

THELMA

How would they know who I am?

GAIL

Oh my god! How would they know  
that?

DETECTIVE MORGAN

They contact people at random using  
telephone listings, social  
networking sites--

THELMA

Like Facebook?

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Sure, like Facebook.

THELMA

So how can Zuckenberg let this  
happen?

DETECTIVE MORGAN

Sorry?

THELMA

Shouldn't Zuckenberg be able to fix  
this?

DETECTIVE MORGAN  
Are you on Facebook?

THELMA  
(to Daniel)  
Am I?

DANIEL  
No, you're not.  
(to Morgan)  
She's not. This was a tangent.

DETECTIVE MORGAN  
I would suggest cancelling your  
cards and freezing your accounts  
until you're sure you didn't  
provide any information that could  
leave the door open to fraud.  
Beyond that, there's not much we  
can do at this point.

The family looks at Detective Morgan, wishing for more help.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - KITCHEN**

VARIOUS CLOSE UPS of credit cards being cut up and disposed  
of as Thelma's array of economic tools are destroyed.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma reclines on the couch, her head resting on Daniel's  
shoulder. She's wiped from the day's activity.

DANIEL  
Do you need a blanket? Or water?

She shakes her head and squeezes his hand.

THELMA  
I'll just close my eyes for a  
minute.

Thelma shuts her eyes and Daniel slips out.

After a beat, she begins to overhear the discussion in the  
next room--

GAIL (O.S.)  
*...She gets confused.*

DANIEL (O.S.)  
*Not really.*

GAIL (O.S.)  
*Yes, more than before.*

Her eyes open. And her face falls. She gets up and shuffles to the doorframe, listening in...

DANIEL (O.S.)  
*I haven't noticed a big difference.  
 Little things maybe--*

GAIL (O.S.)  
*She's gotten these calls in the past.*

ALAN (O.S.)  
*This wouldn't have happened a year ago. She's not as self-reliant as she was.*

GAIL (O.S.)  
*We may be entering a new phase.*

This one stings. Off Thelma's reaction...

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A picturesque wide. In the foreground, Alan, Gail, and Daniel sit on couches in Thelma's meticulously maintained space.

DANIEL  
 What do you mean "new phase"?

GAIL  
 I'm questioning whether living alone is the best option at this point in her life?

DANIEL  
 You think we're there? I mean, I lost my wallet last week but I don't think that's a reflection of my mind deteriorating.

GAIL  
 That's a lack of presence, darling.

ALAN  
 Did you get the replacement license?

DANIEL  
 Yeah, I got it.

In the background, Thelma quietly emerges from the den. She shuffles into another hallway, out of sight.

ALAN

Good, because you shouldn't be driving without that. You'll end up in a database--

DANIEL

What is it with you and databases all of a sudden?

ALAN (CONT'D)

You don't want to end up in one.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm just saying I think this can be handled. Maybe I can handle it.

ALAN

What are you proposing?

DANIEL

...I'll call everyday. I'll come over more, make sure she wears her Lyfe Line--

GAIL

It's a nice idea but I'm not sure it's realistic. You've got enough on your plate and we should be free to focus on our job search.

DANIEL

You mean... my job search?

GAIL (CONT'D)

Of course, you know what I mean--

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Right, yeah-

ALAN

He could put it on his resume. If that feels ethical?

In the background, Thelma re-emerges. She makes her way to the bar and begins organizing its contents.

GAIL

I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if something happened to her. Did you know Susan's mother fell into a fire pit? Completely died--

DANIEL

Jesus! Why are we talking about this?

GAIL

Things happen to people as they age.

ALAN

Was it on? The pit?

GAIL (CONT'D)

I didn't ask. I assume it was.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Maybe it's time for assisted living.

GAIL

Ugh, she'd never forgive me.

In the background, Thelma notices a picture frame on the wall is slightly askew. She disappears around the corner again.

ALAN

We could consider full time care but it's expensive.

GAIL

I just want what's best for her.

DANIEL

So let me help.

GAIL

You're not a nurse.

(to Alan)

I wonder if she's been taking the five blend. And the Astragalus.

DANIEL

She doesn't need a nurse. You think she's gonna listen to a stranger? She barely listens to dad.

ALAN

She just can't hear me--

GAIL

Because you don't project.

DANIEL

She'll listen to me. It was one bad day. And if it doesn't work out, all options are on the table. Okay?

Alan and Gail consider Daniel's proposal...

GAIL

We could try that.

In the background, Thelma re-emerges, holding a LADDER. She makes her way, slowly, toward the crooked painting.

GAIL (CONT'D)

She got confused at Shutters. She forgot she ordered those spicy tuna rolls.

Thelma begins to climb the ladder. It. Is. NERVE-WRACKING.

ALAN

...I don't like sushi.

GAIL

Don't say that.

ALAN

I don't--

GAIL (CONT'D)

Ginger has anti-inflammatory properties.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Sushi has mercury.

GAIL

In moderation. I'm not saying everyday--

Thelma moves to the second to top step.

DANIEL

The tuna did look a little different. At Shutters.

GAIL

Well, the food is good not great.

ALAN

It's gone downhill.

GAIL

You go for the environment.

Thelma adjusts the painting. The faint scrape of the frame makes them wheel around to see Thelma on the ladder.

GAIL (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD, MOM!

DANIEL

GRANDMA!

Daniel leaps over the couch, tripping, scrambling toward her.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma listens as the family speaks. We can't hear it, but it's clear they're sharing their concerns.

Thelma looks to Daniel, who gives her a weak smile. This stings, feeling his uncertainty. She could protest, but she's ashamed, as her family bears down on her.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - ENTRYWAY - LATER**

The family hugs her goodbye as Thelma puts on a show of good temperament. Daniel lingers.

DANIEL

I'll call you tomorrow. You sure I can't stay over?

THELMA

No, no. I've got things to do.

Daniel holds out the Lyfe Line bracelet.

DANIEL

For my mental health?

Thelma smiles, weakly. She lets him place it on her wrist.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Thelma cries quietly at her kitchen table. Her eyes wander to a picture of her late husband taped to the fridge.

THELMA

I made a mistake, Teddy.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - OFFICE - NIGHT**

Thelma plays Mahjong on her computer. It's quiet, except for loud game SFX. With great focus, she dominates the level, achieving a new high score. But there's no joy in it.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - LATER**

Thelma sits at the edge of her bed as the TV illuminates the room with pulsing colorful light.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Birds chirp. Leaves rustle. Thelma sips coffee as she looks at her condo wistfully. She is dwarfed by it, in a way. By the artifacts she has accumulated. The room feels significant, the kind of space it takes a lifetime to curate.



She sifts through a pile of mail and uncovers an LA Times with a simultaneously well-worn and impossibly fit Tom Cruise on the front page of the Calendar section. She studies it.

The headline reads: *"Mission Possible! At 60, Tom Cruise Still Isn't Taking No for an Answer."*

We PUSH IN on Tom. And on Thelma, tapping her foot incessantly. An idea taking shape.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma hunts for the missing address. She reorganizes countertops. Checks beneath cushions. Peers under couches. No note. But she does find another marble.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

She adds the marble to her collection. Then glances toward the front door...

Music kicks in. A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

--She puts in hearing aids.

--Slips on a silk leopard print turtle neck.

--Straps on her velcro Mephisto's.

--Places a Fiji water into her purse, followed by a Ziploc bag of nuts. She tosses in her to-go needlepoint gear.

--She puts on a sun hat and her post-cataract surgery sunglasses. For maximum coverage.

--She glances at her Lyfe Line. Considers putting it on. Then drops it in her purse.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma traverses the long hallway. Near the elevator, she gets gently walloped by the same overgrown branch.

**EXT. THELMA'S CONDO - MOMENTS LATER**

She pushes her way out the door, carefully down a few wide brick steps and onto the sidewalk. She walks, slow and steady, scanning the ground.

**EXT. VALLEY SIDEWALK - A LITTLE LATER**

The camera tracks sideways, as storefronts and pedestrians pass. Then, Thelma enters frame, powering down the street.

We follow her path in a SINGLE SHOT, moving parallel with the action. It's our hero's version of an uninterrupted Tom Cruise running shot. Just slower.

She hustles, maintaining her speed and her balance, hobbling over cracked pavement and navigating oncoming foot traffic. We stay with her as she charges forward.

**EXT. POST OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER**

As Thelma, breathing heavy, arrives at the entrance, she passes an OLDER WOMAN strolling with an OLDER MAN. They exchange the obligatory acknowledgement of age - a respectful nod. Thelma touches the woman's arm familiarly.

THELMA

Hi.

OLDER WOMAN

Hello.

THELMA

Do we know each other?

OLDER WOMAN

I'm not sure.

THELMA

You look so familiar. Do you know, Judy? Judy Miller?

OLDER WOMAN

I don't think so. Do you know Ellen? Ellen Marcus?

THELMA

No, no, I don't think so.

They stare at each other for another beat, then shrug.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Oh well... have a nice day.

OLDER WOMAN

Bye now.

**INT. POST OFFICE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma finishes washing her hands. She crumples up some paper towels and trashes them. Then she pauses - this motion feeling oddly familiar.

She bends over and rummages through the contents of the can. She locates a slip of crinkled up paper amidst the paper towels. She unfolds it to reveal: THE ADDRESS.

**INT. DANIEL'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Daniel sits cross-legged on the bed, laptop open, scrubbing through old Photobooth selfies of him and his ex ALLIE (24). Browser windows populate the background which seem to suggest a job search underway. He scoops a handful of pretzels from the jar Thelma gave him, eating his feelings.

He's encircled by the paraphernalia of his youth - trophies, movie posters, shelves of required school reading never read. His bed is a life raft in a sea of clothing piles.

A repetitive "whoop" SFX draws his eye to an unfolding text thread: Gail is sending a million links to JOB LISTINGS she's found, with occasional commentary by Alan--

\*Whoop\*

*GAIL: Hi Daniel. Just leaving my book group. We read a fascinating novel called American Dirt. Some very lively discussion! Found out Rebecca Watnick's husband has a dental practice off Sawtelle. They're looking for front of house.*

\*Whoop\*

*ALAN: Rebecca Watnick's husband is a lawyer.*

\*Whoop\*

*GAIL: You're thinking of the Resnicks. Becca Resnick.*

\*Whoop\*

*ALAN: That's correct. Who is Watnick?*

\*Whoop\*

*GAIL: From JTD. Her husband is a dentist.*

\*Whoop\*

*GAIL: Daniel are you receiving these? Is the world of dentistry at all appealing to you?*

\*Whoop\*

*ALAN: Office experience is valuable. Wouldn't necessarily need to be on a dentistry track.*

Daniel shovels down more pretzels, his eyes glazing over, paralyzed by the onslaught of info. His phone lights up. It's Thelma. He snaps out of it, lighter now, and picks up--

**EXT. POST OFFICE - BENCH - INTERCUT**

Thelma speaks excitedly into her iPhone.

THELMA  
I found the address!

DANIEL  
What address?

THELMA  
From the, uh, scam. It was this tiny slip of paper.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| THELMA (CONT'D)                         | DANIEL   |
| You'll never guess where it turned up-- | I can't hear you that well. It's going in and out. |

THELMA (CONT'D)  
On the floor of the bathroom at the post office!

DANIEL  
Wait, you went to the post office?

THELMA  
Yah.

DANIEL  
How did you get there?

THELMA  
I walked.

Daniel stands, agitated, beginning to pace.

DANIEL  
That's far grandma. You shouldn't have done that.

THELMA  
It's a few blocks--

DANIEL

You can't-- you need to tell me if you're going somewhere so I can take you, okay?

THELMA

Wha?

DANIEL

You shouldn't have done that on your own.

THELMA

But I found it. I have it here--

Thelma's immediate physical well-being top of mind, Daniel pulls back, trying a softer approach.

DANIEL

I know, but maybe it'd be better to just... pause. For now. And we can figure it out together.

THELMA

What about my money? Am I supposed to just let them have it?

DANIEL

Well, the odds of getting it back are pretty slim, right? The most important thing is that you don't overdo it. That you're safe.

Thelma is silent. Crestfallen.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about the money. But it could have been a lot worse.

(beat)

Are you okay? You're at home now?

THELMA

I'm fine. Yes, I'm home.

DANIEL

If you need to go somewhere, I can take you.

THELMA

Okay, darling. I appreciate that. Speak soon.

They hang up. She stares at the crinkled up address...

**EXT. POST OFFICE - BENCH - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma holds her iPhone delicately in her hands, pinky extended, as she speaks into it.

THELMA

Cynthia? Hi, darling. It's Thelma Post. I'm afraid I need a bit of a favor. It's an odd situation-- oh, I'm sorry, Sara. I thought you were Cynthia...

(beat)

She did? How awful. I'm so sorry, dear. No, never mind. Forget I called. All is well.

A little later.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Hello, this is Thelma Post calling. Is Harvin there? ...What happened? A stroke. I'm so sorry, Joan.

A little later.

THELMA (CONT'D)

A heart attack?

A little later.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Sepsis?

A little later.

THELMA (CONT'D)

He moved to Cleveland? When did this happen? ...And he's enjoying the seasons? Well, that's good.

A little later.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Dialysis is no fun. That's why you don't wear tight pants around the genitals. Many women have gotten kidney disease that way.

A little later. Thelma fiddles with her phone, confused.

THELMA (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Oh god, I'm calling Cynthia--

(then)

(MORE)

THELMA (CONT'D)

Sara? This was a mistake. I know she's dead. Thank you.

**EXT. POST OFFICE - BENCH - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma slumps in her seat, stumped. Then something catches her eye - a man on a MOTORIZED SCOOTER. She watches as he putters by, traveling at breakneck speeds of 5-8mph.

Something clicks. And she makes one more call.

THELMA

Danny? I need a ride.

**INT. DANIEL'S CAR - LATER**

Daniel drives, Thelma sits shotgun as quiet show tunes play.

DANIEL

Just to get this out of the way up top, you were *not* at home.

Thelma shrugs, playing it off. Then--

THELMA

All my friends are dead.

DANIEL

What? Don't say that--

THELMA

It's true. They're all popping off. I used to be in four lunch groups. Who's left? Judith? She can't hear anything. And she's a hunchback now. I wouldn't want to have lunch with her alone. Herman's in Canada. Mona doesn't leave the house. I could invite Lee Horner to join us but I don't have her number. And Ruth burned up in a fire pit.

DANIEL

I heard about that. ...I'm sorry.

THELMA

I didn't expect to get so old.

DANIEL

Well, I'm glad you did.

(then)

Who do you know here again?

THELMA

You remember Ben? Ben Halpern? He was married to Sheryl.

DANIEL

Oh yeah, you guys used to see them all the time.

THELMA

Sheryl was my friend. Ben and Teddy got along well enough. I found him a little soft.

DANIEL

Soft?

THELMA

I don't know. Fussy.

(then)

Sheryl's dead too. She fell down some stairs in their house. She was there for hours before they found her. Poor thing.

DANIEL

I remember, yeah. So awful.

Daniel seems rattled, his worst fears proven possible. Thelma scoops a handful of crinkled up paper off the car mat.

THELMA

The car is filthy.

DANIEL

I'm taking good care of it. I'll clean it.

THELMA

You won't clean it. Who raised you?

DANIEL

Your daughter.

THELMA

Nice try. This is your father's influence. There's coins everywhere. They fall out of his pockets because he's got no waist. Every time I ride with him I make five bucks.

(she grabs another item)

What's this?



DANIEL  
That's my coffee. I'm still  
drinking it.

THELMA  
It's important not to let junk  
accumulate.

DANIEL  
I know.

THELMA (CONT'D)  
You say that. You don't know.

Beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
When did Judith become a hunchback?

THELMA  
Who knows. A few years ago? You  
don't become it all of a sudden. It  
happens slowly.

Daniel reflexively adjusts his posture.

**EXT. BELWOOD VILLAGE SENIOR LIVING FACILITY - LATER**

A sizable building with a cream exterior and red trim. Well-kept but sterile.

The car idles in a loading zone as Daniel pulls Thelma out of the passenger seat, still clutching a handful of trash.

DANIEL  
You want me to come in?

THELMA  
I'm just saying hello. Won't be  
long. 30 minutes.

DANIEL  
I'm here if you need me.

She nods, appreciative. Daniel discretely sets a timer on his phone for 30 minutes. A countdown begins...

Thelma turns to face Belwood, an uneasiness rising in her.

**INT. BELWOOD VILLAGE SENIOR LIVING FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma steps into the ENTRYWAY, where she dumps the trash.

Then she rounds a corner to reveal the MAIN ROOM where a show is underway.

The stage is lit theatrically as a group of seniors, led by an impressively LIMBER MAN in his 80s, perform a jazz dance routine. The room is peppered with residents, watching. Sleeping. Thelma furrows her brow.

She cautiously inches her way across the space. It's like the scene in the action movie where the hero tracks down a contact at a crowded club. Just less crowded.

**INT. BVSLEF - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Faint jazz echoes in the hall. Thelma passes a series of doorways, each housing a unique tableau of a senior in their shrunken habitat. She looks practically scandalized by her surroundings, visibly put off by the Belwood lifestyle.

At the end of the corridor, she peers into a multipurpose space where a REHEARSAL of sorts is taking place.

**INT. BVSLEF - MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A TALL MAN addresses a WOMAN IN A RED WIG seated beside him.

TALL MAN

Then you'll go to the Roxy. And  
then an ice-cream soda at  
Rumpelmayer's and a hansom cab ride  
around Central Park.

A pause. The DIRECTOR chimes in--

DIRECTOR

Gloria, that's your cue.

GLORIA

Oh. Alright.

The Director nods.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

And what do I say?

DIRECTOR

(reading)

Golly!

GLORIA

Alright.

(back in the scene)

Oh wow, okay, you know, golly.

DIRECTOR  
Just "golly." Just the line.

Gloria shrugs like - "yeah, I know." The Tall Man catches Thelma's eye. She plasters on a grin and waves. A flash of recognition, as a smile spreads across the Tall Man's face.

This is BEN (80s), tall and anxious with kind, sympathetic eyes. He has an athletic physique, even if time has stripped away some mass (this is the same man who left the voicemail on Thelma's condo answering machine).

**INT. BVSLF - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Ben gives Thelma a hug. They separate, taking each other in.

BEN  
What a surprise! What are you doing here?

THELMA  
I was in the neighborhood. Thought I'd say hello.

BEN  
Have you been getting my messages?

THELMA  
(playing dumb)  
My machine's been on the fritz.

They move slowly down the hall, arms interlocked.

BEN  
No harm, no foul! Oh, it's so good to see you, Thel. You look terrific.

THELMA  
Pshh... I'm a balloon. What's all this? You're doing a play?

BEN  
Annie.  
(proud)  
I got Daddy Warbucks.

THELMA  
Hey, that's a big part!

BEN  
(apprehensive)  
I was *not* expecting it.  
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

I figured I'd be part of the ensemble. Maybe Mr. Bundles. We open tonight but there's work to be done. Miss Hannigan's senile. We got a lady playing Roosevelt because there's never enough boys. And Gloria-- or, uh, "Annie"-- she's a total amateur. I'm gonna have to bring quite a bit of pizzaz.

Ben slows and turns to Thelma, serious.

BEN (CONT'D)

I think about Teddy often. Such a special guy. What's it been, two years now?

THELMA

Just about two.

BEN

Five since Sheryl. Still feels like a dream. How are you holding up?

THELMA

I'm... holding.

BEN

Such a loss.

A somber moment. Ben is willing to sit in it. But Thelma tries to brighten the mood.

THELMA

Let's not be maudlin. You gonna show me your place?

**INT. BVSLF - BEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

It's filled with an array of pill bottles and senior mobility gear including his DELUXE SENIOR MOBILITY SCOOTER. Ben squirts hand sanitizer from the contraption on the wall and rubs it in.

BEN

Got a TV. Plants. Window--

(re: sanitizing)

You mind? Most infections start from the hands. I read that. Our director's been trying to get me to touch Gloria in the scene where I adopt her. But I won't do it.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

It's not worth it. If it makes it worse, so be it. We're not getting reviewed or anything.

Thelma takes some hand sanitizer, her eyes wander to Ben's scooter.

BEN (CONT'D)

A little fridge. That's Gary.

Ben gestures to GARY (90), a stationary senior with weird energy. He sits upright on his bed, staring at them. Thelma nods at him. He doesn't nod back.

BEN (CONT'D)

We call him Starey-Gary. It's not an insult, just a thing that happens. I don't think he minds.

Ben sits on his bed as Thelma fixates on the scooter. He notices.

BEN (CONT'D)

Isn't she a beauty? Four wheels. 43 miles per charge. Electronic auto braking system. Bright red so everyone can see me comin'. And a little basket for whatever you need really. I like to put bread in there. Not a whole bread. Little pieces of it.

THELMA

You put them in loose?

BEN

No, no, in bags. Ziploc.

THELMA

You think I could I borrow it?

BEN

Borrow my scooter?

Thelma sits beside him on the bed.

THELMA

(hushed)

I'm in a bit of a situation--

BEN

Wha?

THELMA

(louder)

I'm in a bit of a situation. I just... it's a headache. The less you know the better.

BEN

If it involves my scooter it involves me.

Thelma hesitates, unsure how much to divulge.

THELMA

I don't want to say in front of Gary.

BEN

Gary, could you give us a second?

Gary doesn't move.

THELMA

Is he gonna listen?

BEN

I'm not sure. But he's going to watch.

Thelma gets an idea.

THELMA

You got a telephone?

Ben nods. Thelma pulls out her iPhone and with a few elegant and practiced swipes SYNCs her hearing aids to the microphone at the base. Ben hands her his. She does the same.

ALL SOUND DROPS OUT except for their voices, small and tinny, fed into each others ears. They speak in hushed voices.

THELMA (CONT'D)

I got scammed. But I have the address where I sent the money. It's a P.O. Box in Sun Valley. I'm headed there today. To figure out who took it and get it back.

Ben looks at Thelma, disturbed.

BEN

What are you nuts? That's absurd. You should call the police.

THELMA  
They're no use.

BEN  
What about your family?

THELMA  
Not with this.

BEN  
It's a bad idea--

THELMA  
You got a better one?

Beat. They stare each other down.

BEN  
You're not thinking straight.  
You're grieving. At least you have  
your health. Be grateful for that.

Thelma gives Ben a tentative nod. She disconnects their headsets and the SOUND FLOODS BACK. Gary is still staring at them. Or through them. Who can say.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Why don't you stay for lunch?  
They've got a wonderful cafeteria.  
Beautiful melons. Fresh.

Thelma sighs. Then nods.

THELMA  
Sure.  
(re: scooter)  
But would you mind if I give it a  
try? May be in the market for one.

**INT. BVSLF - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Ben helps Thelma onto the scooter. She gets her bearings.

THELMA  
I love driving. I miss it.

Thelma accelerates and the scooter starts down the hall.

BEN  
Nice and easy...

Thelma picks up a bit of speed. Ben watches, smiling. She reaches the end of the hall and turns the corner. Ben watches still, waiting for her to re-appear.

His smile begins to fade.

**INT. BVSLEF - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Thelma emerges around a corner and drives down the hall. She swerves gently between resident foot traffic.

**INT. BVSLEF - HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ben lurches down the hall. He rounds the same corner just in time to catch a glimpse of Thelma rounding the next. Panting, he switches direction and peers into...

**INT. BVSLEF - WINSTON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

WINSTON (98), and he looks it, sits facing the wall.

BEN

Winston, can I borrow your scooter?

Winston doesn't respond.

BEN (CONT'D)

Winston?

Winston swivels his head to face Ben. Beat.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm taking it!

WINSTON

Are you talking to me?

**INT. BVSLEF - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Thelma continues down a hallway, zipping by a series of doorways, seniors watching her pass. Some smile. Some stare back blankly.

Up ahead, Ben rounds a corner on WINSTON'S SCOOTER.

THELMA

(sotto)

Son of a bitch.

BEN

Thel!



She tries to reverse but the hall is cluttered with people. Ben starts advancing toward her.

BEN (CONT'D)

Stay there! I'm coming to you!

Cornered, she starts accelerating toward him. The two scooters charge toward each other, getting closer and closer... They're about to collide. Ben takes his foot off the gas and throws his hands up to shield his face.

The front of their scooters THUMP into each other. They're both gently jostled. Thelma continues to push forward, forcing Ben's scooter backward. He peeks through his fingers to see a stalwart Thelma inching him backwards.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

They pass the doorway to Winston's room. He starts to laugh.

BEN (CONT'D)

Don't laugh, Winston!

Thelma lightly banks Ben's scooter against a wall then manages to turn and accelerate down the hall. Ben struggles to get his going again.

**INT. BVSLF - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma spots an exit ramp outside of two heavy double doors. She notices a HANDICAP BUTTON on the wall. She hoists herself off the scooter and pushes it. The doors open.

Thelma scrambles to get back on but by the time she sits down the doors are closing again.

BEN (O.S.)

THELMA!

She turns and sees Ben headed towards her from ANOTHER HALLWAY, perpendicular to her path. Her eyes shoot forward just as an EMPLOYEE opens the handicap doors and walks out.

Thelma STEPS ON IT. Her scooter lurches forward. Up ahead the doors are already beginning to shut.

As she draws near, Ben flies by behind her, missing her by inches, and zooming gently into another open door. Thelma passes through the closing doors, making it out by a hair.

**EXT. BVSLF - PATHWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma drives down the sidewalk, chuckling to herself. The sound of automatic doors opening sends her gaze backwards to spot Ben, now ON FOOT, emerging from the exit.

THELMA

Oy god...

**INT. DANIEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Daniel scrolls through Allie's Instagram, passing pics of her lounging with friends on a lawn, taking faux-glamour shots in her Island's uniform. She seems happy. Despite himself, his face contorts, emotions welling up.

Through the window, we see Thelma drive by. Followed, a few moments later, by Ben. Daniel checks the timer on his phone. One minute remains...

**EXT. BVSLF - ANOTHER PATHWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Nearing the exit, Thelma checks her surroundings. No Ben in sight.

She faces forward again to see him hustling into her path from an alternative route. Thelma hits the brakes and comes to a halt a few inches in front of Ben. Panting, he grabs the handlebars to steady himself, blocking her path.

BEN

Let's just talk--

THELMA

Everybody wants to talk, my god! I just need your scooter. Please be a doll and don't make a fuss.

Thelma tries to get moving again. Ben doesn't budge.

THELMA (CONT'D)

My grandson is parked a block away. I don't have much time...

BEN

You left your grandson in the car?

THELMA

He's 24.

She tries to start up the scooter again.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Ben, please don't make me go through you.

BEN

You couldn't. You know I've got a titanium hip.

THELMA

Shall we put that to the test?  
(then)  
I'm going. With or without you.

BEN

I can't let you do this on your own. I won't.

They stare at each other - neither backing down. A look of uneasy resignation spreading across Ben's face.

**INT. DANIEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Daniel's phone alarm BLARES, startling him. Time's up. He looks around... no Thelma.

**INT. BVSLF - ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Daniel speaks to an EMPLOYEE (COLIN) at the front desk.

DANIEL

Thelma Post. White hair, a little wobbly, very determined?

The Employee scans her sign-in sheet to no avail.

**INT. BVSLF - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Daniel makes his way down a hallway.

DANIEL

...Grandma?

A symphony of yesses echo from the various open doors.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

No, sorry. Just looking for my grandma. Sorry!

**INT. BVSLEF - WINSTON'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Daniel peers in--

DANIEL  
Hi there--

WINSTON  
Was it you?

**INT. BVSLEF - ROOM 120**

Daniel walks in to find Gary, seated in his usual position.

DANIEL  
Ben?

Gary points out the glass doors. Daniel's face falls.

**EXT. BVSLEF - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Daniel paces, starting to panic, phone to his ear--

DANIEL  
...Mom? We may have a situation here. No, no, I'm fine-- not in jail. It's grandma.

**EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER**

We track steadily across a series of storefronts. Thelma and Ben enter frame on his scooter. She drives, looking pleased with herself. He's in the backseat, unhappy.

BEN  
I need to be back by eight! It's opening night. I can't miss it.

THELMA  
I got it, I got it.

She steps on the gas...

**EXT. PUBLIC PARK - LATER**

Thelma and a noticeably agitated Ben gently maneuver around kids, parents and loose toys.

**EXT. INTERSECTION - LATER**

Thelma and Ben cross a wide and busy intersection.

**EXT. UNEVEN TERRAIN - LATER**

Thelma and Ben zoom across uneven surfaces, the scooter bouncing wildly. They fly off a low curb and land with a thud.

**INT. BVSLEF - LOUNGE - LATER**

A tightly-wound Daniel and outwardly concerned Alan and Gail sit across from two Belwood Staff Members - Director of Residential Living ROCHELLE and COLIN, the floor manager. She outranks him but both are out of their depth.

DANIEL

I checked every room, she's not answering her phone. But she should have her Lyfe Line.

ROCHELLE

Has she ever wandered off before?

GAIL

Never. Not like this.

DANIEL

I thought I lost her at Souplantation once but she was just going back for more little pizzas.

ROCHELLE

Souplantation?

ALAN

It was a buffet restaurant. You could go back for more.

Rochelle and Colin nod as if this were meaningful.

DANIEL

I can't believe it was called Souplantation. Never really processed that.

GAIL

It had things she can chew.



COLIN

A silver alert? No. We're not authorized. The cops would have to declare her a missing person--

GAIL

But she is a missing person! Don't you have someone watching the front door?

COLIN

Residents do leave and come back. It's only been an hour, right?

DANIEL

Yeah, right. It hasn't been that long...

COLIN (CONT'D)

And curtain's not until 8.

Rochelle shoots Colin a look.

ROCHELLE

Does Thelma have any significant medical history we should be aware of?

GAIL

She's had breast cancer, a double mastectomy, colon cancer, sepsis, edema, valve replacement, hip replacement, arrhythmia, brain tumor--

ALAN

I think she actually has a brain tumor now.

GAIL

Oh, right--

ALAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, the doctors said it was growing so slowly we could just leave it.

GAIL (CONT'D)

So all of that as well as a brain tumor at the moment.

Rochelle and Colin cover their alarm, processing.

ROCHELLE

Wow. Okay. Well... thank you for that information.

DANIEL

And she had the TGA, right?

GAIL  
Yes, yes--

COLIN  
TGA?

ALAN  
Transient global amnesia.

GAIL  
It was a few years ago. She got very disoriented. She didn't know who she was, who we were. It passed after about an hour but it was... unsettling.

They jot this down. Daniel feels compelled to chime in.

DANIEL  
But she's a tough cookie. Obviously we want help tracking her down. But there's still a chance it's a "going back to the buffet" type situation.

ROCHELLE  
The good news is they rarely go far.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Ben and Thelma drive down a tree lined street. He diligently observes their surroundings, adjusting to the great outdoors.

BEN  
Why does this street look so familiar?

THELMA  
We're stopping by Mona's.

He perks up a little.

BEN  
Mona. God, I haven't seen her since Berlin.

THELMA  
That was a fun trip, wasn't it? When was that-- '95?



BEN

'98, I think. The flight was bumpy. Otherwise it was terrific. You know she's obsessed with me. We never acted on it but she would stare at my legs when I was in short pants.

THELMA

Whatever you say, buddy. If you're right, maybe we can use it.

Then--

BEN

...Why are we going to Mona's?

THELMA

To get a gun.

BEN

OH MY GOD! Why do we need a gun?

THELMA

It's just a precaution! A couple of shmegeggies like us turning up unannounced? I like to be prepared.

BEN

Would you even know how to use it?

THELMA

How hard could it be? Idiots use them all the time.

BEN

I don't think we should have a gun.

THELMA

So what if we get there and *he* has a gun? Then what?

Ben had not considered this.

BEN

If he has a gun... then I'd like us to have a gun too.

Thelma nods - "there ya go."

THELMA

You'll have to distract her. Mona's still sharp. It's not gonna be so easy.

BEN  
She's still on Benedict?

THELMA  
Yeah, she's unbelievable. Same house, no help. She doesn't drive, you know, but that's about it.

Ben looks impressed.

BEN  
Maybe I can do my monologue.

THELMA  
I'd rather you didn't.

**EXT. MONA'S HOUSE - LATER**

Thelma and Ben pull up to a modest Craftsman two story home. The facade appears in good condition aside from a mildly disheveled garden.

They approach to find the front door slightly ajar. They look to each other, then push it open...

**INT. MONA'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The inside is a grimmer scene. Wilting plants crowd surfaces. The sound of a TV on high volume fills the space.

Thelma and Ben head toward the sound, passing a dark, looming STAIRCASE off the hall. Ben clocks it. As does Thelma.

**INT. MONA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

They round a corner to find MONA (92) delicate and pale, seated in a chair in front of her television. Table tops are cluttered with unwashed mugs and dirty plates. Beams of light stream in from half open shades, catching flicks of dust in the air. Thelma and Ben enter Mona's field of view...

THELMA  
Mona?

An uneasy beat, then a glint of recognition. Her voice is light and trembling.

MONA  
Thel, darling. Did we make a date?

Thelma and Ben are clearly thrown by the state of her home.

THELMA  
No, no, we were in the  
neighborhood.

MONA  
I would have put shoes on.

THELMA  
Ben's here too.

Mona cranes slightly and clocks him. Ben smiles warmly.

BEN  
Good to see you, doll.

Mona smiles back. Thelma leans down--

THELMA  
Are you alright?

MONA  
Fine, fine.

Mona fiddles with the remote and mutes the television. Ben carefully lowers himself onto the couch with a light thud. Thelma stacks empty dishes on a nearby countertop.

MONA (CONT'D)  
Sit, dear. Don't clean--

THELMA  
Okay, okay.

But she continues. She lifts a plate to find a COCKROACH scurrying past and lets out a small yelp. She picks up a nearby napkin and crushes it.

MONA  
Is it a roach?

Thelma crinkles the paper shut in her palm.

THELMA  
I got him.

BEN  
(uneasy)  
You have bugs?

MONA  
I've been hunting them. Can't seem  
to knock them off.

THELMA  
They're resilient.

MONA  
That's what makes them worthy  
adversaries. You get one and  
there's ten more to replace him.  
I've learned to pick my battles.

Ben nods politely, squirming in his seat.

BEN  
How are you? How's your health?

MONA  
I'm alive.

BEN  
Isn't that somethin'.

Mona reaches out a hand, Ben takes it lovingly.

THELMA  
I've gotta use the restroom.

MONA  
Good, dear.

Thelma shoots Ben a look and she's off.

BEN  
We were just talking about Berlin.

**INT. MONA'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma emerges at the base of the stairs, eyeing the climb ahead. She hoists herself from step to step, clutching the banister with both hands.

As she nears the top, she slips on the STAIR RUNNER and topples forward but catches herself on the banister, heart racing.

**INT. MONA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ben is reminiscing.

BEN  
We stayed at that beautiful hotel.  
The Kempeski? Kempski?

MONA  
 ...Did we take a trip?

Her eyes stare back, without recollection. Ben softens.

BEN  
 A long time ago.

A quiet beat.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 I'm over at Belwood now.

Mona's eyes light up again, re-engaged.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 They have the most wonderful  
 melons.

**INT. MONA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma cracks the door open. The room appears untouched - as if someone was going about their routine and suddenly stopped. The bed is half-made, clothes strewn about, photos knocked over on a tabletop.

She picks one up: Thelma, Mona, Ben, with their spouses celebrating New Years eve at Mona's house. A snapshot of the "good 'ol days." A melancholy smile creeps across Thelma's face. She dusts the frame off and places it upright.

**INT. MONA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Back to Ben and Mona--

BEN  
 Cantaloupes. Honeydews.  
 Honeyglobes. Jade Dews. Crenshaw  
 melon...

Mona nods along. As Ben pauses, her gaze begins to wander--

BEN (CONT'D)  
 And berries.

MONA  
 Berries?

BEN  
 All kinds of berries. Raspberries.  
 Blueberries. Blackberries.

**INT. MONA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Thelma eyes the shelf above Mona's bed. She approaches the mattress - it's high. Not unlike hers.

She takes a few steps back. Then hustles toward it and LEAPS onto it, flopping onto her back. She manages to turn herself over and get situated.

Thelma rises into frame and grips the shelf housing a LOCKED SAFE. She places the lock between her fingers but it breaks off before she enters a code. She opens it to find Mona's 44 MAGNUM. Thelma delicately lifts the gun, it's heavy.

THELMA

Oy god...

She slowly manages to sit back down and roll to the edge of the bed. She rights herself and slides off, placing herself on her feet. A sigh of relief.

Then, another cockroach scrambles across the floor. Startled, Thelma loses her grip on the weapon. It hits the ground and GOES OFF with a LOUD BANG!

**INT. MONA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

In a wide, the bang ECHOES through the house and a VASE in the background SHATTERS, the stray bullet tearing it apart from above. Nobody seems to have heard it.

BEN

Elderberry... Goji...

But Ben is running out of berries.

**INT. MONA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Thelma cringes, frozen in place. She picks the gun up like a dirty sock and drops it daintily into her purse, the barrel still jutting out.

**INT. MONA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Thelma makes her way back into the room.

BEN

ANNIE, GET YOUR BLASTED, FLEA-RIDDEN, GODDAMN HOUND OUT OF MY POOL!

Mona turns to see Thelma - as if for the first time.

MONA

Thel, darling! Did we make a date?

THELMA

Um... no. No, I was just in the neighborhood.

MONA

I would have put shoes on.

Thelma's eyes sadden. Ben knowingly meets her gaze.

THELMA

Well, we should be on our way.

MONA

You're leaving?

THELMA

I know, I know. We'll have to get a lunch on the books.

MONA

I'd like that.

THELMA

Can we get you anything?

MONA

I've got everything I need.

Ben struggles to his feet from the sunken couch. Thelma watches as he kneels down and cups Mona's face in his hands.

BEN

Goodbye, doll.

Mona stares back, present again, if only for a moment.

**EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

The mood is slightly more somber as Thelma and Ben cruise down the street in silence. Thelma looks ahead, pensive.

Ben's eyes wander to her purse - the massive gun barrel peeking out. The scooter seems to be slowing.

BEN

Needs a charge.

**INT. BVSLF - LOUNGE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Daniel and Alan anxiously eat sandwiches in the waiting area while Gail picks at her packed lunch - two boiled eggs, arugula with a slice of lemon, carrots and dip. Daniel is outpacing his parents, lost in thought.

GAIL

You go so fast sweetheart, you barely chew. They say digestion begins in the mouth.

DANIEL

Who says that?

GAIL

Everybody. Doctors. Professionals.

ALAN

It makes sense intuitively. Where else would it start?

Rochelle and Colin saunter over.

ROCHELLE

Can I get ID's from everyone?

The family rifles through their pockets and purses. Daniel pats his pants, "searching." Gail and Alan hand over their ID's. Daniel continues to pat.

ALAN

You can't find your wallet?

DANIEL

No, no I have it. But I'm not seeing my ID...

ALAN

You're not even looking, you're just patting--

GAIL

Wouldn't it be in your wallet?

Daniel takes out his wallet and checks it half-heartedly. Alan snaps to attention. He's on to him.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You didn't order a replacement.

DANIEL

I did! I just--

ALAN

Don't lie. Just tell us you didn't. I'd rather know than be lied to.



Beat.

DANIEL  
...I haven't. Yet!

ALAN  
I knew it. Daniel, this is very bad!

GAIL  
Why would you keep that from us?

DANIEL  
Because I'm going to do it.

ALAN  
You can't drive without a license.  
(to Rochelle and Colin)  
He can't drive without one.

COLIN  
He could but he probably shouldn't.

DANIEL  
Thank you... everyone.

ALAN  
It's a simple thing.

GAIL  
You need to be taking care of your vehicle, Daniel--

DANIEL  
I understand.

ALAN  
You aren't acting like you understand, you're not a kid anymore. These are the basics of adult life--

DANIEL  
Dad! You're embarrassing me in front of... Rochelle! And Colin.

ROCHELLE  
We'll give you guys a minute.

They stroll back over toward the front desk. Gail is laser-focused on Daniel, contending with a sudden and overwhelming concern for his well being.

GAIL  
Allie was very good for you in that way. She was very organized, left brained. A grounding force.

DANIEL  
Can we not talk about Allie--

GAIL  
I'm sorry! I know. It's very hard.  
I don't like to see you suffer like  
this. It makes me very sad. I feel  
like I want to cry.

An emotional Gail takes Daniel's hand and starts massaging it.

GAIL (CONT'D)  
Have you talked to her? Is there a  
schedule in place for the break? A  
timeline?

DANIEL  
There's no timeline.

GAIL  
(teary)  
...Do you need us to sit down with  
you and order a new license?

DANIEL  
I can handle it. Let's deal with  
one family crisis at a time, okay?

Gail nods and offers a half-hearted smile.

**EXT. GAS STATION - ACROSS TOWN**

Thelma and Ben sit in the stationary scooter as it charges.  
Ben finishes his wet ones regiment as Thelma licks her finger  
and scrolls on her iPhone. She comes across a blurry picture  
of a sunset on Instagram.

THELMA  
Chaim took this. My cousin. Did you  
ever meet Chaim? From Hinsdale?  
He's not doing so hot. But it's a  
beautiful picture.

She shows it to Ben but his mind is still on Mona.

BEN  
She shouldn't be living like that.

THELMA  
She's managing.

BEN

How is she getting her meals?  
When's the last time she got out of  
that chair? She's wasting away.

THELMA

We all have good days and bad days.

BEN

What's today?

THELMA

We'll find out.

Ben cracks a small grin, still distracted.

BEN

...Gary's gonna wonder where I am.

THELMA

What is it with you-- you miss that  
place?

BEN

I like it there.

THELMA

What's to like?

BEN

I'm swimming twice a week. There's  
wonderful classes. I just took  
Geography for Seniors.

THELMA

Why "for Seniors?" Wouldn't it be the  
same for everybody?

BEN

...The print is bigger. And they  
skip over some of the smaller  
countries. There's also cooking  
classes, painting, grief  
counseling, Oopsy Upsy--

THELMA

Oopsy Upsy?

BEN

A professional comes in and shows  
us how to pick each other up when  
we fall. There's a tub lift, a  
shower lift, a dual lift-- for when  
a couple falls at the same time.

This is touchy territory. Thelma tries to proceed delicately.

THELMA  
Does that happen often?

BEN  
It's rare but it happens. Usually  
on a hill. You have to use each  
other's weight as counterbalance.

THELMA  
Sounds... interesting.

BEN  
Sheryl used to cook. Pick up our  
socks, keep the place together.  
I'll take help where I can get it.  
I'm not ashamed. God forbid someone  
makes life a little easier, right?

Thelma furrows her brow, reflective.

THELMA  
It's not the same.

BEN  
Why?

THELMA  
I always picked up the socks.

**INT. BVSLF - LOUNGE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Gail returns with a Diet Coke and hands it to Alan as Rochelle and Colin shuffle through paperwork at the front desk. Daniel scrolls through Instagram to see if Allie has posted. He continues to move through his feed.

Suddenly, he stops, and scrolls back up to reveal a blurry picture posted from Thelma's account.

DANIEL  
She posted!

GAIL  
She posted a picture?

DANIEL  
I think by accident. Five minutes  
ago. Look--

GAIL  
Oh my god!

ALAN  
Let's see.

Daniel scrambles over to show them. Alan and Gail huddle up.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Do you recognize anything?

GAIL

Can you make it bigger. Can you enhance it?

DANIEL

Enhancing.

Daniel pinches it and zooms in, "enhancing" the image. Their eyes dart frantically around the photo.

ALAN

I see gas pumps, some kind of blue car, a pigeon, two pigeons maybe--

GAIL

Does that say Tujungang?

Daniel zooms in even further on a blurry street sign, pushing the tech to its limits.

ALAN

Isn't there a gas station on Tujungang and something?

DANIEL

Moorpark. Tujungang and Moorpark!

The family locks eyes and leaps to their feet. A few coins fall out of Alan's pocket onto the couch.

Rochelle turns back toward the family... who have disappeared.

ROCHELLE

Where'd our family go?

**EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

ANGLE ON: Thelma's two colorful sun hats sitting beneath the rear windshield as they rumble with the acceleration.

DANIEL

Come on! We gotta move!

The Camry gently turns around a corner and drives slowly down the street. Alan is behind the wheel. Gail rides shotgun. Daniel sits in the back.

ALAN

Waze says 12 minutes via Chandler  
and Colfax.

Alan changes lanes, letting the car behind him pass. Daniel grits his teeth.

**EXT. GAS STATION - SIMULTANEOUS**

Thelma stares inquisitively at the cord connecting the scooter to the charging station.

THELMA

Look at this... who created this?  
Who thought it up? A plug for a  
car. Electricity goes through.  
Makes it run. And what is  
electricity? It boggles the mind...

Ben unplugs the fully charged scooter. He hands the cord to Thelma, who rolls it up neatly and places it in the basket. Before they can depart, something catches Thelma's eye.

THELMA (CONT'D)

I think I know her...

Thelma saunters toward an OLDER WOMAN AT THE GAS STATION, idling nearby.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - SIMULTANEOUS**

The Camry continues to inch across the city. Daniel pinches himself. Even Gail is getting antsy.

GAIL

(hushed)

You can go a little faster.

DANIEL

Thank you! GOD!

ALAN

This is the speed limit. We're a  
law abiding family.

Alan shoots Daniel a pointed look in the rear view mirror. The car stops at a busy intersection without a light.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Huh... it wants me to make a left.

GAIL  
This is why I don't use Waze.

ALAN  
Okay, well--

GAIL (CONT'D)  
It makes us take these crazy turns!

GAIL (CONT'D)  
Marci Wender's husband was obsessed with Waze. He took a psycho left and ended up inside a Vons. They had to pay thousands of dollars--

ALAN  
Its estimates are incredibly accurate, Gail!

**EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Thelma and the Older Woman are mid-conversation.

THELMA  
Do you know Vi? Vi Friedlander?

The woman shakes her head "no."

OLDER WOMAN AT GAS STATION  
Maybe through Saul?

THELMA  
Saul?

OLDER WOMAN AT GAS STATION  
Gary's kid? Gary Newman?

THELMA  
No, I don't know them.

OLDER WOMAN AT GAS STATION  
Hmm, did you go to Sinai?

THELMA  
We were at Beth Am. You look so terribly familiar.

**EXT. STREET - SIMULTANEOUS**

The left blinker flashes. The car is still stopped at the busy thoroughfare.

ALAN

You have to ignore all of your instincts and trust the technology--

GAIL

Technology is what got us into this mess! Can you go back?

A car has pulled up behind them.

ALAN

I can't go back.

DANIEL

There's someone behind us.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I see them.

The car slowly rolls forward a few inches, traffic continues to whiz by. The family's heads whip back and forth, searching for their moment. Alan's phone buzzes, Gail leans over.

GAIL

Ugh, it added two minutes!

A small gap emerges in traffic. The car behind them honks.

GAIL (CONT'D)

Go, Alan!

ALAN

There's still cars.

DANIEL

There's a gap!

The car behind them lays on the horn until--

Alan FLOORS it and the car lurches into the street. He cracks the wheel and they fly across the lanes, narrowly dodging oncoming traffic. They straighten out and continue onward.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Back to 12 minutes.

**EXT. GAS STATION - FOOD MART - MOMENTS LATER**

Ben, Thelma, and the Older Woman are all mid-conversation.

OLDER WOMAN AT GAS STATION

Gary Newman?

BEN

My Gary is... Hurwitz.

THELMA

Isn't that interesting. They're different Gary's. But both Gary.



BEN  
How do you two know each other?

THELMA  
I guess we don't.

OLDER WOMAN AT GAS STATION  
It seemed possible but alas.

THELMA  
Have a lovely day.

The Older Woman nods and goes on her way.

Ben and Thelma turn back toward the scooter just as Daniel's car pulls in to the station. She grabs Ben and drags him around the nearest corner of the mart.

BEN  
What is happening?

THELMA  
It's my grandson.

She peeks out - Daniel, Gail and Alan search the premises, calling out: "Mom!" "Grandma!" "Thelma!" "Mr. Halpern?!"

The fully charged scooter idles out in the open. Thelma coaxes Ben in the opposite direction. They trace the back wall of the mart as they move away from the family.

Thelma and Ben round another corner of the structure and are faced with a single pathway - blocked by trash cans.

BEN  
We can't make that.

They're stuck, as the family descends on their location. Thelma's mind is racing...

**EXT. GAS STATION - BY THE PUMPS - CONTINUOUS**

Daniel's phone begins to buzz. He pulls it out of his pocket to reveal a LYFE LINE NOTIFICATION from Thelma.

DANIEL  
Oh shit! Her Lyfe Line.

Alan and Gail swarm him.

GAIL  
What's it saying?

ALAN  
Can you get a location?

The screen indicates it's coming from thirty feet away.

DANIEL  
She's still here!

They shuffle as a unit - like a family of geese - closing in on the Lyfe Line's GPS location.

**EXT. GAS STATION - FOOD MART - BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER**

They arrive near the back of the food mart - on the opposite side of the obstacles - discovering the narrow pathway...

and Thelma's Lyfe Line. Laying on the ground. But no Thelma.

**EXT. NEARBY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS**

Thelma and Ben speed off down the street. They made it.

**EXT. GAS STATION - CURBSIDE - NIGHT**

The family paces frantically, mid-conversation. Daniel grips Thelma's Lyfe Line, disturbed, turning it over in his hands.

GAIL  
Could it have fallen off?

DANIEL  
Not on its own.

ALAN  
Just to consider the options here,  
could this be another TGA?

Gail shakes her head, concerned.

GAIL  
I don't know--

ALAN  
Her behavior is erratic. It seems  
within the realm of possibility.  
I'm going to google it.

He googles "transient global amnesia" on his iPhone. Daniel grows increasingly distraught.

DANIEL  
I told her not to take it off.

ALAN  
 (reading)  
*Acute onset of anterograde amnesia,  
 cognitive impairment--*

DANIEL  
 I can't remember if it was on her  
 wrist. In the car...

GAIL  
 She likes her independence from  
 that thing.

DANIEL  
 I mean, sometimes she puts it in  
 her bag. I can't remember...

ALAN  
*Absence of signs indicating damage  
 to a particular area of the brain--*

DANIEL  
 I should have walked her in.

GAIL  
 It's in the past... why didn't you?

ALAN  
*Duration of no more than 24 hours--*

DANIEL  
 She didn't want me to.

GAIL  
 Why wouldn't she want you to?

DANIEL  
 (snapping)  
 I don't know, mom!

ALAN  
 Hey! Don't yell--

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry! I'm upset!

GAIL  
 We're all upset! This is exactly  
 what we were trying to avoid and  
 now my mother is... AT LARGE!

Daniel is spiraling, panic and self-loathing bubbling up.

DANIEL  
 I can't... do anything. I literally  
 can't do anything. I'm such a  
 little bitch!

GAIL  
Don't call yourself that!

DANIEL  
I truly have no ability to *do*  
things. I can't do anything with my  
hands--

GAIL  
What were you trying to do with  
your hands?

DANIEL  
What? Nothing! I just... I don't  
know any facts. I'm not qualified  
for any job. I can't do math!  
That's basically why Allie and I  
aren't together--

GAIL  
Because you can't do math? I  
thought *she* could do math!

DANIEL  
It's just another thing I can't do!  
I haven't gotten my ID replaced  
because every time I log on to that  
stupid website I get confused about  
the terms and classifications--

GAIL  
You have visual processing issues!

DANIEL  
Sure! Or maybe I'm just a little  
bitch who can't do anything!

GAIL Stop calling yourself that! ALAN Don't say bitch!

DANIEL  
I LOST GRANDMA!

The family lingers, at a loss.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

**EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - EVENING**

Sunset. Thelma and Ben joyfully tear down the sidewalk on  
their scooter, passing lit up storefronts.

Riding the adrenaline high, Ben can't help but laugh. Thelma can't help but join in.

BEN  
We're crazy!

NEARBY, Daniel, Gail, and Alan drive in silence. Daniel sits in the back again, framed between them, like a kid.

In a single shot, on a busy street, they pass each other, unknowingly, as darkness sets in.

**EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE DEEP VALLEY - NIGHT**

Thelma and Ben cruise through an abandoned part of town. A lone streetlight flickers giving us glimpses of the unfamiliar surroundings.

From Thelma's perspective, all we can make out are points of light, which stretch and spread, obscuring her vision. They slow to a halt.

BEN  
Think we're getting closer?  
...Thelma?

THELMA  
Hang on.

BEN  
What is it?

THELMA  
I-- I don't know where we are.

BEN  
Don't say that.

THELMA  
I don't recognize this area. It's  
totally different--

Ben shakes his head, his newfound ease quickly dissipating.

BEN  
I knew this would happen. I follow  
your lead and look what happens!

THELMA  
Okay, Ben thank you--

BEN  
I'm gonna find help.

THELMA

No, no, I just need a moment, to orient myself.

Ben struggles to get off the scooter. He starts toward some pedestrians across the street. Thelma slides off and follows. The scooter starts to slowly creep backwards...

BEN

Excuse me!

THELMA (CONT'D)

Hey! Don't make a scene--

Ben whirls around--

BEN (CONT'D)

You didn't listen to me, Thel. You don't listen to anybody!

THELMA

If I listened to you I'd be your roommate by now! Go home, Ben. You don't want to be here.

BEN

I think we should call your family.

THELMA

Out of the question!

BEN

What about your grandson?

THELMA

...No, no--

BEN

Why?

THELMA

Because I'm not like you. As much as you want me to be. Sorry to disappoint but I like to be useful.

Ben shakes his head.

BEN

We're more alike than you think.

THELMA

What's that supposed to mean?

BEN

We're old! Frail. Diminished. Liabilities for the ones we love.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

You can tell yourself different but you know they're worried sick.

THELMA

What's to worry about? I move from point to point. I don't complain. I'm the same. Maybe you would be too if you stopped feeling sorry for yourself!

BEN

That's not how this works--

THELMA

Sure it is! You start acting like a baby and people treat you like a baby.

Ben SNAPS--

BEN

BULLSHIT! You know how I know? Because I couldn't hear her! When she fell.

(beat)

We're not what we were.

A heavy silence as Ben is overcome with emotion. This stops Thelma in her tracks, newly privy to his feelings of guilt surrounding Sheryl's death.

BEN (CONT'D)

We're the only ones left, Thel.

She considers this, feeling the weight of it.

BEN (CONT'D)

The least we can do is take care of each other. Call your family.

A beat. Then Thelma starts shaking her head...

THELMA

I don't need them. I don't need you. I just needed your scooter!

They turn to where she gestured - the scooter is GONE.

**EXT. IN THE STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The scooter sits in the middle of the street, having rolled down a small driveway. Then, a CAR barrels across frame, SMASHING into the scooter and obliterating it.

THELMA  
 ...We were stopped.

BEN  
 Did you put the parking break on?

THELMA  
 I didn't know there was one. I  
 didn't know that...  
 (then)  
 I'm sorry, Ben.

BEN  
 You're not sorry.

Ben turns and begins to shuffle away.

THELMA  
 Where are you going?

He doesn't respond, continuing down the street, leaving  
 Thelma alone, under the flickering streetlight.

She looks around, uneasy. Then, her face hardens.

THELMA (CONT'D)  
 I'm not waiting!

Thelma begins to move, making her way down the street. Ben  
 continues in the opposite direction.

**INT. BVSLEF - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

A dejected Daniel is slumped in a chair between Gail and  
 Alan, not unlike their configuration in the car. Gail sips  
 her water, then exhales, trying to steady her nerves.

Daniel stares across the seating area at an empty chair...  
 missing his usual companion. Gail notices.

GAIL  
 We've all lost her before.

ALAN  
 I've lost her at Gelson's a few  
 times. She likes to keep moving.

GAIL  
 Especially if she has the cart.  
 (exasperated)  
 She's always been like that - once  
 she sets her mind to something...  
 (MORE)



GAIL (CONT'D)

she doesn't eat, she doesn't sleep,  
she keeps that *laser focus* till the  
task is done.

DANIEL

This is different than Gelson's--

ALAN

I'm aware it's different but the  
point is she's a grown woman who's  
a little faster than you'd hope and  
you can't be responsible for her  
every second of every day. We  
shouldn't have put that on you. It  
was too much.

DANIEL

...I know she's not going to live  
forever. When it happens I just  
want it to be... *not* horrific, you  
know? Like a good death.

ALAN

There is no good death.

A quiet moment. Then, Daniel stands. Without missing a beat,  
Alan and Gail are jostled into a state of alertness.

DANIEL

I'm gonna take a walk.

GAIL

Can we go with you?

ALAN

I can go with him.

GAIL

I'd like to go, Alan--

DANIEL

No. I want to go alone. I just need  
a little space to think.

A vulnerable Gail seems hurt by the rejection.

GAIL

Where will you walk?

DANIEL

I don't know... just around.

GAIL

Do you have your phone? Please  
don't keep it on silent. Can you do  
that for me? For my mental health?

Alan immediately undoes his APPLE WATCH.

ALAN

Take this. It's fully charged.

Daniel eyes it, dubious. He reluctantly extends his arm and  
lets Alan secure it around his wrist.

GAIL

Enjoy your walk, sweetheart.  
(then)  
Love you.

DANIEL

Love you too.

Daniel turns to go, his parents looming large behind him.

**EXT. ANOTHER DESERTED AREA IN THE DEEP VALLEY**

Slightly disoriented and eyeing a beacon of light in the  
distance (that looks like a post office), Thelma begins to  
traverse an area of uneven dirt. She extends her feet onto  
the soil carefully at first, getting her balance. Then she  
begins to move.

**INT. BVSLEF - HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS**

Daniel wanders down the corridor. He passes the same series  
of doorways that Thelma passed - each housing a unique  
tableau of a senior in their shrunken habitat. Now, at night.

Each of them is still. A state Thelma rarely inhabits.  
Daniel's brow furrows, imagining her here.

At the end of the hall, he encounters a cork board. Among  
charts that outline meal plans, quiet hours, and house rules,  
Daniel notices a small colorful poster - "Math for Seniors:  
You're Never Too Old To Reacquaint Yourself with Numbers!"

**EXT. ANOTHER DESERTED AREA IN THE DEEP VALLEY - SIMULTANEOUS**

Thelma's making progress, starting to get the hang of it...

When she loses her balance. And FALLS. Hard. She hits the  
dirt face first, crying out in pain.

She lays there for a beat. Motionless.

She manages to roll over onto her back and immediately clutches her eye, which is beginning to swell.

She attempts to lift herself, letting out a holler of exertion, but can't muster the strength. She flops back onto the dirt.

After a quiet beat, the sound of people chatting comes into earshot. Thelma glances toward the sidewalk where a YOUNG COUPLE strolls by. She nearly calls out but hesitates, ashamed of her circumstance. She stays silent as they pass - flat on her back and shrouded in darkness.

She strains to lift herself. Then flops back down. Nothing.

**EXT. NEARBY STREET IN THE DEEP VALLEY - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ben cautiously makes his way down a darkened street. A burst of tinny sound causes him to cock his head, confused. Another burst of garbled chatter brings him to halt. He searches for the source. But there's no one there.

*GARBLED VOICE (O.S.)*

*So stupid-- stupid! Okay, alright--*

He touches his ear and realizes it's coming from his HEARING AID. It's Thelma struggling to get up - her phone still synced to his earpiece.

BEN

Thelma?

**EXT. DESERTED AREA IN THE DEEP VALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Her strength waning, Thelma lays uncharacteristically still.

THELMA

(acceptance)

Okay. Okay.

She checks her wrist and is reminded that she shed her Lyfe Line. Stuck, her eyes well up with tears, feeling foolish.

She pulls out her hearing aids and ALL GOES QUIET. All we can hear are her labored inhaleds and exhaleds as she stares up, the light of the stars mimicking the streetlights, spreading and stretching across the night sky.

**INT. BVSLEF - MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Daniel lays on his back, trying to calm his nerves. He stares at the ceiling. But it feels like he's looking at Thelma. And she's looking at him. Inextricably linked in their quests for independence. He takes a deep breath and exhales.

**EXT. DESERTED AREA IN THE DEEP VALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

A patch of dust drifts by Thelma's face, as if kicked up. She turns to see Ben standing beside her. Looking almost heroic. Instead of extending a hand, he kneels next to her, and begins to help her up.

Ben methodically slides her legs into a bent-knee position. He folds her arms across her midsection, then gently rolls her onto her side.

From there, Thelma is able to get onto her hands and knees. Ben interlocks arms with her, pulling them tight. Slowly, using each other as counterbalance, they rise to their feet.

**EXT. DEEP VALLEY - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

On solid ground, they plop onto a bus bench. A long beat, as they catch their breath.

THELMA

Thank you.

BEN

You're welcome.

Another beat.

THELMA

I am sorry. About all of it. We gave it a good try didn't we?

Ben nods.

THELMA (CONT'D)

(reflective)

I lived with my parents until I was 23. Then I moved in with Teddy. And I lived with him until I was 91. I've lived, just me, for two years now. It's lonely sometimes. I miss Teddy. But I tried sushi. And I liked that quite a bit. I've enjoyed my time alone. I guess I wanted more.

Ben's gaze stays fixed on her, a comfortable listener, as she finally opens up. They sit in silence, until...

A CAR pulls up to the light in front of them. Thelma spots the driver and squints...

THELMA (CONT'D)  
I think I know her.

Thelma struggles to her feet and heads toward the car.

THELMA (CONT'D)  
Lois?

The WOMAN inside turns. She rolls down the window.

LOIS  
Thelma!

Thelma beckons Ben toward the car.

**INT. LOIS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma and Ben are in the backseat. LOIS rides shotgun and her partner MARY (70s) drives. They're dressed nicely.

LOIS  
We just saw Swan Lake. It was set during the Korean war? So the dancers were dressed as soldiers-- I don't know that I understood it but it was beautifully staged. I think it was very political.

THELMA  
Sounds interesting.

LOIS  
It was, yes. Where can we take you?

THELMA  
...Just home. Ben, what's your address?

BEN  
We're headed to 21821 San Fernando Road.

Thelma turns to Ben.

BEN (CONT'D)  
We've come this far. Let's finish it.

Thelma is moved. Ben nods, reassuringly.

THELMA  
What about your show?

BEN  
There is no show without Daddy Warbucks.

**EXT. 21821 SAN FERNANDO ROAD - LATER**

A seedy post office. The car pulls into frame. It clips the curb, rises up onto it then drops back off, as it comes to a halt. The doors fly open and Thelma and Ben slowly emerge, cautiously lowering themselves to the street.

Lois watches Thelma go - in awe.

LOIS  
God, she's unbelievable. Same house, no help. She doesn't drive, you know, but that's about it.

**INT. SEEDY POST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma and Ben scan the P.O. BOXES. They find the one she mailed the money to.

BEN  
That's it. What now?

THELMA  
We wait.

**INT. BVSLEF - MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM / ISLANDS PARKING LOT - INTERCUT**

Daniel paces around the multi-purpose room on the phone with Allie (24) warm, rational, stepping out in her Islands server uniform and name tag, clearly mid-shift.

ALLIE  
Hi...

DANIEL  
Hey! Thanks for picking up. Um, are you slinging those crunchy, crunchy, Tiki Tacos?

Daniel shakes his head, embarrassed.

ALLIE

That's why they pay me the big bucks. How's it going with you?

DANIEL

Okay.

(then)

Well, bad actually. My grandma is missing and I'm camped out at an old folks home with my parents.

ALLIE

What? Wait, how?

DANIEL

She went to visit a friend and they... went missing together. It's been a couple of hours so far. It's sort of unclear... the whole thing. They didn't sign out or anything. But I was supposed to watch her, so...

A beat.

ALLIE

...Could she have just gone somewhere without telling you guys? Is that possible?

DANIEL

We thought it could be a Souplantation situation.

ALLIE

A what?

DANIEL

Never mind-- um, it's possible, I guess.

ALLIE

I only bring it up because she's obsessed with errands right?

DANIEL

She has a healthy respect for errands, yeah.

ALLIE

(gently)

I know how much you love her and I'm sure you're really worried but maybe she's just... doing something? On her own?

Daniel considers this - the nagging notion that he may need to extend the same trust he craves.

DANIEL

Yeah. I hope so.

Beat. Then, following a feeling--

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Hey, I've also been wanting to call you. I've been thinking about taking some classes. Learning some new skills. Maybe even like an adult math class, figured I could brush up on some of the essentials.

ALLIE

What are you talking about?

DANIEL

Self-improvement. I'm just saying I can learn to do more things. Adding. Subtracting. Fractals...  
(scrambling)  
I can take the... great leap-- from boy to man!

Allie reluctantly chuckles at this.

ALLIE

You're driving me nuts, you know that?

DANIEL

I do! I do know that. Very much.

A pause. Daniel pulls on his shirt, agitated.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Ugh, it's hot in here--

ALLIE

Go take a walk.

DANIEL

My folks asked me to stay close...



Daniel peeks at the Apple Watch like a house arrest bracelet.

ALLIE

Well, if you ever do take that great leap. For what it's worth, I think you could make it.

An affectionate beat. Daniel's eyes wander to the corner of the room where he spots Gary, staring.

DANIEL

Oh my god!

ALLIE

What?

DANIEL

There's been a guy in here the whole time.

**EXT. SEEDY POST OFFICE - LATER**

Thelma and Ben pass the time on a bench out front. She needlepoints as he stares off into the distance, contemplative.

THELMA

...We used to call bread the staff of life. Now nobody wants to eat bread. But there are delicious breads that are made now. It's a conundrum.

Ben joins in her musings.

BEN

People seem to like toast. With toppings.

THELMA

It's interesting. The way we think about bread has changed so.

BEN

...You want bread? We have bread.

Ben pulls a piece of bread in a ziploc out of his jacket pocket. They tear it in half and share it. A nice moment. Then they both spit it out.

BEN (CONT'D)

I can't chew it.

THELMA

It's like a rock.

Just then, a YOUNG MAN, tall and stoney, enters the building. He heads straight for the P.O. Box and unlocks it. He pulls out various catalogues and promotional mailings then trashes them. Thelma inhales sharply. She nudges Ben. They watch, frozen, as he locks up and leaves.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Come on, we're gonna lose him.

**EXT. SEEDY POST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma and Ben follow the Young Man as he crosses the street and heads into a ANTIQUE STORE chock full of old lamps. They exchange a glance, confused.

**EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma and Ben arrive at the entrance and gaze at the lit up storefront. A eerie glow in the darkness.

THELMA

Keep a lookout. I'm gonna try to talk to them. If things get funny, you go for help.

BEN

How will I know?

THELMA

(gesturing to her ears)  
You'll be with me.

Thelma gives Ben her cell phone, which is linked up to her hearing aids. Ben nods and does the same.

**INT. ANTIQUE STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Thelma steps into the entryway, engulfed by lamps of all shapes and sizes. From her perspective, the array of light sources create a disorienting effect.

THELMA

Hello?

No answer. Just the inharmonious buzz from hundreds of bulbs.

BEN (O.S.)

(via hearing aids)  
Seems like there's a door. In the back.

She stares ahead, clocking the DOOR across the room, sussing out her path through the clutter.

She glances to her right where Ben is stationed outside, holding her phone.

Thelma exhales, steeling herself, and starts through the sea of oddities -- cracked vases, rusting furniture, dusty clown figurines. Ben moves parallel, overseeing her passage.

*BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
*Two steps to your left. Straight*  
*for five paces.*

She follows his guidance, narrowly avoiding the obstacles.

*BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
*There's a stack of loose hummels,*  
*or maybe they're gnomes? Some kind*  
*of little animals? On your left.*  
*Keep your distance.*

It's like the scene in the action movie where the hero avoids detection by lasers. If the lasers were delicate antiques.

*BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
*Gets a little hairy up ahead. Take*  
*your time.*

Thelma turns and SQUEEZES through a narrow passage of fixtures, the bulbs gently bumping into her as she moves. She's made her way through most of them when she knocks over a small lamp, which shatters.

*BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
*Thelma?! You alright?*

THELMA  
 I'm okay.

*BEN (O.S.)*  
*Good. Well done, Thel.*

She bends down to scoop up the shards of glass.

*BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)*  
*What are you doing?*

THELMA  
 It's a mess.

*BEN (O.S.)*  
*Don't-- don't clean.*

THELMA (CONT'D)  
 You have to pick up glass.  
 It's not right.

Thelma stands. The backdoor is just ahead but the path looks impossible to navigate, obscured by boxes and a large COUCH.

Knowing this move well, she plops herself down on the couch and impressively rotates her body across its cushions. Gripping some surrounding shelves, she laboriously pulls herself up and lands safely on the one yard line.

Thelma dusts herself off then triumphantly opens the door. Stepping into...

**INT. ANTIQUE STORE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A decrepit storage space. Cardboard boxes, fast food remnants, a desk with a sizable COMPUTER MONITOR where the Young Man (MICHAEL) is seated. His eyes bloodshot, a corded telephone pressed to his ear.

Beside him, facing away, a hunched FIGURE leans on the desk, speaking into a separate receiver. He's gesticulating like he's talking but Thelma can't hear him. She pulls out one hearing aid and sound floods in. It's a familiar voice... comforting but firm.

FIGURE

Yes, sir... well, hesitating here is what will cost you. There's a fair amount of unpleasantness ahead. We don't want him in holding any longer than he needs to be...

He desperately beckons for a lit cigarette that Michael is fearfully holding. Michael creeps forward, extending the cigarette like a morsel for a hungry lion.

FIGURE (CONT'D)

I'm sure Kevin *is* a very good boy but even good boys make mistakes.

He takes a drag and then almost instantly shoos it away as if it were radioactive. Michael puts it in an ashtray full of other barely smoked cigarettes.

Thelma takes a step forward, letting the door close with an unexpected SLAM. The Young Man turns sharply. The Figure swivels around and meets Thelma's eye. Caught off guard, he slams the phone down.

This is **HARVEY** (70s) wild-eyed, stubbly, and agitated, wearing a loose tank top beneath an unbuttoned linen shirt, a Nasal Cannula in his nose.

He looks caught. Then a warm grin spreads across his face as he turns on the charm.

HARVEY  
Hi. Can I help you?

MICHAEL  
(hushed)  
Who is that?

HARVEY  
(through gritted smile)  
I. Don't. know.

THELMA  
I'm Thelma. Thelma Post.

They all stare at each other, unsure what comes next.

THELMA (CONT'D)  
You might recognize me. From the  
telephone.

Michael surreptitiously slips a piece of paper off the desk, into a drawer. Harvey squints, trying to recall.

HARVEY  
Can't say that I do, ma'am. And I'd  
like to think I would. We're closed  
but you can come back tomorrow. We  
just got a box of those terrific  
little-- what do you call them--  
it's a woman inside a woman inside  
a woman-

MICHAEL  
Uh... Russian Nesting Dolls?

HARVEY  
Russian nesting dolls! That's  
right. I think they're all women?  
Haven't checked. Could be a little  
fella in there. They go great on a  
mantle.

THELMA  
...Where's my money?

Harvey stands. He's tall. He steps out from behind the desk, dragging an OXYGEN TANK alongside him.

HARVEY  
Sorry?

THELMA

You heard me.

HARVEY

I heard you. But I'm not sure I understand...

THELMA

You called me. You pretended to be my grandson. You took advantage of me--

HARVEY

Whoa! That's a hefty accusation. But you've got the wrong idea.

THELMA

Listen, buddy. I came a long way.

Harvey takes a step toward her, his tank in tow. It makes a terrible scraping sound as he drags it across the floor. His smile has faded.

HARVEY

You made a mistake. That's okay. I make mistakes too.

(then)

Let's not make another.

Is this a threat? Thelma pulls out her phone.

THELMA

I'm contacting the authorities.

VOICE (O.S.)

...911, what is your emergency?

HARVEY

And telling them what? You broke into my store!

THELMA

I'd like to report a robbery--

Suddenly, Harvey SMACKS the phone out of Thelma's hands, who recoils, shocked. It skids across the ground.

**EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ben grimaces, feedback in his ear. He's lost the connection.

BEN

Thel? ...Thelma?

Ben is starting to panic...

**INT. ANTIQUE STORE - BACK ROOM**

Thelma takes a step back, stunned. Harvey sees the fear on her face and exhales empathetically, turning on a dime.

HARVEY

I want to be clear when I say it's not personal. You gotta understand that. We haven't been selling like we used to. People these days, they don't care about old things. I'm just trying to keep the lights on.

MICHAEL

We have a lot of lights. So it's expensive--

HARVEY

("shut up")  
Thank you, Michael.  
(then)  
I'm sure this whole thing has been a headache. I don't expect you to leave empty handed. Why don't we make a deal? I keep your "deposit" and I cut you in on the next one. Happy to negotiate. I'll give ya the senior discount.

A beat.

THELMA

That's not going to work for me. And you should know that if I'm not out in five minutes, my partner calls the cops.

Harvey inhales sharply, panic brewing.

HARVEY

Okay. You want me to beg? I'll beg!

He drops to his knees, fussing with his tubes, and GRABS HOLD of Thelma's arm, her skin pinched in his grip.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

What am I gonna do, huh? Give it back? I'll lose the store. I'll be on the street! Nobody cares. Nobody gives a fuck what happens to me.

(MORE)

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Everybody buys their fucking shit on Amazon! So I take what I need to survive. Why do you need it so bad?

THELMA

Because it's mine. And I decide who gets it.

Harvey's expression hardens. Thelma tries to retract her arm, but his grip is firm. Harvey nods to Michael who moves toward them from the opposite corner.

Thelma tries to break free again, yanking hard, but Harvey's grasp is like a vice. He has her now. With great effort, he rises to his feet, snarling.

HARVEY

You're being unreasonable.

Genuinely overwhelmed and suddenly surrounded, Thelma swallows hard as the COLOR DRAINS FROM HER FACE.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Michael, get my keys.

She blinks. Then blinks again. Disoriented.

THELMA

I... um...

Her footing unsteady, she looks around, as if seeing the room for the first time.

THELMA (CONT'D)

How did I... I'm sorry, I don't recognize this. I'm a bit confused.

A beat, as Harvey and Michael share a look. Harvey gently releases his grip and Thelma begins to wander.

THELMA (CONT'D)

I need to call my husband.

HARVEY

Of course.

She turns to him, blankly.

THELMA

What is your name, dear?

HARVEY

I'm Harvey.



**EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Ben paces, worked up. He tries the phone one more time--

BEN

Talk to me, Thel! What's going on?

**INT. ANTIQUE STORE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Thelma leans on the desk to support herself. Harvey, calmer now, helps her down into a chair. Michael watches intently.

THELMA

I'm terribly sorry for the  
imposition...

She's breathing heavy now.

HARVEY

Pshh, please! It's alright. Happens  
to the best of us. The mind is a  
funny thing, you know? Where do you  
live, hun? We'll get you home.

Harvey turns his back, bending over to pick up her phone. But suddenly, his expression changes. The camera slowly moves across his body to find a GUN pressed against his lower back.

Thelma holds the weapon, and the upper hand.

THELMA

My money. Harvey.

Harvey freezes. Then, Michael BOLTS. Thelma doesn't move.

HARVEY

Michael, you coward!

**EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Michael barrels toward the exit, shattering bulbs and vases in his path. Sparks flying. He's getting all cut up.

Just then, Ben emerges in the doorway. Michael doesn't stop, careening toward the exit. But Ben plants his feet and clutches the doorframe, extending his leg, bracing himself.

With a faintly metallic CLUNK, Michael trips over Ben's titanium hip. His momentum causes him to go soaring into the air, feet over head, before landing with a painful thud, knocking himself unconscious on the concrete.

**INT. ANTIQUE STORE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Thelma's got her gun trained on Harvey as he slowly sits in the chair behind the desk, seething and muttering.

THELMA

You were very convincing, Harvey.  
You could have been an actor. Not a  
star, but even so. What a waste!

HARVEY

You know how to use that thing--

THELMA

No.

Thelma FIRES haphazardly at a nearby bookshelf. Harvey jumps.

HARVEY

Jesus! Fuck! Okay-- okay.

THELMA

Where is it?

HARVEY

...It's here.

THELMA

Where?

He gestures to the computer.

HARVEY

It's been deposited into my  
account. On the computer.

THELMA

Well, get it out.

HARVEY

I can't.

THELMA

What do you mean you can't?

HARVEY

Michael did the computers!

THELMA

This is ridiculous. Get up. Move--

Harvey stands. Thelma gestures to another chair nearby. He sits. Thelma struggles to keep the gun aimed at him as she places herself in front of the computer.

He stares at her, quiet, observing her discomfort.

HARVEY  
Just you and me now, huh?

BEN (O.S.)  
And me.

Ben emerges in the doorway, standing tall. Thelma looks thrilled to see him. Ben takes in his surroundings.

HARVEY  
Who's this?

THELMA  
My friend.

Ben gleams and gives her a nod, approaching--

THELMA (CONT'D)  
Take this would ya? I need both hands.

HARVEY  
What happened to Michael?

BEN  
I beat him up.

She hands Ben the gun who haltingly aims it toward Harvey. Thelma takes a crack at the computer.

THELMA  
Okay. Where's the mouse. There's the mouse. Come on, move.

She awkwardly tries to direct the mouse toward the dock, clanking it around, inching it toward the dock.

Tension builds as we track with it, jutting across the screen. She's nearly there when her hand slips and she opens the DOWNLOADS folder, clicking a random file that fills the screen.

It's a PICTURE OF A SHOE.

THELMA (CONT'D)  
What is this? A shoe?

BEN  
Looks like a shoe.

HARVEY  
It's a shoe.

THELMA

Ben, don't look at it. Look at him.

Ben re-focuses on Harvey.

THELMA (CONT'D)

So what do I do? I'm gonna "x" it.

HARVEY

Wait, don't--

THELMA (CONT'D)

You don't know what it is.

She manages to click on the RED X in the corner. It disappears. She continues toward the INTERNET EXPLORER ICON, clicks it, and it opens to Google.

Before she can plug anything in, a pop-up banner opens and expands, taking over the screen. It's some kind of GENERIC INSURANCE AD. Images of babies and families fill the screen.

THELMA (CONT'D)

That's a... baby.

She tries to x it out but clicks on the banner and opens the insurance website. She's overwhelmed. And stuck.

THELMA (CONT'D)

...I don't know how to do this.

**INT. BVSLF - MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Daniel sits in silence across the room from Gary. His phone rings - an "unknown number." He picks up.

THELMA (O.S.)

Danny?

His eyes light up.

DANIEL

Grandma?! Oh my god! Are you alright?! WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING?! SORRY! Are you okay?!

THELMA

I'm alright, everything's okay. But I need your help. Now.

DANIEL

Where are you?

THELMA

I'll tell you. But you gotta promise me something.

DANIEL  
What?

THELMA  
Come alone.

He looks down at his wrist, conflicted.

**INT. BVSLEF - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Alan and Gail sit in silence, tense. Then, a heart rate notification pops up via his Apple Watch.

ALAN  
Huh.

GAIL  
What?

ALAN  
His heart rate is slowing.

**INT. BVSLEF - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Gail and Alan hustle down the hallway, tracking the Apple Watch's location on Alan's iPhone.

**INT. BVSLEF - MULTIPURPOSE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

They burst in--

GAIL  
Daniel?!

But it's just Gary, the Apple Watch strapped to his wrist.

ALAN  
Uh oh.

**INT. DANIEL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

A series of rapid fire close ups: seatbelt buckling, key turning, gears shifting, pedal slamming. MUSIC RAMPS UP.

Daniel PEELS OUT into the street. He's stolen his own car. He's got Thelma in his earbuds as he drives.

DANIEL  
Tell me what you're looking at.

**INT. BACK ROOM - INTERCUT**

The camera begins to move, slowly swirling around Thelma seated at the monitor. It's like the sequence in the action movie where they hack into the mainframe... except it's a Dell in the back room of an antique store.

THELMA

It's a family and a baby and they're everywhere.

DANIEL

Are there words?

THELMA

It says... Prudential--

DANIEL

It's an ad. You need to find the x.

THELMA

There's no red x.

DANIEL

It's not always red. Sometimes they hide it. Look closer.

Thelma leans in, searching for it. Ben searches too.

BEN

(hushed)

Top right.

She clicks the x and it disappears.

THELMA

I x'd it!

**EXT. CITY STREETS - INTERCUT**

Daniel floors it, blowing through a stop sign. His family thread is blowing up with a constant flow of incoming texts from Alan and Gail - *"Where are you?" Daniel, please call us.* *"This isn't funny!"* He ignores them and presses on.

DANIEL

Good! So think of it like a library, right? The search bar, is the librarian.

THELMA

(reciting)

The search bar is the librarian...

DANIEL

You're going to ask it for information and it's going to give it to you--

THELMA

Where is the bank?

DANIEL

...Are you talking to me?

THELMA

I'm asking the machine.

HARVEY

It can't hear you.

THELMA

Is this Sari? Sere? Or is she not in here?

DANIEL

She's not there. Just in your phone. And you don't need her--

THELMA (CONT'D)

I don't talk to her. She talks to me.

--Daniel weaves in and out of slow moving traffic.

--The camera swoops across the keys as Thelma types.

THELMA (CONT'D)

(reading)

www.valleyfinancial.com

DANIEL

Hit enter.

Thelma runs her fingers over the keys, finds it, and clicks.

THELMA

I'm in!

--Daniel whips around a corner, skidding slightly. Another text from Gail comes through - "WE'RE CALLING THE COPS!"

--We catch close-ups of Thelma's eyes darting back and forth. The cursor moving swiftly across the screen.

--Meanwhile, outside the store, Michael stirs.

Thelma's stuck on Harvey's bank login page.

THELMA (CONT'D)

What's the password?

Harvey shrugs.

BEN  
What's the password, Harvey?!

HARVEY  
I don't know!

DANIEL (O.S.)  
*Check the desk.*

Thelma shuffles through papers and finds a sheet with all of the passwords consolidated. She scans with her finger...

THELMA  
Oh my god--

DANIEL (O.S.)  
*What?*

THELMA  
The password... is "password."

Harvey scoffs and rolls his eyes.

DANIEL  
Classic. Now click inside of that box and type it in.

She begins to enter it.

THELMA  
That's cute.

Harvey grits his teeth as he lights up a cigarette.

HARVEY  
(sotto)  
Goddamn dumbass password,  
Michael...

--Michael quietly creeps through the showroom, toward the back. Blood drips from his head wound.

--Daniel's speedometer inches higher and higher as the Camry rumbles with acceleration.

--The camera rotates around Thelma and Ben, his gun still trained on Harvey. Thelma's in the zone now. Handling the machine like a pro. The Transfer Funds page is open--

THELMA  
I'm moving to transfer...





THELMA (CONT'D)

I was I'd tell you there comes a time when you can't listen to anybody but yourself.

A tense pause as Michael stands there, quivering, blood still dripping from his forehead. Then--

THELMA (CONT'D)

He called you a dumbass. He said it quietly but I heard it.

Michael stares Harvey dead in the eyes. Harvey stares back, nearly incapacitated, unable to speak.

Then, Michael turns, slowly, calmly, and walks out.

Ben turns the gun on Harvey once more as Thelma RELEASES HER GRIP on his tube and oxygen floods his lungs.

HARVEY

(gasping)

YOU'RE INSANE!

Thelma re-orientes the mouse over the transfer button.

She clicks it.

The page loads. She waits...

A message pops up - "Your Transfer Has Been Initiated." She sits back and exhales, relief washing over her.

BEN

That's it?

THELMA

I think that's it.

BEN

He can't get it back?

Thelma gets up, takes the gun from Ben and EMPTIES it at the computer, shattering the screen, DESTROYING IT.

THELMA

He can't get it back.

A stunned Harvey, stares in silence, cigarette dangling from his mouth. Thelma approaches.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Don't take people's money. Clean up your store. Be nicer to Michael.

(MORE)

THELMA (CONT'D)

This whole thing has been really ridiculous.

She pulls the cigarette out of his mouth.

THELMA (CONT'D)

And don't smoke.

They leave. And we linger on Harvey, bested and alone. But happy to be alive.

HARVEY

...Okay.

**EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

Thelma tosses the cigarette into a trash can. It lands next to a discarded OXYGEN TANK. Thelma and Ben make their way toward camera.

After a beat, the trash can EXPLODES. They keep walking.

THELMA

...What?

BEN

I didn't say anything.

They didn't hear it.

**EXT. NEARBY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS**

Daniel screeches up and stops short as Ben and Thelma arrive at the curb. The hats in the back fly forward onto the seats.

DANIEL

Get in!

**INT. DANIEL'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS**

Daniel drives, Thelma rides shotgun with Ben in the back. A long beat as they drive in silence. There's a million things Daniel wants to say. He chooses his next words carefully.

DANIEL

Did you get it?

THELMA

We got it.

A smile creeps across Daniel's face.

THELMA (CONT'D)

...Oh, Danny, you remember Ben?

DANIEL

Hi, Ben. Sorry, yes nice to see you.

BEN

Likewise! You have some wonderful hats back here.

After a beat, all of their phones BLARE in unison with a distinctive tone. They all pull them out to find the same notification - a SILVER ALERT.

It reads: *EMERGENCY ALERT. Silver Alert, Missing/Endangered Elderly. Female, Thelma Post. Male, Benjamin Halpern. Likely on foot. Or scooter.*

BEN (CONT'D)

We're famous.

Daniel puts pedal to the metal and they peel out. An action hero moment in his own right. Just in a hand-me-down Camry.

**INT. BVSLF - ENTRYWAY - LATER**

Ben and Thelma face each other. They smile warmly.

BEN

Today was a good day.

THELMA

I hope you know I'll be buying you a new scooter. And a new phone.

BEN

Maybe we can go for lunch soon. Do a proper catch up.

THELMA

I'd like that. We could try the famous Belwood cafeteria. I hear they've got terrific melons.

Ben chuckles.

BEN

Or we could go out.

THELMA

Both good options. We'll make a plan, dear.

Ben nods as he and Thelma squeeze hands affectionately. He heads for the main room. We reverse to reveal Daniel.

DANIEL  
Break a leg, Ben!

Ben shoots Daniel a nasty look.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Does he know what that means?

THELMA  
I'm not sure. He's new to the  
theater. And his hip is titanium.

**INT. BVSLEF - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Gail and Alan sit across from Officer Morgan and a few other officers. Rochelle and Colin linger nearby.

OFFICER MORGAN  
Has Daniel ever wandered off like  
this before?

Just then, Daniel and Thelma emerge. Everyone turns.

GAIL  
Oh my god! MOM!

Gail runs up to Thelma and throws her arms around her. Anxiety turns to overwhelming relief as she holds her mom.

GAIL (CONT'D)  
Look at your eye! What happened?!

THELMA  
(emotional)  
I'm alright, darling. I'm alright.

They embrace as Gail cries with relief, exhaling for what seems like the first time. She and Daniel share a look (not unlike the looks Daniel and Thelma have shared). A newfound understanding taking shape.

In the background, Rochelle and Colin hug too. Relieved.

Daniel approaches Alan, who gives him a nod of acknowledgement.

ALAN  
You drove.

DANIEL  
I did.

ALAN

You... "went back to the buffet."

Daniel nods. Alan extends a hand. Daniel shakes it. Gail puts her coat around Thelma's shoulders.

GAIL

What happened, mother?! Where were you? God, you must be exhausted--

Thelma puts up her hand, calm yet declarative.

THELMA

I'll tell you everything. But there's something I'd like to do first. If you'll indulge me.

GAIL

(letting go)

Of course. Whatever you want.

**INT. BVSLEF - MAIN ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

The room is dark. The stage is lit. Ben dons a full DADDY WARBUCKS COSTUME as he converses with Gloria dressed as ANNIE and another SENIOR ACTRESS playing GRACE. Nobody seems all that comfortable on stage. But Ben is having fun.

ANNIE / GLORIA

I'm just Annie, Mr. Warbucks, sir.  
I'm sorry I'm not a, uh, boy.

GRACE / SENIOR ACTRESS

It's her first night here, sir.

DADDY WARBUCKS / BEN

Well, Annie, would you like to go to a movie?

Gloria nods emphatically. Her wig starts to slip.

The entire family watches, slightly perplexed. Thelma at the center, holding hands with Gail.

DADDY WARBUCKS / BEN (CONT'D)

Then you'll go to the Roxy. And then an ice-cream soda at Rumpelmayer's and a hansom cab ride around Central Park.

He nailed it. Colin beams in the audience. Now it's Gloria's turn. We catch a glimpse of the Director, seated in the first row, whit knuckling.

ANNIE / GLORIA  
 ...Um, well... yeah, wow. Golly!  
 Golly, Daddy. Mr. Warbucks.

She botched it. The director smacks her forehead. Thelma leans over to Daniel as if she is about to whisper.

THELMA  
 (too loud)  
 It's a strange show.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - MORNING**

Birds chirp, light streams in. We push in slowly from behind as our hero, Thelma, relishes her return to the condo.

**EXT. FOREST HILLS CEMETERY - LATE MORNING**

Daniel and Thelma place flowers on her late husband Ted's grave. Daniel holds her up as she leans down to place them.

**EXT. FOREST HILLS CEMETERY - A LITTLE LATER**

They sit on a bench at the edge of the gravesite. Thelma is misty eyed but content.

THELMA  
 I'm glad to come here. These are  
 good graves. You like them?

DANIEL  
 As in do I want to be buried in  
 them?

Thelma shrugs.

THELMA  
 I got a ton of graves.

DANIEL  
 Oh yeah?

THELMA  
 Beautiful graves. Some here. Mostly  
 in New York. My father bought about  
 twelve before he died. Does Allie  
 plan to be buried in a Jewish  
 cemetery?

DANIEL

Oh, wow, I dunno. We haven't really had the 'graves conversation' yet. We're taking it slow.

THELMA

We may have enough.

(beat)

You get very greedy. I want to see what's going to happen to those I love.

They sit in silence. Leaning against each other lightly.

DANIEL

(emotions welling up)

I love you. And if you ever do die, I'm really going to miss you. I know you know that. But I just wanted to say it. While we're here.

Thelma takes his hand in hers.

THELMA

Wherever I go, I won't worry about you. You're gonna be okay, Danny.

**EXT. CITY STREET - AFTERNOON**

Daniel drives and Thelma gazes out the window as they zoom along beside a center divider chock full of old coral trees.

THELMA

Look! Look at all those bottoms of those trees. Look at how gnarled they are, and yet they live. Look!

DANIEL

I'm looking--

THELMA

You should be taking photographs of this! Is this unbelievable?

DANIEL

They're incredible.

THELMA

I mean, it's unbelievable. Look at this - this thing is still living. My god!



DANIEL  
This tree?

THELMA (CONT'D)  
Yes, look at it. It should be  
down on the ground. It's  
unbelievable--

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
It's crazy.

THELMA  
What spirit!

The trees continue to whiz by.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Thelma crosses the living room with a walker. Her coffee supported by the attached tray. She gently pushes the walker, which rolls a few paces ahead, then catches up to it. A little game to stay sharp.

**INT. THELMA'S CONDO - DEN - LATER**

Thelma sips her coffee as she needlepoints. The news blares in the background.

She notices something out of the corner of her eye - a COCKROACH creeping its way into the room. Thelma watches intently as her strange companion moves slightly, in small bursts, toward the center of the carpet.

We CUT IN to an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the roach, it's tiny antennae rotate, sussing out the unfamiliar terrain. It feels like an omen of things to come? Of the inevitable decline? The looming decay? Almost as if--

Suddenly, the newspaper prominently featuring Tom Cruise flies into frame and CRUSHES IT.

We CUT WIDE to reveal Thelma, bent over, supporting herself on the coffee table.

She tosses the roach in the trash can beside the couch. Then sits down and gets back to work.

**CUT TO BLACK.**