

Bingo Night

By

Jordan Liebowitz

EDITSTOCK.com  
(Purchased Script Not Watermarked)

INT. RETIREMENT COMMUNITY - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is filled with framed photos of the elderly enjoying a wide range of activities.

ETHEL, early 80's, sits in a comfy sofa chair, dressed in her Sunday bests. Across from her is the retirement community MANAGER wearing an off-the-rack suit and a tacky tie.

The two are in the middle of a heated discussion.

MANAGER

I am sorry your son lost his job. I truly am.

ETHEL

Then why can't you be more understanding?

MANAGER

We have been understanding.

ETHEL

He'll find another one.

MANAGER

And at that time you are more than welcome to come back.

ETHEL

But my friends are here.

MANAGER

I know you won't believe me, but the public nursing home really isn't that bad.

ETHEL

I don't believe you.

They sit in silence.

ETHEL

How long do I have to come up with the money?

MANAGER

2 weeks.

INT./EXT. ETHEL'S CAR - DAY

Ethel sits in her car at a red light.

She sits looks down at the passenger seat.

There sits a jewelry box.

She sighs and looks back up at the stop light.

The light changes from red to green.

She drives off.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

The jewelery box sits open on the counter. A CLERK rummages through it; inspecting Ethel's treasured possessions and trinkets while taking notes on a small notepad.

Down the counter, AXEL, a pimply faced teenager, in a Pro Wrestling shirt plays super Nintendo on a crappy TV.

Ethel looks on in silence.

CLERK

Axel.

Axel doesn't take his eyes off the TV

AXEL

What?

The clerk points to the front window.

CLERK

The sign was supposed to go on 20 minutes ago.

AXEL

Why the fuck do I care?

The clerk stops sorting through the jewelry box and looks up at Axel.

CLERK

Watch your fucking mouth. Get up off your ass and go fix the timer.

Axel pauses the game and gets up.

(CONTINUED)

AXEL

Whatever you say boss.

He loudly stomps off.

CLERK

Kids these days. Cash or trade?

ETHEL

Cash.

He writes a number down on a small notepad and hands it to Ethel.

CLERK

What I can give you for it.

Ethel hesitates, then looks down at the number.

ETHEL

That's it?

CLERK

Afraid so.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DUSK

Ethel walks out the front door holding the jewelry box.

She turns to walk down the street when a purple light flickers on.

She stops and looks up to see a bright flashing neon sign.

It reads "WE SELL GUNS"

She looks down at the box.

And back at the sign.

Then turns around and walks back into the store.

INT. "DOJO" - DAY

In the front of the room is a Tae Kwan Do/Korean Flag that has been modified to have MASTER KEN's face in the center. At the bottom of the poster are the words "KEN KWAN DO".

A group of elderly men and women in martial arts uniforms stand in an awkward "ready position" as MASTER KEN addresses them.

(CONTINUED)

Next to master Ken is his KARATE SIDEKICK who stands completely still with his fists at his sides.

Ethel stands in the back row, clearly out of place. She keeps looking over at VIVIAN, another woman in the class.

MASTER KEN

Welcome to Ken Kwan Do. I am your Sensei, Master Ken and for the next 25 minutes, I own you.

KARATE SIDEKICK

HE OWNS YOU.

MASTER KEN

This is no place for babies.

KARATE SIDEKICK

NO BABIES

MASTER KEN

There will be no complaining

KARATE SIDEKICK

NO COMPLAINING.

MASTER KEN

Don't even think about saying something like: "Master Ken, I'm tired"

KARATE SIDEKICK

TOO BAD!

MASTER KEN

"Master Ken, my knees are sore."

KARATE SIDEKICK

BUCK UP!

MASTER KEN

"Master Ken, I have a plastic hip and if I fall I could die"

KARATE SIDEKICK

GROW A PAIR ALREADY!

MASTER KEN

I don't care. Because you know who else doesn't care? Serial Rapers.

## KARATE SIDEKICK

RAPERS

MASTER KEN

After this class, they will only care about one thing. What you can do... with your FISTS. HIYAH!

Master Ken throws several awkwardly elaborate punches. Karate sidekick imitates his moves, then runs over to a boom box in the corner and hits play.

Cheesy 80's workout music fills the room.

MASTER KEN

Fists up! And one and two, and one and two...

Ethel follows along half-heartedly. She glances over at Vivian.

ETHEL

(loud whisper)  
Vivian...Vivian!

MASTER KEN

Ken Kwan Do is not a time to socialize.

ETHEL

Sorry.

Other members of the class turn and glare at Ethel. Ethel goes along with the class momentarily before she works up the courage to...

ETHEL

(loud whisper)  
VIVIAN

Vivian turns and looks

VIVIAN

WHAT?

ETHEL

Can we talk after class?

MASTER KEN

Alright that's it. You've disrespected Master Ken AND the Ken Kwan Dojo. Get Out.

Vivian gives Ethel a death stare.

INT. LADIES LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Ethel stands by the showers. One shower is running, curtain closed. Towel hanging near by.

ETHEL  
(yelling over the sound of the  
water)  
I FIGURED OUT A WAY TO GET THE  
MONEY

VIVIAN  
(o.s.)  
OH YEAH? HOWS THAT?

ETHEL  
WELL I'LL NEED YOUR HELP.

The water turns off. A hand reaches out from behind the curtain to grab a towel. A moment later the curtain opens. Vivian stands there in a towel.

VIVIAN  
What do you mean?

Ethel looks around nervously. Then steps into the shower stall.

VIVIAN  
What are you...

ETHEL  
SHHH!!

Ethel closes the shower curtain.

ETHEL  
Before I tell you. I need to know  
if you're in.

VIVIAN  
Well that's not really fair.

ETHEL  
I'm asking you, as a friend. As my  
best friend.

Vivian hesitates.

VIVIAN  
OK

(CONTINUED)

ETHEL

We'll need one more person. Someone who won't talk.

VIVIAN

Ruth.

ETHEL

Not Ruth.

VIVIAN

Who else do you know who won't talk?

ETHEL

FINE. RUTH.

EXT. LAKESIDE PATH - DAY

RUTH, an elderly woman w/ thick glasses and a contemplative stare, sits on a mobility scooter next to a park bench.

Pigeons anxiously scramble on the ground in front of her picking up bread crumbs.

VIVIAN

(o/s)

Hi Ruth.

Ruth turns her head slightly, just enough to see Vivian and Ethel standing behind her. Ethel is holding a cake.

Vivian nudges Ethel.

ETHEL

Hi.

Ruth's scooter makes a pronounced electronic whir as she turns around and reveals she is holding up her middle finger.

ETHEL

Really?

VIVIAN

Go wait in the car Ethel

Frustrated, Ethel shoves the cake into Vivian's hands and storms off.

Ruth watches her go as Vivian sits down on the bench.

(CONTINUED)



VIVIAN  
That wasn't very nice.

Ruth doesn't respond

VIVIAN  
I know you two have had your  
differences. but, she needs your  
help... I need your help

Ruth turns and looks at Vivian

INT./EXT. ETHEL'S CAR - DAY

Ethel sits in the car, looking visibly aggravated.  
Vivian walks up & enters the car, covered in cake.

ETHEL  
Well?

Vivian sighs.

VIVIAN  
She's in.

INT. ETHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ethel sits in a sofa chair in front of a muted television w/  
bright red yarn and knitting needles in her lap. A cordless  
phone in her ear.

ETHEL  
Hi sweetie... is your daddy  
home?... Can you go get him for  
grandma?

Ethel picks up her knitting needles and begins to knit

ETHEL  
She sounds so grown up... Enjoy  
these times... I don't mean to pry,  
but, have you managed to find a  
new...

Ethel listens. Taking in the response.

ETHEL  
OK, get back to dinner... I love  
you...

Ethel sets down the phone and turns her attention back to knitting.

INT./EXT. ETHEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Ethel and Vivian sit in a parked car in the back of a crowded parking lot, both wearing black track suits with white stripes on the shoulders.

Ethel checks her watch.

ETHEL  
She's late.

The two women quietly scan the parking lot.

ETHEL  
We should have gone with someone else.

VIVIAN  
Will you relax?

Ruth pulls into the parking lot on her scooter. She is wearing a lime green track suit with red stripes.

VIVIAN  
See.

Ruth parks herself next to the passenger window. Ethel eyes Ruth's attire with disdain.

ETHEL  
So everyone knows the plan?

VIVIAN  
Yes. We've been over it 50 times.

ETHEL  
Ruth? Do you know the plan?

Ruth doesn't respond. Ethel looks at Vivian.

ETHEL  
RUTH!

Ruth glares at Ethel

VIVIAN  
Don't worry she knows.

(CONTINUED)

ETHEL  
Seriously?

VIVIAN  
Be nice, Ethel.

Ethel turns back to look at Ruth.

ETHEL  
Just be on the lookout. If anything happens, use this.

Ethel hands Ruth an airhorn.

Ruth nods.

ETHEL  
One more thing.

She hands Vivian and Ruth something, out of eyeshot.

VIVIAN  
Did you make these?

ETHEL  
Yes.

VIVIAN  
You're very talented Ethel.

ETHEL  
Thank you Vivian.

The three women put on hand knit, red ski masks. They then put their glasses over the ski masks, and get out.

EXT. AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A poorly made. Hand written sign reads, "TUESDAY NIGHT BINGO". The door has a small glass window.

The three women head for the entrance, Ruth still on her scooter. Vivian presses herself against the wall next to the door, peaking through the window.

ETHEL  
Ruth. Stay right there.

Ruth parks herself in place. Looking out into the night. Ethel goes to the side of the door, opposite Vivian.

(CONTINUED)

ETHEL

You ready.

Vivian pulls out a silver pistol and cocks it.

VIVIAN

I was born ready.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A moderate crowd of elderly men and women are gathered. Focused intently on the stage at the front of the room.

At the front stand two teen-aged volunteers. One rolls a cage full of balls. The ANNOUNCER pulls balls from the cage and reads the numbers out into a microphone.

ANNOUNCER

B7. B7... G51. G51... N38.

A woman jumps up.

WOMAN

BINGO!

She begins walking to the front with her card.

Ethel and Vivian BURST through the back door, guns drawn. Vivian raises her gun to fire it in the air... nothing happens. She brings the gun down and begins fussing with it, trying to release the safety mechanism when...

BANG! The gun goes off in Vivian's hand's firing a bullet into the floor.

ETHEL

AH!

Most of the members of the crowd whip their heads around to observe the curious sight that is Vivian and Ethel.

The two women stand momentarily frozen, as if caught red handed, before Vivian snaps into action.

VIVIAN

EVERYONE REMAIN CALM AND YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED.

Vivian raises her gun and aims it around the room. Ethel remains frozen.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN  
Ethel?

ETHEL  
Yes?

VIVIAN  
You said something in the car.

ETHEL  
What?

VIVIAN  
I think it was about following a  
PLAN?

ETHEL  
RIGHT! Sorry.

Ethel jumps into action and makes a B-line for the front of the room.

She shoves her gun up against the announcers jaw.

ETHEL  
THE MONEY.

ANNOUNCER  
It's, It's, It's in the back.

EXT. AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Ruth stands guard out front. Stoic. Emotionless.

A police car, lights off, is seen driving down the road.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Vivian holds up a duffel bag.

VIVIAN  
Jewelry, Phones, Wallets. On the  
table in front of you.

People begin doing as she says.

Vivian gets busy collecting all the valuables.

The woman who won the bingo sits on the edge of the stage, defiantly still.

Vivian looks up and sees the woman.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

You!

INT. BACKSTAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

The announcer searches frantically.

ANNOUNCER

It was here somewhere.

ETHEL

Where?

ANNOUNCER

I don't know.

The announcer tosses things around wildly looking everywhere. He ducks under the desk where he subtly flips a hidden switch. That starts blinking red.

Not subtle enough.

Ethel puts the gun in his face.

ETHEL

What was that?

ANNOUNCER

Nothing.

Ethel leans down to look. Not taking the gun off the announcer. She sees the blinking red light.

ETHEL

Tell me what that is or I will... I will shoot you in the face!

The Announcer whimpers.

ANNOUNCER

A panic button.

ETHEL

Like life alert?

EXT. AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The police car pulls up in front of Ruth, where she still stands at the entrance. The window rolls down. A police OFFICER sticks his head out.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

Excuse me, Ma'am. Is this where  
bingo is?

Ruth does not respond.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Vivian stands over the bingo winner.

VIVIAN

Put your purse in the bag.

WOMAN

No.

Vivian holds up the gun.

VIVIAN

Last chance.

WOMAN

I won. Fair and square.

Vivian hesitates

VIVIAN

OK. How much did you win?

EXT. AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The officer now stands in front of RUTH

OFFICER

My mother left her purse at home. I  
have it with me. Could I give it to  
you to give to her?

Ruth looks up at the officer. Says nothing.

OFFICER

(to himself)

Crazy god damn old people.

He starts walking towards the entrance.

Ruth lurches her scooter in front of him to block him.

He stops, looks at her and then goes to walk around her  
other side. Again Ruth lurches towards him, this time  
bumping into his leg.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER  
What the hell!?!

He cuts wide around her and heads for the door.

The sound of sirens can be heard softly in the background

The officer sees something through the window that catches his eye and he leans in.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The officer's face is seen through the window.

Vivian is digging through the duffel bag for money.

VIVIAN  
65... 75... 80... 100. There.  
Congratulations.

WOMAN  
Thank you.

The sound of sirens becomes faintly audible inside.

Ethel bursts through the stage door holding a gun to the announcer's head.

ETHEL  
We've got to go right now!

The police officer sees the gun for the first time.

EXT. AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The sound of sirens is rising.

OFFICER  
Holy fucking shit.

The police officer goes for his radio as 5 police cars pull up sirens blaring.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Ethel and Vivian stand paralyzed in horror. The sound of an airhorn comes blasting from outside.

CUT TO BLACK

SUPER: "10 Months Later"



INT. OFFICE - DAY

An official, a clean cut tough looking WOMAN, sits behind a desk. She speaks with Ethel, who is off screen.

WOMAN

That's just not how these things work.

ETHEL

I don't want to leave.

WOMAN

Its out of my hands.

ETHEL

But my friends are here.

WOMAN

I'm sure will make new friends when you get out.

CUT TO Ethel sitting across desk from woman in silent frustration. She wears an orange jumpsuit.

ETHEL

How long until I'm released?

WOMAN

2 weeks.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

A yellow line runs down the length of a long windowless, concrete hallway. Various block lettered signs like "NO SPITTING" and "REMAIN ON THE LINE" adorn the walls.

Ruth and Vivian walk in line with the other prisoners.

Vivian has the sleeves on her jumpsuit rolled up with a badass new prison tattoo on her bicep. Ruth is sporting a backwards red bandanna.

A guard walks past in the opposite direction. Vivian nods to the guard before discreetly leaning in towards Ruth.

VIVIAN

Have you heard anything?

Ruth shakes her head.

INT. ETHEL'S CELL - DAY

Ethel, framed in medium close up, sits quietly looking at a picture of two young children.

GUARD

(o.s.)

Chow time ladies. Lets get a move on.

Ethel looks up and reaches for something off screen. The sound of a toilet flushing is heard. She gets up.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - CHOW LINE - DAY

Vivian and Ruth wait in line for food.

The COOK, a huge bear of a woman with a hairnet and a teardrop tattoo under her eye, slams food on each tray with a metal serving spoon.

BAM! The cook slams a spoonful of slop onto Vivian's tray.

VIVIAN

It must have been bad news.

BAM! A spoonful of slop on Ruth's tray.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

Ethel walks down the line. Up ahead, a guard walks towards her in the opposite direction.

As the two pass, Ethel holds her hand out, ever so slightly, and the guard slips two packs of cigarettes into it.

Ethel quickly puts the smokes in her pocket.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DINING AREA - DAY

Vivian and Ruth sit down at an empty table. Vivian scans the room.

Vivian sighs.

VIVIAN

They must have put her in solitary.

Ruth remains silent, observing the room.

(CONTINUED)

Vivian picks up her fork and begins pushing her food around when...

Ruth taps Vivian on the shoulder.

RUTH

Look.

Vivian follows Ruth's gaze to see Ethel standing in line for food.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - CHOW LINE - DAY

Ethel waits in line to be served food. The cook continues slamming slop onto metal trays.

When it comes Ethel's turn, Ethel reaches into her pocket and pulls out the two packs of cigarettes.

She slides them across the counter towards the cook.

The cook takes the smokes then reaches under the counter and slides a packed brown paper bag across to Ethel.

Ethel quickly slips the bag into her pocket.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DINING AREA - DAY

Ethel sets her tray down at a seat between Vivian and Ruth.

She sits down.

Vivian and Ruth look at her with anticipation.

Ethel looks around to see whose watching and then leans in.

ETHEL

I figured out a way for us to stay.

As if on cue, a fire alarm goes off.

Inmates at other tables look around as several guards sprint across the cafeteria.

Vivian and Ruth lean in.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END