

RENTING GRANDMA  
"PILOT"

Written by

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FADE IN:

ACT ONE

INT. COUNTRY CLUB RESTAURANT - DAY

PATRONS garbed in tennis and golf attire, tables full, noisy. STAFF, overseen by no-nonsense middle-aged MR. FINDLAY, includes server IDA WEINSTEIN, 74, silver-haired, modest height and raspy-voiced, carries large tray with multiple plates of food on it to a YOUNG MAN and YOUNG WOMAN.

IDA  
(placing plates down)  
Here you go, enjoy.

YOUNG MAN  
Excuse me, miss. But I ordered the french fries with my pastrami panini. Instead there is a fruit cup.

YOUNG WOMAN  
My husband is right. He clearly asked for the fries.

IDA  
You sure you didn't say fruit? They kinda sound alike - fruit, fries. Both start with an f.

YOUNG WOMAN  
I know another word that starts with an f.

IDA  
You should be thanking me. That pastrami is a cholesterol bomb. You're young now, but keep eating that stuff, you hit your forties, it's clogged-artery city.

Hearing this, Mr. Findlay rushes over.

MR. FINDLAY  
I'm Herb Findlay, the manager, and your french fries will be right out. Please feel free to enjoy a dessert with our compliments.  
(motions to Ida)  
Ida, a word with you.

INT. MR. FINDLAY'S CRAMPED OFFICE - DAY

MR. FINDLAY

(angrily)

Ida, what did we discuss last week? If memory serves me correctly, it was that we are not the Department of Health and Nutrition. We don't tell customers what to eat. If they want to order a triple bacon hamburger burrito waffle slathered in cheese and wash it down with a glass of grease, that's their right. We just serve it. Understood?

IDA

But I was just trying...

MR. FINDLAY

Final warning.

IDA

Yes, Mr. Findlay.

EXT. VENICE BEACH SKATEPARK - DAY

At this iconic skatepark, crowded with young SKATEBOARDERS, mostly 12-26, performing favorite skateboard maneuvers such as the backside 180, Ollie and boardslide, one skater sticks out like a sore thumb: "NANA" PEARL KNIGHT, 76, squat, big-boned, unpretentious in faded jeans and t-shirt, she skates as one of the regulars. On her colorful skateboard, she propels up to speed to perform a kick turn.

HARRY, 19, uses his phone to film her.

HARRY

Yeah, go go Granny P!

Harry presses on his phone screen.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Lovin' it. My numbers are going up to the Moon.

Nana Pearl stands atop a ramp with her skateboard. Skaters gather around her.

ANGELA, 17, a punk-styled skater who wears a rosary necklace, puts her arm around Nana Pearl.

ANGELA

Granny P, you really impress me.  
What you do on a board is, like,  
real art. And you're like a  
hundred.

NANA PEARL

Not quite that old.

ANGELA

Some of us got a bet going. I think  
you can pull off a heelflip. Some  
of the losers here don't think you  
can. My money's on you.

Nana Pearl throws off Angela's arm.

NANA PEARL

Hell, I lived through Nixon. I  
think I can handle a heelflip.

SKATERS

(chanting)

Granny D, Granny P...

Angela holds out her rosary necklace to Nana Pearl.

ANGELA

For good luck.

NANA PEARL

When you have the skill, you don't  
need luck.

Nana Pearl gets her skateboard up to speed, pushes down the  
board's tail with her back foot, pops the tail, slides her  
front toward the nose, her heel catches on the edge of the  
nose, board starts to rotate; as she uses her back foot to  
catch it...then wipes out badly.

CLOSE UP: SKATEBOARDERS' faces pained expressions.

EXT. SUNNY PALMS NURSING HOME - DAY

MILDRED KADLEC, 81, walks past the sitting benches and palm  
trees to enter through the front sliding door.

INT. SUNNY PALMS NURSING HOME FRONT DESK - DAY

Mildred stops, where an ATTENDANT sits, to sign the guest  
sign-in sheet.

MILDRED  
Any good news today?

ATTENDANT  
He's the same. Wish I had better news. When they do find a cure for Alzheimer's, half this place will empty out. I look forward to that day.

INT. NURSING HOME ROOM - DAY

Mildred enters to see IRVING, 84, frail, blankly staring into space, laying in bed. Next to him sits a tray of uneaten food. On a table is a cassette tape player.

MILDRED  
(kissing him on cheek)  
Irving, my darling. Look who's here. It's your wife, Mildred.

No response.

MILDRED (CONT'D)  
Will you look at all this delicious food here. Chicken salad, mashed potatoes, yogurt and your favorite, apple sauce.

She takes a spoonful of apple sauce and places it to Irving's firmly closed mouth.

MILDRED (CONT'D)  
We don't want this yummy food to go to waste, do we?

She tries to feed him again with no luck.

MILDRED (CONT'D)  
(taking his hand)  
Irving, remember when we used to go to the Roseland Ballroom and dance the night away? Everybody always thought you were the best dancer they knew. Oh, what fun that was.

Mildred presses the play button on the cassette tape player; *As Time Goes By* from Casablanca plays.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

(singing along)

You must remember this, a kiss is  
just a kiss, a sigh is just a  
sigh...

IRVING

(weakly joining in)

The fundamental things apply, as  
times goes by, and when two lovers  
woo...

MILDRED

Oh Irving, you do remember!

INT. PAWSOME PET RESCUE - DAY

WOMAN, holding a pet carrier, approaches desk of  
administrator EDITH FOLEY, 73, petite but sporting big garish-  
framed spectacles.

WOMAN

Edith, I'm so sorry. Things aren't  
going to work out with Mr.  
Whiskers. He's chewing up the  
drapes, scratching the furniture  
and refuses to use the litter box.

EDITH

It has only been nine days since  
you adopted the cuddly little  
fellow. Why not give it some more  
time? Cats need to adapt to their  
new surroundings.

WOMAN

No can do. He's costing me a  
fortune.

(hands pet carrier over)

Mr. Whiskers is now your  
responsibility. Good day.

Woman hastily leaves. Edith puts her face up to the pet  
carrier, from which MEOWS resonate.

EDITH

Mr. Whiskers, what are we going to  
do with you?

INT. DINER - LATER THAT DAY

In this noisy old-fashioned eatery - much like the Snappy Lunch diner on The Andy Griffith Show, seated at their regular booth, is Ida, Mildred and Nana Pearl, whose left arm is in a sling.

IDA

If I have another day like today, I think I'll just go all Howard Hughes and become a hermit.

MILDRED

Does that mean you'll stop cutting your fingernails? Then how would you be able to tie your shoelaces?

IDA

I'll swear off shoes, Mildred, and live in sandals.

(turns to Nana Pearl)

Looks like someone's been acting like a teenager again. In more ways than one.

NANA PEARL

Ha ha. There's nothing wrong with being active at our age. Skateboarding makes me feel me young. And, thank goodness for medical marijuana.

MILDRED

It also keeps your doctor in the moolah.

NANA PEARL

No one asked you. By the way, my skating videos are getting a lot of people watching on the whole social media thing.

BEN, 39, the waiter, approaches table.

BEN

Are you ladies ready to order? Will it be the usual all around?

MILDRED

Usual for me.

IDA

Usual for me.

BEN

And for you, Granny P? By the way,  
my daughter is really inspired by  
your skateboarding skills.

NANA PEARL

Thank you. Usual for me. Plus...

WAITER/NANA PEARL

Your best glass of Cabernet.

BEN

Will Ms. Foley be joining you as  
well?

NANA PEARL

Yes. The usual for her.

Ben leaves.

IDA

Speaking of which, where is Miss  
Punctual?

MILDRED

(playfully)

I thought we were waiting for  
Edith?

Ida "playfully" snaps a cloth napkin at Mildred.

Edith approaches, slips quietly into the booth.

NANA PEARL

Let me guess - car trouble?

MILDRED

Wardrobe malfunction?

IDA

Who do you think she is - Janet  
Jackson?

EDITH

Can't I be late without the third  
degree?

IDA

Edith, you are always so punctual  
that they could set the atomic  
clock to your schedule.



EDITH

I had to drop something off at home.

NANA PEARL

Does this thing weigh about 10 pounds and like to chase mice?

EDITH

(very softly)  
Maybe.

MILDRED

That makes what - seven now?

EDITH

Very good Mildred. I didn't know you can count that high.

IDA

CCL strikes again.

EDITH

I resent being called that. If someone has a lot of plants, would you call them the Crazy Plant Lady?

NANA PEARL

Plants won't eat you if you die in your bed.

EDITH

Venus flytraps will.

NANA PEARL

They eat bugs, not people. Or else they'd be called Venus Mantraps.

IDA

You've only been working at the animal rescue for a few weeks. You can't save every animal that comes through the door.

EDITH

Forgive me for wanting to give animals a good home. What else do I have in my life, anyway?

Ben drops off plates of food, including pastrami sandwich and fries for Nana Pearl.

IDA

That pastrami is a cholest...

NANA PEARL  
Stop right there!

Awkward silence.

NANA PEARL (CONT'D)  
Look at us. Sitting at the same  
table, eating the same meals,  
having the same conversations, the  
same same, day after day, week  
after week, month after month. Is  
this how we really wanted to spend  
whatever remaining days we have  
left?

IDA  
Look who's talking, miss computer  
star.

NANA PEARL  
Yes, I enjoy my time at the skate  
park but even that's getting long  
in the tooth. I'm ready for a new  
challenge.

IDA  
I could sure use a change from the  
country club.

MILDRED  
I often wonder what I'll do when  
Irving is no longer...well, you  
know.

EDITH  
I enjoy volunteering at the pet  
rescue but do stress about the fate  
of the animals.

NANA PEARL  
We all need a life change. Be  
masters of our own destiny,  
captains of our own ship.

EDITH  
Count me out. I get seasick.

MILDRED  
What are you getting out?

NANA PEARL

I'm not sure. Run off and join the circus, become monks, move to a desert island, start our own business...

IDA

Monks? Could any of us take a vow of silence.

MILDRED

Living on a desert island without my hairdryer, no thank you.

EDITH

I couldn't be at a circus and see how those poor animals are treated, being forced to perform like they're a cheap Vaudeville act.

NANA PEARL

Looks like we're starting a business then.

IDA

Oh really, and just what do you have in mind?

MILDRED

We could start a lemonade stand.

NANA PEARL

That would be great - if we were ten years old. It has to be one we could scale up.

EDITH

How about home rentals for ghosts? My cousin had one living in his attic because it had nowhere else to go. If they had places of their own, then they wouldn't bother people.

IDA

Edith, sometimes what comes out of your mouth surprises me. *That* idea has potential.

NANA PEARL

No, no ghosts. They don't have credit cards.

IDA

Electric cars are hot now. We build our own, but designed for women. Pastel colors, purse holders, extra front room for high heels.

NANA PEARL

I take it you have billions of dollars stashed away somewhere.

MILDRED

(putting coat on)

I'm sorry, I'm really tired. I'm going home to take a hot bath and bake brownies for Irving. He smiles whenever he tastes my brownies.

IDA

Or has a bowel movement.

NANA PEARL

That's it! Mildred, you make the best brownies of anyone in this town. Didn't you once say that your neighbors wished to pay you for them, they were so delicious.

MILDRED

Well, yeah...

NANA PEARL

Everyone loves brownies. This is something we can scale.

(raises wine glass)

To brownies.

The others slowly raise their glasses to "cheer" but aren't sure what is happening.

NANA PEARL (CONT'D)

I know just the person to help us launch - my nephew Todd.

EDITH

The same Todd who often calls you because he's short on rent?

MILDRED

The same Todd who has the blood bank on speed dial because he is selling his blood so often?

IDA

The same Todd who tried to open a food truck selling camel meat nuggets?

NANA PEARL

That wasn't a bad idea. Camel meat is low in fat and cholesterol. I know you can appreciate that. Besides, Todd has really gotten his life in order.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

TODD ROMANO, a middle-aged slacker, shaved head, dressed in casual clothes that he looks like he slept in, sits at a cubicle desk. He is towered over by DARYL SIMPSON, same age as Todd but well dressed and classically handsome.

DARYL

Todd! You're fired!

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

INT. OFFICE - DAY

TODD sits next to GLEN, a clean cut young go getter in his mid 20s. He looks like a baby compared to Todd. Across from both of them sits Daryl.

DARYL

Before I tell you my decision, I want both of you to know that while each of you has shown yourself to be capable in... different ways, I can only hire one of you.

Todd puts his face right next to Glen's ear.

TODD

That's code for "Suck it nerd, Todd works here now."

DARYL

Todd, you're my best friend -

TODD

No need to go any further, I'll throw this dork out onto the street and get back to work.

DARYL

You're my best friend, but I feel like Glen is more suited to the position.

TODD

You backstabbing corporate shark, after everything I did for you, after all the lunches I let you buy, you turn around and do this?

DARYL

Dude, don't make me call security.

TODD

I know when I'm not wanted.

Todd pretends to punch Glen; Glen flinches.

TODD (CONT'D)

You got a flincher working in your office. Is that really something you want?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Todd walks out of the office just in time to see his car getting towed.

TODD  
That's my car!

Todd chases after the tow truck but it's no use.

TODD (CONT'D)  
How can they do this to me?

Todd is standing in an area surrounded by NO PARKING SIGNS. Todd fishes his old-fashioned flip phone out of his pocket and makes a call.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Hey Daryl, yeah it's Todd. From the office and life. Can I borrow some money for a cab?

EXT. CONCERT VENUE - EARLY EVENING

Mildred, Ida, Nana Pearl and Edith standing beside a makeshift table with an ample display of pans of brownies. A large homestyle sign screams "HOMEMADE BROWNIES". It is ignored by CONCERTGOERS, dressed in a hippie vibe that includes well-worn jeans, beads, sneakers, much male facial hair, etc.

IDA  
We've been here an hour and have only sold three brownies. Maybe this wasn't a good idea.

MILDRED  
Pearl, it was sweet of you to help me out with the baking.

NANA PEARL  
Of course. We're all in this together.

MILDRED  
This is an interesting crowd. What did you say they were here to see?

NANA PEARL  
Phish.

EDITH  
Wouldn't they go to the aquarium  
for that?

NANA PEARL  
Phish is the name of the music  
group.

Two Concertgoers walk by.

MILDRED  
(calling out)  
Fresh brownies - pick up a snack  
for the show!

Concertgoers continue on their way.

NANA PEARL  
If they won't come to us, I'm  
taking it directly to the people.

Nana Pearl grabs a few trays of brownies, hurries off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCERT VENUE ENTRANCE

Nana Pearl approaches small group of male CONCERTGOERS, late  
20's.

NANA PEARL  
Excuse me, good people. You  
distinguished young men look  
hungry.

CONCERTGOER #!  
Yeah, hungry for some good jams!

They LAUGH, high-five each other.

NANA PEARL  
(whispering)  
These special brownies will help  
you mellow out to really enjoy the  
music...  
(winks)  
If you catch my drift, Mary Jane.

CONCERTGOER #1  
Hey, how'd ya' know that's my mom's  
name?



CONCERTGOER #2

Uh...I think she was referring to a different Mary Jane.

(taking cash from pocket)

Yeah, we'll take your...

(winks)

...special brownies.

EXT. CONCERT VENUE - SHORT TIME LATER

Ida, Nana Pearl, Mildred and Edith standing by their now mostly empty display of snacks. CONCERTGOER pays for the last of their inventory.

NANA PEARL

Did I not tell you that a little salesmanship goes a long way?

IDA

I've got to hand it to you, Pearl. Whatever pitch you gave worked like a charm.

EDITH

What exactly did you say?

NANA PEARL

Only that we have the tastiest brownies in town baked with the finest ingredients, and a touch of, shall we say, something special.

EDITH

Love!

NANA PEARL

You could put it that way.

Two cops, OFFICER SMITH and OFFICER LOPEZ, approach.

MILDRED

We're sorry, gentlemen, we just sold out.

OFFICER SMITH

We are not here for your wares. Number one, do you have a permit to be here?

IDA

We didn't know we needed one.

OFFICER LOPEZ

Number two, monetary transactions involving the sale or delivery of any amount of marijuana by someone who does not possess a state licensed permit is a misdemeanor punishable by up to six months in jail and a \$500 fine.

EDITH

Oh my.

MILDRED

There must be some mistake. Heaven forbid I do anything like that to my brownies. This is my grandma's family recipe, you know.

Officer Smith holds up Ziploc plastic bag containing a brownie.

OFFICER SMITH

We'll see what the lab has to say about that.

IDA

But Officer...

NANA PEARL

Hold on. I can clear this up. I have a confession to make.

(to Mildred)

It was me. While we were baking, and you went to the living room to take a phone call, I kind of...sort of...added a special ingredient.

MILDRED

Pearl, how could you! You...you brownie molester!

NANA PEARL

I know what this crowd likes. I wanted us to have a successful first day.

OFFICER LOPEZ

Let's go, ladies.

EDITH

Are you going to handcuff us?

OFFICER LOPEZ  
I don't think that will be  
necessary.

EDITH  
Good. Because I have sensitive  
wrists.

Cops lead the ladies away.

INT. TODD'S APARTMENT - FOLLOWING DAY

In this compact, disheveled space with dirty laundry laying  
around, Todd stares at his phone. The background photo is a  
picture of him and Nana Pearl.

TODD  
You can do this Todd.

Todd speed-dials his aunt. The screen splits into two boxes.  
Nana Pearl is sitting in her back yard wearing chunky  
sunglasses and a floppy hat.

NANA PEARL  
Hello Todd, how much money do you  
need this time?

TODD  
That's not...I don't... How did  
you come to that conclusion?  
There's a call waiting beep. Can  
you hold for just a minute? There's  
an important business call on the  
other line.

PEARL  
If it's Elon Musk tell him I'm not  
wearing any underwear.

TODD  
Seriously Nana...

Todd switches over.

TODD (CONT'D)  
You backstabbing traitor what do  
you want?

NANA PEARL  
Still me, Todd.

TODD  
I know. Just kidding.

Todd really switches over. The screen makes a third split. Daryl is driving home. Nana Pearl drinks TWO glasses of wine while she's on hold.

TODD (CONT'D)

You backstabbing traitor what do you want?

DARYL

Hey man, I just wanted to apologize for yesterday. I couldn't hire my friend over a more qualified kid who was asking for less money.

TODD

So you didn't hire me because it would look bad if you hired your friend. I get it.

DARYL

That's not what I said.

TODD

Since you left me jobless and all do you think you could float me a few hundo for rent? I'm trying to squeeze Nana Pearl but she's not budging.

DARYL

Awwww I love Nana Pearl.

TODD

That's because you don't have to borrow money from her every month.

DARYL

Emma and I are going out to dinner tonight if we can find a last minute sitter. We'll talk about it over dinner and I'll see if there's any extra money I can loan you.

TODD

Don't tell Emma about this please.

DARYL

She's my wife. I have to tell her when I give large chunks of money to my idiot friend or she'll stop being my wife.

TODD

But she already thinks I'm a total burnout who leaches off my more successful friends.

DARYL

Yeah, everybody thinks that.

TODD

Wait. I'll be your baby sitter, that way you're not just loaning me money and you don't have to hire some dumb teenager.

DARYL

Dude, you can't even keep a cactus alive, you're not watching our kid.

TODD

Cacti are notoriously hard to keep alive. Your kid's going to be fine. Byeeeeeee.

Todd hangs up on Daryl and returns to his call with Nana Pearl. Back to two split screens.

TODD (CONT'D)

I'm back Nana, and I hate to do this to you but I've got to get dressed for some important business.

NANA PEARL

Whatever.

EXT. DARYL'S HOUSE - DAY

Todd is standing outside of Daryl's house holding an armful of board games. He shouts up at Daryl's bedroom window.

TODD

Daryl! Hey! Let me in! It's your best friend Todd who's doing you a favor for money! LET ME  
IIIIIIIIIIIN!

EMMA (O.S.)

Why are you yelling at our bedroom like the rough draft of a John Hughes movie?

Todd sees Emma standing in the doorway.

TODD

Oh hey. I'm here to -

Daryl runs through the front door and past Emma.

DARYL

To plan a bitchin' game night babe. Right? What you got there? Some Monopoly, Qwirkle. I love me some Qwirkle. Baby we're going to get some coffee and discuss the perfect game night.

Emma is suspicious.

EMMA

Alright. Be back by 7:30 so we can brief the sitter and get our date on.

DARYL

You know it.

TODD

I thought I was your sitter.

DARYL

I thought you were going to shut up and get in my car.

INT. DARYL'S CAR - DAY

Daryl is driving and Todd is in the passenger seat still holding his board games.

TODD

Did you or did you not offer me the position of baby sitter while we were on the phone less than one hour ago?

DARYL

I categorically did not offer you any position.

TODD

Then why am I holding all these board games?

DARYL

I don't know! Obviously you're not a baby sitter or you'd know that all kids do anymore is play on their iPads and confuse their parents with common core math.

Todd throws the board games in the back seat, spilling the game pieces everywhere.

EXT. CORPORATE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Daryl pulls up to "Corporate Coffee Shop" - it's like Starbucks but without all the legalities involved with calling our fictional coffee shop "Starbucks."

TODD

What are we doing here? I can't have caffeine this late or I'll be up all night.

DARYL

We're planning a game night because you just made me lie to my wife and that's not something I need hanging over my head.

TODD

What about that time you told Emma we were going hunting but we actually took a party bus to Vegas?

FLASHBACK:

INT. DARYL'S HOUSE

Daryl is dressed in overwrought hunter's garb (hat, camo, grease paint, the whole 9 yards) and holding a dead deer.

Emma looks appalled.

DARYL

Hope you like venison.

Daryl smiles like a madman.

BACK TO CORPORATE COFFEE SHOP PARKING LOT

DARYL (CONT'D)

I don't want to talk about it.

INT. CORPORATE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Todd and Daryl wait in line to order their drinks. KENDALL, a spunky millennial, works the cash register.

TODD

Why can't I be your baby sitter?  
I'm great with Stevie and I've been  
friends with you long enough that  
you know I'm not going to go  
through your stuff while you're  
out.

Daryl gives that last point some serious thought.

DARYL

I love you, but you're the most  
irresponsible person I know. You're  
great with Stevie but Emma would  
just feel better having someone  
watching him who hasn't tried to  
make a grilled cheese sandwich in a  
toaster.

KENDALL

That's not how it works.

TODD

Yeah thanks, the fire marshal  
helped me figure that one out.

KENDALL

If you need a job we're always  
looking for people with nothing  
better to do.

Kendall slides an application over to Todd.

TODD

Um...No thanks...

Todd leans in to read her name tag.

TODD (CONT'D)

Kendall. I have some dignity left.

KENDALL

Says the guy begging his friend to  
let him babysit.

Todd tries to think of something to say.



TODD

You know... When I was your age...  
There's an Emily Dickinson poem  
about... Can I just have a  
chamomile tea?

MINUTES LATER: Todd and Daryl sitting at a two top.

DARYL

She's not wrong, you know.

TODD

Who? Kendall? I'm not getting a job  
at a coffee shop. I have dreams,  
and as soon as I get behind one of  
those machines the dreams die.

DARYL

You have to be realistic. You're  
middle-aged, you don't have a job,  
and your aunt pays for everything.

TODD

I don't have a job because you  
fired me.

DARYL

I fired you because you don't have  
any follow through. Every time  
someone gave you a simple task you  
either pretended like you were deaf  
or just didn't do it.

FLASHBACK

INT. OFFICE MAIL ROOM

Todd and Glen are standing in front of a LARGE PILE OF MAIL.  
Todd sighs and starts playing around with a letter opener,  
pretending it's a sword.

GLEN

We better get started if we're  
going to sort this mail before  
noon.

Todd sweeps all of the mail off the table and into a trash  
bin.

TODD

What mail?

BACK TO: Coffee shop

Daryl's phone vibrates. He checks it and there's a message from Emma.

TEXT MESSAGE: The sitter pulled out, just pick something up for dinner.

DARYL

Damn teens and their lack of understanding of my date night.

Todd gets an excited look on his face.

DARYL (CONT'D)

No.

TODD

Come on. Put me in coach.

DARYL

It's not happening. The only way Emma would leave Stevie alone is if it were with someone she trusts, and that's not you bro.

Defeated, Todd sighs and looks at the goofy background picture of him and his aunt on his phone.

TODD

What if I could deliver someone with a proven track record of not letting children die? Would you pay me then?

DARYL

Wouldn't I pay them? Whatever. I'll tell you what. If you can get someone to my house in one hour I'll help you out with rent.

They shake hands. Todd spills his tea in his lap.

TODD

Son of a bitch that's hot. Kendall!

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

EXT. CORPORATE COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Todd is making a phone call while he paces through the parking lot. Daryl is gone. The screen splits. Nana Pearl is walking through her house and getting ready to go out.

NANA PEARL

This better be good Todd. I'm meeting the girls at the club in 15 minutes. And why did you send me a text message with an address and a picture of a young boy? Did you kidnap that child? You're not ready for that kind of responsibility.

TODD

I have a business proposition for you.

NANA PEARL

Can't this wait until tomorrow?

TODD

Actually no. I've rented you out to my friends for the night to watch their kid. Just go to the address I messaged you and everything's going to be fine. This is okay, right?

NANA PEARL

Unless your friend's child is two bottles of Rose they're out of luck.

TODD

Can you just please help me out here. I know that I haven't lived up to anyone's expectations, and I'm sorry that I used you to help myself. And believe me, I would watch the kid if I could, but I'm the guy who tried to make a grilled cheese in the toaster so there's no way anyone's going to let me watch their dumb kid.

NANA PEARL

That's a great speech Todd, but the girls are going to be wondering where I am.

The phone call ends. Back to one screen. Todd looks at his phone, dejected.

INT. NANA PEARL'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Pearl walks into her kitchen and opens the refrigerator. There are those two bottles of Rose she was talking about. She looks at her phone and she has the same background photo as Todd. She sighs.

EXT. CORPORATE COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Todd looks up directions to Daryl's house. It's an hour and a half walk. His phone battery dies.

TODD

Why does the universe hate me?

KENDALL (O.S.)

Because you're a dumb slob who's kind of a dick.

Todd turns to see Kendall standing on the sidewalk holding her Corporate Coffee apron.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Where's your friend?

TODD

He had to go pick up his wife for a date they can't go on because I'm an irresponsible idiot.

KENDALL

That's a lot of exposition for someone you just met. Do you need a ride or do you want the exercise? You look like you need the exercise.

TODD

If you give me a ride will you stop being so mean?

KENDALL

Probably not.

INT. DARYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma is rushing around the house, putting her earrings on, etc., when the doorbell rings.

EMMA

Honey, the sitter's here.

DARYL (O.S.)

Alright, let's GTFO.

EMMA

You know I hate it when you try to talk like a cop who's pretending to be a teenager on the internet.

Emma opens the door to find Nana Pearl, dressed up to meet her friends.

NANA PEARL

So where's this kid?

INT. KENDALL'S CAR - NIGHT

Kendall drives Todd to Daryl's house.

KENDALL

You know, Tony Robbins says that if you want to make something happen you have to visualize it until it becomes real.

TODD

Is that how you got your job at the coffee shop? You just sat around thinking about lattes all day until you smelled like spoiled milk?

KENDALL

For your information, I'm a business major, and that spoiled milk smell is helping to pay off my college debt.

TODD

Oh yeah, how long is that going to take? 300, 400 years?

KENDALL

As soon as I get out of school I'm going to get a cushy office job and start chopping at that debt like a samurai sword.

TODD

Good luck. I worked in an office and not only did the pay suck, but it was the most depressing place I've ever been. That's the problem, work should be fun, not depressing.

Todd points to a house out the window.

TODD (CONT'D)

Here it is.

Kendall pulls into the driveway.

TODD (CONT'D)

Can you wait here just in case Daryl's wife pepper sprays me?

KENDALL

What else do I have to do?

INT. WOMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Mildred, Edith and Ida sitting at an ornate dining table.

MILDRED

It really chaps my hide.

EDITH

I learned a long time ago how powerful forgiveness can be.

IDA

Pearl did pay our fines and it won't go on our record. Plus, Officer Smith even bought a batch of your brownies. Didn't Pearl once forgive you for something?

MILDRED

I'd rather not talk about it.

EDITH

From what I recall, it had something to do with you borrowing Pearl's car and it ending up having to be pulled out of Lake Willoughby.

IDA

And Pearl is your bridge partner.  
We can't play with only the three  
of us. We've been a foursome for so  
long now.

MILDRED

You're right. We can all use more  
forgiveness in our lives.

WAITER places drinks on table, including a hot cup of coffee  
for Mildred.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

(to Waiter)

I said no creamer, dammit! Replace  
this at once.

WAITER

Right away Miss Mildred.

MILDRED

Okay, so I'm a work in progress

INT. DARYL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nana Pearl is sitting in a chair watching STEVIE, 8, play on  
an iPad.

NANA PEARL

So what's happening on your robot  
pad?

STEVIE

I'm playing a game called Fruit  
Ninja where you chop up fruit.

NANA PEARL

That sounds...

STEVIE

It's kind of boring.

NANA PEARL

You took the words right out of my  
mouth kid. Do you want to play a  
really fun game?

Stevie nods.

NANA PEARL (CONT'D)

Alright. Let's play "where do mom  
and dad hide their liquor."

Stevie puts the iPad down and leads Nana Pearl into the kitchen. The doorbell RINGS.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Nana Pearl answers the door and sees Todd.

TODD  
What are you doing here?

NANA PEARL  
I'm baby sitting, what does it look like?

The camera REVEALS that Nana Pearl is holding a full bottle of bourbon.

TODD  
Um... Like you're pre-gaming a frat party.

Todd takes the bourbon from her.

NANA PEARL  
When did you turn into such a buzzkill?

TODD  
When did you start using words like buzzkill?'

Todd moves his aunt inside to the living room. Stevie is on his iPad again.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Hey Stevie! You okay?

STEVIE  
Yeah! Nana Pearl's the best. I helped her find a bottle of bourbon and she said I could stay up an extra 30 minutes!

TODD  
Greeaaaat. Let's keep that to ourselves when mom and dad come home.

Nana Pearl and Stevie both shrug.



TODD (CONT'D)

Can you not act like you Freaky Friday-ed with a sorority girl for just one night? Then you can go do keg stands with your bros for all I care.

NANA PEARL

Relax. Go home. Everything is fine.

Nana Pearl slips the bourbon out of Todd's hands.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

On the couch, Nana Pearl watches television while Stevie, his head on her shoulder, is asleep.

Daryl and Emma enter.

EMMA

Ooohh...isn't that precious.

NANA PEARL

How was your evening?

DARYL

Just wonderful.

EMMA

(scoops up Stevie in her arms)

Time to get you in bed, my little fellow.

Emma walks upstairs; Daryl sits on the couch.

DARYL

Thanks so much for helping out, Pearl. Guess the dependability gene skipped a generation in your family.

NANA PEARL

Todd's...yeah, I would agree with that.

DARYL

The wife and I were discussing it, and we'd like to use you again, like next Thursday when she has a PTA meeting and it's my bowling league night. After that too.

(MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)

And Emma has friends that are also looking for good childcare help.

NANA PEARL

You'd rather have an older woman than, say, a teenager?

DARYL

With teenagers, they're texting and chatting on their phones all the damn time, barely paying attention to anything else, including Stevie.

NANA PEARL

So, Grandmas are the way to go?

DARYL

I only wish I could clone you.

NANA PEARL

(in deep thought)

Hmm...

INT. WOMEN'S SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Nana Pearl, excitedly out of breath, joins her friends.

NANA PEARL

I got it! I got it!

IDA

Why you telling us? Go take a shot of penicillin.

NANA PEARL

I know where your mind's at.

IDA

Well, it has been awhile.

MILDRED

Pearl, what are you all excited about?

NANA PEARL

There's a need for reliable sitters. Parents want older, responsible women like us.

MILDRED

I've done my child rearing time. Taking care of Irving is enough of a responsibility for me.

NANA PEARL

It doesn't have to be us. We can place different grandma-aged women with parents that have been burned by teenagers and rake in the cashish. And we can have an app for it, like Uber.

EDITH

What's luger?

IDA

Uber, the ride sharing app.

EDITH

I'm not following.

IDA

Are you living on the Moon? It's a phone app that lets you hire a private car when you need a ride.

EDITH

Why wouldn't I just call a taxi?

NANA PEARL

Taxis are so old-school. They went out with typewriters. The app also lets you pay directly.

EDITH

Cash always worked for me. SoHas you're saying it takes less effort to play around on a phone that just dial seven digits on a telephone?

NANA PEARL

Edith, you're a dinosaur.

EDITH

Considering that dinosaurs ruled Earth for millions of years, I take that as a compliment.

NANA PEARL

Ladies, what's the verdict?

IDA

Interesting concept.

MILDRED

Has potential.

NANA PEARL

NANA PEARL (CONT'D)  
(to Edith)  
And you, Miss Tyrannosaurus Rex?

EDITH  
Worth a try.

Nana Pearl raises her glass; they all toast.

INT. CORPORATE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Todd and Daryl sitting at a table.

DARYL  
Hey man thanks again for getting  
your grandma to babysit. Stevie  
loved Nana Pearl and I think Emma  
has a crush on her.

TODD  
Gross.

Todd rubs his fingers together as if to say "where's my  
money?" Daryl drops a check on the two top.

INT. NANA PEARL'S HOUSE - DAY

In a home office, Nana Pearl with Ida, Mildred and Edith  
present, unfurls/hangs a small banner that reads: RENTING  
GRANDMA.

**END ACT 3**

TAG

EXT. VENICE BEACH SKATE PARK - DAY

Nana Pearl, dressed in faded jeans and t-shirt, is surrounded by youthful SKATERS, many using their phones to film her, including Angela.

NANA PEARL

Aren't you going to wish me good  
luck?

ANGELA

When you have the skill, you don't  
need luck.

Nana Pearl gets skateboard up to speed, pushes down the board's tail with her back foot, pops the tail, slides her front toward the nose, her heel catches on the edge of the nose, board starts to rotate; as she uses her back foot to catch it, performing the heelflip flawlessly.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL SCENE ON COMPUTER SCREEN/YOUTUBE

Skaters CHEER.

NANA PEARL

And that, kiddies, is how you do a  
heelflip.

The "thumbs-up" like button goes from 65,999 to 66,000.

FADE OUT.