

Silver Oaks

PILOT

"New Vacancy"

by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. SILVER OAKS RETIREMENT HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

At each table the RESIDENTS sit in small groups. CLANGING their spoons in bowls of oatmeal. At the ladies table...

MRS. HALLDERNADDER
Mr. McGuinness will definitely be missed.

JANE
He had such a nice smile and those eyes.

NANCY
They sparkled like sapphires.

MRS. HALLDERNADDER
Oh, and the flower...

NANCY
-- a fresh flower he picked from the garden each morning before breakfast.

MRS. HALLDERNADDER
-- and how he stood anytime one of us left the table, even during bridge.

JANE
They just don't make'em like that anymore.

MRS. HALLDERNADDER
Now him and Sally are together.

NANCY
Yes.

JANE
Yes, they just don't make'em like that anymore.

All the women fawn. Sliding over to the men's table...

DAVE
That cheap bastard!

ED
He still owes me ten bucks.

PETE

Doubt you'll get it now.

ED

He kept all his cash in his sock drawer. I could just sneak into his room before they clean it out. I doubt they'd notice ten bucks missing.

PETE

Your walker clanks like an old tin--

ED

I'll use Bessie's, it has no moving parts.

PETE

--With yours, you might wake him from the dead.

DAVE

He always cheated at Canasta.

ED

And never stopped trying to get me to move to a smaller room, so he could have my over-sized suite.

DAVE

Did you know one time...

Coming back to the sweet ladies.

JANE

...he tried to look up my skirt to see my Depends.

MRS. HALLDERNADDER

It's his damn diaper fetish.

JANE

Thank god they don't make'em like that anymore.

NANCY

I'm glad the old bastard is gone.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MILLER ESTATE & FUNERAL HOME - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The morning sun shines on the mansion across the street from the sign that reads SILVER OAKS RETIREMENT COMMUNITY, NOW UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

INT. MILLER ESTATE - KITCHEN - DAY

JOHN Miller, 64, step-father to Brad and husband to MARY, 60, a June Cleaver meets Rose Nylan type, who sit at the breakfast table. Their son CAL, 17, stands at the kitchen island sipping his latte from a reusable tumbler.

BRAD, our hero, 30s, stunned, enters from the porch.

BRAD

Wow, I just saw a moose.

CAL

And...

MARY

Be nice to him. The most wildlife he saw in New York were squirrels.

CAL

And prostitutes.

MARY

So who was it that died last night?
Mr. Phillips?

BRAD

Mr. McGuinness.

MARY

He was a dirty old man, but had a good soul.

CAL

(to himself)
And deep pockets.

MARY

How are you taking it?

BRAD

Taking what?

MARY

Mr. McGuinness. He is your first resident to pass on.

BRAD

I'll survive.

(to John)

Is she always this cheerful?

JOHN

Yeah, You'd think she'd be more mellow with the funeral home being linked to the house. Sometimes she sings show-tunes.

MARY

Who are you boys talking about?

BRAD

Just a woman I met at Columbia.

MARY

Oh, well, isn't that something. Another woman who lives beside a funeral home.

BRAD

Well, I have to get over to the office. Finish up the McGuinness paperwork.

MARY

I know it's hard with the passing of a loved one, Bradley.

BRAD

(matter of fact)

It's Brad. You and dad named me Brad.

MARY

That's it my little sunshine, you keep up that strong face.

Brad exits.

JOHN

You're going to have to come to terms that everyone who lives at Brad's work is going to die.

MARY

Today?

JOHN
No, not today.

MARY
Well, that's good.

John hangs his head then looks onto her adoringly.

EXT. SILVER OAKS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The sun rises on the lake behind the retirement home.

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

Brad struts in with his clipboard ready to address his regular group of residents, blocking the large-screen T.V.

BRAD
Good morning everyone! I hope
breakfast was to your liking.

DAVE
It was oatmeal.

PETE
I wanted soup.

BRAD
Well, I'll see if we can have that
for lunch, Mister Thomas.

MRS. HALLDERNADDER
And I would have loved pineapple
pork chops.

COL. HOLFELD
Move! Your blocking the big
wheel...it's spinning.

BRAD
Oh, sorry.

He shifts out of the way. They all turn their attention back to the screen.

PETE
I wanted soup.

BRAD

Gotcha, Mister Thomas. Okay, with the passing of Mr. McGuinness, we will be holding a memorial service for him tomorrow here in the Common Room.

DAVE

Will there be chips?

BRAD

I'll see about that. Anyhow, with that, we're going to be have a new "neighbor" joining us, and...

PETE

Forget that, can I have Dalton's room? You can leave the furniture in there.

(beat)

I don't mind.

All the men give Pete a knowing look.

BRAD

...and, as scheduled, Dr. Preston will be around this afternoon.

MRS. HALLDERNADDER

(to Jane)

Is he the one with the stutter?

JANE

(to Bessie)

No, the one that smells like sandalwood.

MRS. HALLDERNADDER

(intrigued)

Ohh...

Both ladies giggle.

DAVE

Will he bring chips?

BRAD

Not likely, Mr. Keller.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

HAROLD, Silver Oaks handyman, lays under the water-fountain tightening another leaky drain pipe as five older men with walkers and wheelchairs watch on, inspecting his work.

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad enters mid-conversation on his cell. ISABELLE, 30's, A-type profession, sits fuming in his chair, ready to explode.

BRAD

I looked everywhere I couldn't find the black book. The lock drawer was broken! It's gone!

ISABELLE

Why the hell didn't you call me?

BRAD

(noticing Isabelle)
You were -- I was -- I didn't want to...

(into phone)
I'll call you back.

ISABELLE

Didn't want to?

BRAD

You were half way to your Grampy's funeral. I wasn't going to have you drive six hours back here, just to sign-off on the three pieces of paper. He was a ninety-two year old hermit. I took care of it.

ISABELLE

It's still my job.

BRAD

And, as your boss, Isabelle, I can make the call to do the necessary work to make this place run properly.

ISABELLE

Are you saying you can do my job?

Brad looks down, composing the right response.

BRAD

Isabelle, you are vital member to the success of this company. Silver Oaks is getting the rave reviews in every trade magazine because of your innovation, insight, and creativity as its General Manager.

ISABELLE

Keep going...

BRAD

There is no way that I can get any of my inheritance from my father's estate until I can successfully prove to his Executor, new Supreme Court Judge, and my former babysitter, Uncle Arty, that I can run this place for five years. And sure as shit, we both know, I am over my eyes in anxiety every day since graduating college. So, words can not express how thankful I am that you came to middle of nowhere Canada with me from the Upper East Side.

ISABELLE

You're tiring me, get to the point.

BRAD

You looked distraught when you got the news of your Grampy's death. I wanted to do something nice, so you could spend more time with your family.

ISABELLE

Hmmmm.

(what's up?)

Why were you never this sweet when we were going out?

The phone RINGS.

A stare off as tension builds for an answer.

RING!

She gives a "I dare you to pick it up" glare.

RING!

Brad hesitantly slides his finger across the screen of his phone.

BRAD

Silver Oaks, Brad Johnson speaking -
-Oh, hello, how are you doing Ms.
Mayor...

Seeing that she won't get a response, Isabelle exits.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

EMILY, 20's, the youngest nurse, pushes the medication cart down the hall. She hears struggling in one of the rooms. Mrs. Halldernadder yells...

MRS. HALLDERNADDER (O.S.)

Emily dear, can you help me with
this suitcase?

Emily walks into the room.

Focusing closely on the medicine cart. A slim older hand with a key reaches out from the room opposite the Halldernadder's.

The key door opens and the hand reaches for a large pill bottle. The hand closes the door, just as Emily steps back into the hallway.

INT. MS. DEVAIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emily walks into the room with a small paper cup and a glass of water.

EMILY

Ms. DeVain, time for your meds.

MS. Yvonne DEVAIN, 90's, a former beauty queen who has kept up her appearances.

MS. DEVAIN

Fine dear, but I swear to you, I
don't need those pills. Maybe a
multi-vitamin, perhaps. Some thing
with a little zing.

EMILY

Well, Doctor Preston insists on it.

MS. DEVAIN

Preston? Is he the one with the blue eyes that look like Toilet Duck?

EMILY

I guess?

MS. DEVAIN

He reminds me of the man that asked me out on a date after I won the coveted title of Miss Saskatchewan, 1939. It was a tough year, since most of the lads were off overseas and us girls had to hold down the home front.

EMILY

My grandmother told me about that war. Korea must have been very scary.

MS. DEVAIN

No dear, the Germans.

EMILY

All I know, is that my iPod is made there.

(awkward silence)

Now, please Ms. DeVain, will you?

She holds out the pills.

MS. DEVAIN

Well, for that cute young man, I guess.

She lifts her hand to grab the pill cup and the ringed fingers embrace the prescribed meds.

EXT. SILVER OAKS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A grey caravan with the words MILLER FUNERAL HOME is parked at the service entrance.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Brad and Nurse KATIE, 30's, she is wise beyond her years and doesn't realize how stunning she is.