

22 RIVERVIEW

Pilot

"So Gone"

Written by

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INT. BRONSON HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

MAGGIE BRONSON (40s), average-looking and gritty, sits at the table, reading from her tablet as she drinks coffee and eats yogurt. A sea of clutter surrounds her: magazines, newspapers, unopened mail, dishes with uneaten food in various states.

Maggie looks over at the wall clock and jumps up with a start. She carries her bowl and cup to the sink and adds them to the pile of dirty dishes.

MAGGIE
(calling)
Rachel, are you up?

No answer.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Rach! Rachel!

INT. BRONSON HOME, RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

A teenager's bedroom in disarray: posters half-hanging on the walls, piles of clothes, shoes strewn on the floor, a double bed with layers of covers askew.

Maggie enters the room.

MAGGIE
Come on, honey. You're gonna to be
late for school!

The covers on the bed move and a groan sounds from underneath. Maggie pulls back the covers to reveal the head of RACHEL BRONSON (15), cute and outspoken. Rachel squints and yanks the covers back over herself.

RACHEL
Stop!

MAGGIE
Listen, I've gotta get to work. You
need to get up!

RACHEL
Five more minutes.

MAGGIE
I'm not leaving the room until you're
out of this bed.

She waits for a response.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Rachel?

Maggie moves to the foot of the bed and yanks the blankets down, revealing Rachel in her underwear and a teenage BOY in his boxers. As Rachel grasps for the covers, the boy rolls from the bed and scrambles to his feet.

Everyone freezes a beat.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
What the hell?

BOY
Mrs. Bronson, I-

MAGGIE
Get out!! You get out of this house
RIGHT NOW!

The boy grabs his clothes and shoes and Maggie chases him from the room. She slams the door and faces Rachel.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
How could you do this?

RACHEL
We didn't do anything! We were just-

MAGGIE
Save it, Rachel! I won't believe one
word.

RACHEL
You never do! And you wonder why I-

MAGGIE
No more lies! I can't take any more
of your lies!

RACHEL
You never even listen to-

MAGGIE
I can't do this right now. I just
can't. I'm gonna be late.

INT. BRONSON HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Maggie fumes into the room. She searches for her purse and keys among the mess, finds them, and heads for the door. She stops and ponders then returns to the table, picks up an envelope, writes on it: You are SO grounded!!!

EXT. SPRINGDALE - DAY

A 10-year-old red Honda winds its way through this moderate-sized city.

INT. HONDA - DAY

Maggie drives as tears make their way down her face. Country music plays on the radio.

EXT. SPRINGDALE - DAY

Maggie's Honda slows and turns into a parking lot, passing a sign that reads "22 RIVERVIEW: A CARING HOME FOR ELDERS." A long, one-story building stretches beyond the lot.

Maggie parks the car in a space marked "Director." She stares into the mirror and dabs her eyes with a tissue.

EXT. 22 RIVERVIEW - DAY

HELEN (80s) sits outside the entrance in her wheelchair as Maggie approaches.

MAGGIE
Morning, Helen.

HELEN
How ya' doin', dear?

MAGGIE
Never better!

Maggie pauses and Helen studies her.

HELEN
So why you been cryin'?

Maggie shrugs it off and continues to the door.

MAGGIE

Just allergies. Let me know how the eggs are at breakfast, okay?

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, ENTRY AREA - DAY

The entry area is a wide-open space modestly furnished with stuffed chairs, a few side-tables, and furniture-store artwork on the walls. One resident sleeps in a chair, two others sit together and talk.

TAMMY ROGERS (50s), overweight and ornery, sits behind the reception desk on the edge of the entry area. Maggie enters.

MAGGIE

Mornin' Tammy. Have a nice weekend?

TAMMY

Oh yeah, the best. Rained the whole time. Didn't even see the sun.

MAGGIE

Bet Pug loved spending some inside time with his mommy.

Tammy allows a rare smile as Maggie continues on, greeting residents she passes.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Maggie enters, closes the door behind her, and sighs. The office is big and bright, tastefully furnished with a desk, easy chairs, and matching bookcase and file cabinets. The room is immaculate, nothing out of place.

CAROLLTON KNOWLES (60S), stubby and cerebral, rises from one of the chairs.

MAGGIE

(startled)

Jesus, Carrollton, you scared the hell out of me!

Carrollton steps to the large window that looks out on the manicured lawn, the giant fir trees that tower over it, and the expansive river beyond.

CAROLLTON
 Forgive me, Maggie. That was not at all my intention. I was just thinking about those trees down there.

MAGGIE
 What about 'em?

CAROLLTON
 We've been having trouble with the lawn - you know, keeping it green.

Maggie walks to her desk and opens her laptop.

MAGGIE
 You said you were thinking about the trees, not the lawn.

CAROLLTON
 That's just it: There's too much shade. The lawn needs more sun.

Maggie engages with her computer. Carrollton silently waits.

CAROLLTON (cont'd)
 So I'm thinking we might take a few of those big boys down to open things up a bit. Get more sunlight in there.

Maggie types on her computer.

CAROLLTON (cont'd)
 Thing is, though, those trees are healthy and I don't like the idea of killing healthy trees. You know what Gibran said, don't you: "Trees are poems that the earth writes upon the sky." Beautiful, huh?

A sharp knock comes from the door, the door opens, and RONI SMYTHE (20s), gender fluid and tattooed, enters.

RONI
 Oops, sorry, didn't know you were meeting.

MAGGIE
 No worries, come on in. What's up?

RONI
 It's Mrs. White. She won't get out of bed. Doesn't want to discuss it. 'Cept with you.

Maggie gets up and heads for the door.

CAROLLTON

But instead of taking the trees,
maybe we should pull out the lawn and
reseed with a new kind of grass.
Something that likes shade.

Maggie stops at the door and turns to Carrollton.

MAGGIE

You're my maintenance coordinator,
Carrollton. I trust your judgment.
Bring me the cost estimate for what
you decide to do and we'll go over
it.

Maggie follows Roni out of the room. Carrollton smiles.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, MRS. WHITE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mrs. White (90s), frail and frowning, lies in bed. Maggie
and Roni stand alongside.

MRS. WHITE

I'm in no mood to get up today.

MAGGIE

You just want to stay in bed.

MRS. WHITE

That's right.

MAGGIE

What about your breakfast?

MRS. WHITE

I don't have the energy for it today.

MAGGIE

How about we bring it to you?

MRS. WHITE

You'd do that?

MAGGIE

We're not really supposed to, but
we'd do it for you.

Mrs. White brightens.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
What's your favorite breakfast, Mrs. White?

MRS. WHITE
Oh, I love oatmeal with raisins. A little bit of coffee, too.

MAGGIE
Then that's what it will be. Roni, will you please go down and put in Mrs. White's order?

Roni nods and leaves.

MRS. WHITE
Roni. That's a boy's name. Is Roni a boy or a girl?

MAGGIE
Roni is a girl.

MRS. WHITE
I can't really tell.

MAGGIE
Does she take good care of you, Mrs. White?

MRS. WHITE
Oh, yes, she's great.

MAGGIE
I'm so glad to hear that.

BRONSON HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Rachel, dressed but barefooted, stares at Maggie's note. She frowns and drops the note to the table. She reaches for a pen, but then her cell phone buzzes and she reads the text: "RU OK?" She smiles and responds with a heart.

BRONSON HOME, RACHEL'S ROOM - DAY

Rachel rummages through the room, looking on the floor, under the bed, and into the cluttered closet. She removes an oversized suitcase and continues her search, soon finding the shoes she has been looking for. She doesn't return the suitcase.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, ENTRY AREA

Maggie walks toward her office.

TAMMY

There you are! I've been looking all over for you. You're not wearing your radio, as usual. You need to go get it right now! I don't have time to be tracking you down. I got work to do!

MAGGIE

So sorry, my bad. I'll go put it on right this minute.

TAMMY

You missed a call from corporate. They're sending somebody. This morning!

MAGGIE

Oh great, just what I need today. Make sure to put out the word to staff.

TAMMY

And what word would that be?

MAGGIE

You know: Put on the company shirts, lose the face hardware, cover the tattoos.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Maggie works intently at her computer. Two knocks come from the door, the door opens and JANELLE JACKSON (50s), slim African-American, appears.

JANELLE

Mornin' sunshine! How was your weekend?

MAGGIE

Weekend went well. This morning, not so hot. I found a boy in Rachel's bed?

JANELLE

Was Rachel there too?

MAGGIE
Yep.

JANELLE
Oh my.

MAGGIE
Yep.

JANELLE
So how'd you handle it?

MAGGIE
I threw him out and grounded her.

JANELLE
Hmm.

MAGGIE
What? I do something wrong?

JANELLE
Well, did you talk with her about it?

The intercom buzzes.

MAGGIE
Yes, Tammy.

TAMMY (V.O.)
He's here. A Mr. George DeSalva.
(whispers) And he's gorgeous!

MAGGIE
Send him back in a few minutes. I'll
do a makeover.

TAMMY (V.O.)
I think you'll need more than a few
minutes with that.

Maggie clicks off the intercom.

MAGGIE
Just what we need: a comedian out
front. Listen Janelle, call me to
your office in about fifteen minutes.
Something urgent.

JANELLE
Huh? What for?

MAGGIE

That's about how much patience I'll have for this guy, gorgeous or not. Just another corporate goon nosin' around.

A few light knocks come from the door. Maggie and Janelle freeze. Two knocks follow.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Come!

The door opens and Jorge (George) DeSalvo (30s), handsome in his expensive suit, with a politician's smile, fills the doorway. Both women stare.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, ENTRY AREA - DAY

Janelle collapses on the entry counter in front of Tammy.

JANELLE

Take back twenty years, Lord, and that man is mine.

TAMMY

And what about Maury?

JANELLE

Maury who?

TAMMY

Maury, your husband. That's who.

Janelle stands.

JANELLE

Of course. I'm a happily married woman.

TAMMY

I, on the other hand, am available.

Janelle picks up a picture frame on Tammy's desk and looks at it. It's a photo of a Boston Terrier.

JANELLE

Oh, I don't know about that.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, DINING ROOM - DAY

A large room lined with windows with small tables seating four people spread throughout. Most of the tables are filled with the forty-some residents. They talk quietly as classical music plays in the background.

As the caretakers serve and the residents eat, Janelle walks among the tables greeting and checking-in. She sidles up to Helen's wheelchair.

JANELLE

What's the news today, Helen?

HELEN

Well, Rebecca White didn't come to breakfast and Marshall's feelin' bum and, well you know, Marie Goodman is on hospice. Not much time left.

JANELLE

Yes, I did know that. Thanks for the updates.

Janelle continues working the room.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

MAGGIE

Of course, we've been wanting to update some things. We just haven't gotten any support from corporate.

GEORGE

Well, that's going to change.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, JANELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Janelle stops working, looks at her watch, then dials the phone.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Maggie gives George a curious look, but before she can ask a question, the phone rings. She picks it up.

MAGGIE

Hello. (pause) Yes, I'm still in a meeting, but I can come if it can't wait. (pause) Sure, yeah.

She hangs up the phone.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Sorry George, I'm going to have to
cut this short. That was Janelle, our
nurse, and she has a situation.

GEORGE
Of course.

Maggie walks to the door and opens it.

MAGGIE
(out the door)
Tammy, would you mind joining us?

Tammy appears like magic, eager to be a part of...whatever
this is, as long as George is involved.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
(to Tammy)
I have a situation to take care of.
Would you mind showing George around
until I'm free?

Tammy beams.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, JANELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

JANELLE
So, what's he doing here?

MAGGIE
I have no idea. I just hope he leaves
soon. He creeps me out with his
perfect hair and his coverboy looks.
And that cologne? Eeew! He must take
a bath in it!

JANELLE
Speaking of boys, who's Rachel's
friend? I guess they're pretty close,
huh?

MAGGIE
Don't you get me started, Janelle.
What a way to begin the day! I
could've thrashed the two of them.

Maggie looks away.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
 You know, it used to be so different
 with her.

FLASHBACK, BRONSON HOME, RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Pre-school Rachel plays hide-n-seek as Maggie pulls the covers off.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
 She was such a cutie.

Ten-year-old Rachel hisses and shows her "claws" when Maggie removes the covers. They hug and laugh.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
 She was always coming up with
 something new.

22 RIVERVIEW, HALLWAY - DAY

A gushing Tammy leads George around the facility,
 introducing him to workers and residents.

22 RIVERVIEW, JANELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

MAGGIE
 I don't know what I'm going to do
 with her, Janelle. She won't listen
 to me, she knows everything.

JANELLE
 You gotta talk with her, not at her.
 Ask her what's going on? Tell her how
 you're feeling.

MAGGIE
 In one ear and out the other. All she
 cares about is herself.

JANELLE
 You gotta keep trying. She'll get
 over this. We had the same stuff with
 Chloe. Wanted to put her in a cage
 for a couple years until she lost the
 attitude.

MAGGIE

But there were two of you. That's different. I'm sure Maury helped out.

JANELLE

What about Ron? Is he having the same issues with her?

MAGGIE

Of course not! He's the part-time dad with the money. The word no isn't in his vocabulary.

JANELLE

Too much guilt?

MAGGIE

Exactly. Well-deserved, too.

A knock comes from the door, then it opens to reveal Tammy and George.

TAMMY

And this is the office of our head nurse here at 22 Riverview, Janelle Jackson.

JANELLE

And, might I say, the only nurse on staff here, which makes me extremely valuable.

They all laugh.

GEORGE

George DeSalva. It's so good to meet you formally, Janelle. I've been hearing good things about you from the residents. (to Maggie) Is the "situation" resolved so we can continue our meeting?

Maggie and Janelle lock eyes.

MAGGIE

What do you think, Janelle? Do we need some more time here?

Janelle eyes George.

JANELLE

No, I'd say we're good.

Maggie makes a face at her.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, ENTRY AREA

As Maggie and George walk toward the manager's office a CAREWORKER intercepts them.

CAREWORKER #1
Maggie, we can't find Mr. Harter.
He's not anywhere in the building. I
think he might have left.

MAGGIE
Damn it! You keep looking around
here. I'll check outside.

Maggie breaks for the door.

GEORGE
Anything I can do?

MAGGIE
He's got some memory issues. They'll
fill you in. I got to find him before
he gets too far.

EXT. 22 RIVERVIEW, DAY

Maggie jogs through the parking lot and looks out to the street. Mr. Harter stands at the bus stop. When a city bus pulls up, he boards it. Maggie and runs to her car and takes off after the bus.

EXT. SPRINGDALE -DAY

Maggie closely follows the bus. When the bus makes its next stop, she slams her car into Park, sprints to the bus door, gets on, talks to the driver and gestures to the back of the bus.

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

Mr. Harter sits toward the back of the crowded bus. He's in conversation with three smart-ass TEENAGERS with skateboards.

MR. HARTER
You boys should be working and making
your way.

TEEN #1
We're making our way, old man. To the skatepark!

The boys laugh.

MR. HARTER
When I was your age, I was working in an onion plant. Sixty hours a week!

TEEN #2
Ewww, I still smell the onions!

A breathless Maggie reaches them.

MAGGIE
Here you are, Mr. Harter. We miss you and need you to come back.

TEEN #1
Yeah, Mr. Hard-on. They need you back at the home.

TEEN #3
Ahhh, ha! Mr. Hard-on. Bam!

As the boys laugh and Maggie helps Mr. Harter to his feet, the other passengers look on.

MAGGIE
Come on, Mr. Harter, let's go.

TEEN #1
Bingo time for Mr. Hard-on!

TEEN #3
Woohoo!

Maggie steps toward the boys.

MAGGIE
What's the matter with you? You need to learn a little respect. If I didn't have to take Mr. Harter back, I'd teach you some right now.

After a tense moment, the boys shrink. Maggie turns and leads Mr. Harter down the aisle past passengers who nod, smile, and high-five her.

22 RIVERVIEW, ENTRY - DAY

Maggie leads Mr. Harter in and the relieved staff greets them.

INT. BRONSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel lies on the couch, engrossed in her phone. When it buzzes, she reads the text: "U coming to skool?" She chuckles and answers it: "Maybe. Pretty busy here."

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

MAGGIE

So, how exactly is corporate going to help?

GEORGE

They're putting me in charge. I'm the new director.

Maggie reels.

MAGGIE

You're joking, right?

George stares at her and slowly shakes his head.

GEORGE

Do you want to see the paperwork?
(tapping his breast pocket) I've got it right here.

MAGGIE

I want to know why. Why are they doing this?

GEORGE

Occupancy is down here. There've been some complaints.

MAGGIE

Complaints? What complaints?

GEORGE

That's a personnel matter. You'll have to take that up with corporate.

MAGGIE

It's a bullshit matter, that's what it is!

GEORGE

Listen, I know all this must come as a surprise to you-

MAGGIE

Surprise? No, a surprise is when it snows in September or when you find a twenty dollar bill. No, this is a crime. You're stealing! You're a thief, that's what you are!

GEORGE

I'm sorry you feel that way.

MAGGIE

I've worked myself up from an aide position here. I've busted my ass and done everything - and more! - corporate asked of me. This so not fair. It's just-

Her voice catches. She is not going to cry. She will NOT let him see her cry. Maggie turns away and George walks to the window and looks out.

GEORGE

And I'll be needing this office. I'll have maintenance give you a hand moving your things today.

MAGGIE

You bastard!

GEORGE

Really, there's no need for that.

MAGGIE

You arrogant son of a bitch!

George is unfazed.

GEORGE

Keep this up and I'm going to consider you insubordinate.

An uncomfortable silence as Maggie seethes.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Listen, you're not being fired. You'll stay on as assistant manager. You'll have responsibilities. I value your experience.

MAGGIE

And just what kind of experience do you have?

GEORGE

I got my M.B.A. From Cal.

MAGGIE

That's not experience, that's schooling! Have you ever worked with seniors? Have you ever worked in a health care environment?

GEORGE

I've worked with several businesses.

MAGGIE

I repeat: Have you ever worked with elders or in health care?

GEORGE

Look, the only people I have to answer to are the president of this company and the Board of Directors. They're all satisfied with my qualifications.

Maggie glares at him and shakes her head.

MAGGIE

This is so unfair.

EXT. 22 RIVERVIEW - DAY

Maggie and Janelle walk on the sidewalk along the river.

JANELLE

And he's taking your office?

MAGGIE

I'll be working out of the old storage room that still smells like cleanser. There's not even any windows!

JANELLE

Yeah, tell me about no windows.

MAGGIE

I can't believe this is happening, Janelle. I've worked so damn hard.

She begins to cry, then sob. Janelle embraces her.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Have I been that bad?

JANELLE
This isn't my first care facility,
honey. I've been around these places.
You're the best administrator I've
seen.

MAGGIE
What am I gonna do?

JANELLE
I'll tell you what you're gonna do.
You're gonna go back in there and do
the best job you know how, just like
you always do. The residents love and
appreciate you. So does the staff.

EXT. 22 RIVERVIEW, ENTRY AREA - DAY

Maggie and Janelle enter. Careworkers and residents with walkers pass by and some exchange greetings. A few residents sit in chairs and converse. Helen sits off to the side. Maggie and Janelle walk by.

HELEN
(to Maggie)
You doin' better, dearie?

MAGGIE
I'm doin' fine, Helen. Just like
before.

HELEN
I worry about you.

JANELLE
No need, Helen. She has a personal
nurse, right here.

MAGGIE
How were your eggs this morning,
Helen?

HELEN
They were just fine.

Maggie and Janelle pass the reception desk.

TAMMY

He's still in there! What's going on?

Maggie waves as she continues down the hall.

TAMMY (cont'd)

I'm not seeing your radio on you.

Maggie gives another wave. Janelle turns into her office and Maggie continues on and comes upon DAVID GOODMAN (60s), who stands outside a room.

MAGGIE

How's your mom, Dave?

DAVID

It won't be long. I just needed to take a break.

MAGGIE

Of course.

DAVID

This is really hard, seeing her like this. Her life slipping away.

MAGGIE

Are the hospice people in there?

DAVID

Yeah, they've been great.

MAGGIE

Is there anything we can do for you?

DAVID

No. Thanks. Well, you could punch out my brother. He'll be here soon.

MAGGIE

I didn't know you had a brother.

DAVID

Barely. Ray lives over in Bay View. He's visited once since Mom's been here. Five years and he's come one time.

MAGGIE

Bay View's not that far. What, an hour and a half?

DAVID

If that. Says he doesn't like these places.

MAGGIE

That's too bad. He's missed a lot.

DAVID

Sure has. I hope he'll be able to live with that.

MAGGIE

Your mom's been lucky to have had you around so much. You're a great joy to her.

David begins to weep. Maggie grips his arm.

DAVID

I'm going to miss her so much.

MAGGIE

We will too. She's been a shining light.

INT. RAY GOODMAN'S PICKUP - DAY

Ray Goodman (60s), leather-faced and intense, drives along a rural road.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

This room lies right off of the entry area. It is lined with bookcases filled with books. A large-screen TV sits above the fireplace. An exercise bike resides in a corner.

Elders sit in a circle of chairs in the center of the room. Standing inside the circle is activity coordinator DENISE (50s), energetic and upbeat. She leads the group in gentle exercises while querying them about memorable moments in their lives.

Maggie watches from the doorway.

DENISE

That must have been a wonderful day for you, Mavin. Thank you for sharing. Who's next?

ELDER MAN #1

I remember my last year teaching school. The kids were so great, and everyone was honoring me. If it wasn't for my ticker, I'd still be there.

DENISE

It's great to have a job you love, isn't it?

ELDER MAN #1

I was blessed. So is everyone who finds that.

Murmurs of support.

DENISE

Yes, I know what you mean. Next?

ELDER WOMAN #1

I remember when my daughter was born. She'll turn sixty this year. Imagine that! I can't recall what I had for dinner last night-

ELDER MAN #2

Roast beef!

Laughter.

ELDER WOMAN #1

That's right, roast beef. But I can remember the birth of my daughter so long ago. I can feel the warmth of her and hear her little breathing sounds.

DENISE

What a precious memory. Our children are such gifts. And then to watch them grow into the people they become. It's priceless.

Maggie tunes out as she reviews her own memories.

FLASHBACK, INT. BRONSON HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Maggie reads to preschool Rachel, who is cuddled up next to her in a chair.

ELDER WOMAN #2 (V.O.)
 I remember the day I met my Howard.
 We were working in the market. He was
 in produce, I was a new cashier. On
 his break, he brought something
 through my line: a bottle of
 grapefruit juice.

Laughter.

ELDER WOMAN #2 (V.O.) (cont'd)
 It was the afternoon! Who drinks
 grapefruit juice in the afternoon?

More laughter.

FLASHBACK, CITY PLAYGROUND - DAY

Maggie and ten-year-old Rachel kick high on the swings.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

ELDER WOMAN #2 (V.O.)
 Crazy, isn't it? His eyes were blue
 as the sky and I remember smiling at
 him. After that, he always came
 through my line.

FLASHBACK, INT. BRONSON HOME, RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Maggie pulls the covers off Rachel's bed and discovers the
 boy.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

ELDER WOMAN #2 (V.O.)
 And boy did that Howard know how to
 spank me just right!

Maggie jerks to attention as the room erupts.

22 RIVERVIEW, ENTRY AREA - DAY

Maggie makes a beeline toward her office.

TAMMY
 Radio!

MAGGIE

I'm on it.

22 RIVERVIEW, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

George is sitting behind the desk when Maggie enters. She stops in her tracks, surveys the room, then walks to the bookcase, picks up her radio and I.D. lanyard from the shelf, and heads to the door.

GEORGE

We have a desk in there for you. The custodian is locating some file cabinets right now. It'll be a nice space.

Maggie glares at George then out the window to the river beyond. She exits the room without a word, leaving the door open. In a moment she stick her head back in the room.

MAGGIE

He's not a custodian, he's our maintenance coordinator. And his name is Carrollton.

22 RIVERVIEW, HALLWAY - DAY

As Maggie walks, she passes a caretaker carrying a pill container into a resident's room. At the end of the hallway she encounters MARSHALL (80s), sitting on the seat of his walker and looking out the window.

MAGGIE

Hi Marshall, how's your day goin'?

MARSHALL

It's goin'.

MAGGIE

They're missing you down at exercise.

MARSHALL

Ahh, not today. I just don't have it in me.

MAGGIE

That's fine, Marshall. You go whenever you want. (a beat) Hey, have you been tumbling any rocks?

MARSHALL

Nah, it just seems like too much work these days.

MAGGIE

Would you like some help? I'd give you a hand.

MARSHALL

Aw, no, you're way too busy to be messin' with that.

MAGGIE

I'm not too busy for you, Marshall.

Marshall brightens.

MARSHALL

That'd be really nice.

MAGGIE

You know, my dad used to tumble rocks. I still have some of the agates he did.

Maggie's radio crackles.

TAMMY (V.O.)

Maggie, you there?

MAGGIE

I'm here.

TAMMY

Ron just called. He wants you to call him back right away.

MAGGIE

I'll give him a call when I have a chance.

TAMMY

He said it's important.

MAGGIE

When I have a chance. I'm with Marshall right now, and that's important.

She turns off the radio.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
 (to Marshall)
 My ex. He wants something. That's the
 only time he calls.

MARSHALL
 Sorry.

MAGGIE
 Nothing to be sorry about. It is what
 it is.

MARSHALL
 Is this something new?

MAGGIE
 Nah, we split about five years ago.
 It was classic sleeze.

FLASHBACK, INT. RON'S OFFICE - DAY

RON BRONSON (40s), thin and balding, flirts with ABIGAIL
 (Abby) SIMPSON, full-figured and funny.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
 Young woman in his office shows him
 attention, laughs at his lame jokes,
 strokes his fragile ego.

Ron and Abby talk intently.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Yeah, then he cries to her about who-
 knows-what, his wife who works too
 much, unkempt house, whatever.

Ron and Abby get close and cozy.

MAGGIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 She's not even pretty. I don't know
 what he saw in her!

22 RIVERVIEW, HALLWAY - DAY

MARSHALL
 I'm sorry to hear that.

MAGGIE

No need. I got custody of our daughter and got to keep the house, and I get some alimony. 'Course, since then he's had some luck and now's making big bucks and living up on the hill, taking expensive vacations, and driving a new car every year.

MARSHALL

Can't you go back to court get a better settlement?

MAGGIE

I don't want anything more from him. Especially phone calls.

EXT. 22 RIVERVIEW - DAY

Maggie sits on a bench outside the facility. She dials her phone and waits.

RON (V.O.)

Hello.

MAGGIE

Yes.

RON (V.O.)

Maggie? Is that you?

MAGGIE

What do you want?

RON (V.O.)

How're you doing?

MAGGIE

I'm fine. What do you want?

INT. RON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ron Bronson sits at his polished cherry desk. Framed certificates line the walls and photographs of his smiling wife and Rachel sit on the cabinet behind him.

RON

We're doing fine, thanks. I just wanted to check in with you.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

That's great. Now, what do you really want?

RON

Well, you know there's the west coast real estate convention next week.

Silence.

RON (cont'd)

Yes, well it's in San Diego. The chairman of the convention called me awhile ago. One of their speakers can't make it so he asked if I'd fill in. It's quite a honor.

MAGGIE (V.O.)

And?

RON

And so, Abby and I thought we'd do a little vaca down there. San Diego is such an awesome place: the ocean, Sea World, Old Town-

MAGGIE (V.O.)

And?

RON

So we thought we'd take Rachel with us.

EXT. 22 RIVERVIEW - DAY

Maggie jumps off the bench.

MAGGIE

No!

RON (V.O.)

She's never been there before. It would be a great-

MAGGIE

Absolutely not!

RON (V.O.)

Come on, Maggie, no need to overreact.

MAGGIE

I can if I want! She's not going!!
That's it. She's got school, you know
that. Besides, she's grounded.

RON (V.O.)

Ohh Maggie, give her a break, will
you. This is an opportunity for her.
We could even check out some of the
colleges.

MAGGIE

I told you she's not going. Now if
you want to take this to court and
try to get the custody agreement
changed, we can also take a look at
the alimony payment.

RON (V.O.)

Come on, Maggie, let's think about
Rachel and what's best for her.

MAGGIE

Oh sure, like you did when you walked
out on us!

INT. RON'S OFFICE - DAY

RON

Sorry you can't see past yourself,
Maggie. Oh, by the way, since you're
the one saying no, you 'll need to
tell her she can't go.

EXT. 22 RIVERVIEW - DAY

MAGGIE

What?! You told her about it before
even running it by me?

RON (V.O.)

I had no idea this would be a
problem.

INT. RON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ron's SECRETARY walks into the office makes a gesture. Ron
nods.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
 Incredible! I can't believe you
 would-

RON
 Gotta go, Maggie. I'm late for a
 meeting.

He hangs up his phone.

EXT. 22 RIVERVIEW - DAY

Maggie, aghast, sits back down on the bench and gathers herself. She watches as a MARIA (80s), a resident, makes her way along the sidewalk using a walker.

Maria slows, stumbles, and falls to the ground. Maggie races to her side. Maria chuckles as she winces.

MAGGIE
 You okay, Maria?

MARIA
 I was gettin' along just fine, and
 then-

MAGGIE
 Do you have any pain, Maria?

MARIA
 Pain? Where should I start?

She laughs, but Maggie remains concerned.

MAGGIE
 I mean, from the fall. Does anything
 hurt now that didn't hurt a minute
 ago?

MARIA
 Let's see...my shoulder's feeling
 pretty bad now.

MAGGIE
 Okay, I'll get Janelle out here to
 look you over. Let's just have you
 rest right here until she comes.

Maggie gets on her radio.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Tammy, we need Janelle right away!
Maria took a fall. We're out back.

TAMMY (V.O.)
She's on her way.

Maggie looks to the building and sees the door fly open.
Janelle bursts out and runs to them.

JANELLE
Thanks, Maggie, I got this. Go on in.
There's a meeting about to happen.
You should be there.

INT. RAY GOODMAN'S PICKUP - DAY

Ray continues driving. He's pissed. Now the city is in the background.

22 RIVERVIEW, ENTRY AREA - DAY

Maggie digs around in Tammy's desk until she finds a key.
She takes it with her.

22 RIVERVIEW, BREAK ROOM - DAY

Maggie quietly enters the back of the room. Careworkers and other staff sit around a long table. George stands at the head of the table. All eyes are on him.

CAREWORKER #1
So where is Maggie? Why isn't she here?

George looks over at Maggie.

GEORGE
If you'll please direct your attention the back of the room, you'll see she is here. Welcome, Maggie.

Everyone looks to the back of the room. Maggie forces a smile.

GEORGE (cont'd)
 Maggie has already received the news.
 We'll be working together to make
 this the best facility in the
 company. I'm confident we can do
 that. But, we'll need every one of
 you on board.

George scans the room.

GEORGE (cont'd)
 Questions?

CAREWORKER #2
 Who do we go to when we need time
 off?

GEORGE
 I'll be making those decisions.

CAREWORKER #2
 Will we still be able to trade
 shifts? That's been really helpful.

GEORGE
 I'll review the policy on that and
 let you know. Your employee handbook
 addresses most of the questions
 you'll have.

Murmurs and some groans.

GEORGE (cont'd)
 I've already been asked about the
 dress code. Yes, we'll wear the
 company attire. Nametags, too. We
 won't be wearing excessive jewelry.
 It's all in the handbook. So's the
 policy on not accepting gifts or tips
 from the residents.

More murmurs and groans.

CAROLLTON
 Who will be approving expenditures?

GEORGE
 That'll be me.

CAREWORKER #1
 Will the activities stay the same?

GEORGE

I've already spoken with Denise.
We'll be juicing things up.

RONI

What about the menu?

GEORGE

Ah, yes, the menu. I'm glad you
asked, Randi, is it?

RONI

Roni.

GEORGE

Of course, Roni. You know, when I met
with residents today, most them had
comments about the food here, so
that's going to be one of my top
priorities. I'm going to create a
Residents' Council. I'll appoint
residents and staff to be on it. I'm
going to personally meet with them,
and they will have some serious
input.

MAGGIE

We already have a council. Everyone
gets to participate, not just the
chosen ones.

GEORGE

Well, you know what they say about
"too many cooks in the kitchen"?

MAGGIE

Our council has been very active. And
effective.

GEORGE

So why, with due respect, are there
so many complaints about the food?

Maggie scoffs.

MAGGIE

You'll find out soon enough.

CAREWORKER #1

So what will Maggie be doing?

GEORGE

Maggie will be providing guidance as we make this transition. She'll also be managing the house-keeping schedule as well as the laundry.

Maggie sets her jaw.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, HALLWAY - DAY

Staff members leave the break room. Maggie and George exit last.

MAGGIE

House-keeping schedule? Are you kidding me?

GEORGE

It's an important responsibility we have here.

MAGGIE

Ffffuh.

GEORGE

Listen, if you don't want-

They are interrupted as EMTs wheel a stretcher carrying Maria. Janelle walks behind them.

Maggie races to stretcher.

MAGGIE

How you doin', Maria?

MARIA

I'm fine! I don't know why they're making such a big fuss.

EMT

(to Maggie)

We just want to get a picture of her shoulder. Just to be sure she didn't do any damage.

The EMTs keep pushing Maria toward the entry. Janelle slows to talk with Maggie.

MAGGIE

She's one tough customer.

JANELLE

That she is. Of course, the pain meds she's already on may be keeping her from feeling too much.

MAGGIE

Gees, you think they'd work for me?

Janelle gives her a hard look.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I'm kidding! I'm just kidding, okay?

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, MAGGIE'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is small and windowless. Maggie sits behind a small, shabby desk and mismatched chair. Carrollton wheels a bent metal bookcase into the room.

CAROLLTON

Sorry for the delay, Maggie. Seems George got locked out of his office and Tammy's key is missing. Had to scour my shop for another one.

MAGGIE

Oh, darn.

Carrollton studies her.

CAROLLTON

Do you know something?

MAGGIE

Other than me getting royally screwed here? No, I don't.

CAROLLTON

Listen, let me give you a little perspective. I been around, you know. Had a lot of bosses. I can read people pretty well. You know what I read into this guy?

MAGGIE

No, but I'm sure you're gonna tell me.

CAROLLTON

He's a short-timer, bound for bigger and better things. This is just a step on the ladder.

MAGGIE

You think so?

CAROLLTON

I'd bet on it. I've seen it happen before: new guy comes in, makes changes, pleases the bosses, moves on.

MAGGIE

You've really seen that?

CAROLLTON

Sure, 'cept the changes often involve replacing workers. Especially the loud ones. The ones who put up a fuss.

MAGGIE

That's great, Carrollton. I feel so much better.

Strained silence. Maggie looks down at her watch.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Uh oh, I'm late for the birthday celebration.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, DINING ROOM - DAY

The room is decorated with colorful streamers, balloons, and a Happy Birthday sign. Residents and staff mingle and help themselves to the snacks and punch set up on tables.

Denise sits at a piano at the side of the room and plays a few chords to gain the group's attention as Maggie enters.

DENISE

Thank you everyone for coming to our monthly birthday party to celebrate. We have three births to honor this month: AUDREY YOUNG, MILTON FREEMAN, and JIMMY HENNESSY. Please raise your cups and join me in paying tribute to these Riverview family members.

Residents and staff respond joyfully. Denise plays Happy Birthday and everyone sings along then applauds. It is a festive atmosphere.

DENISE (cont'd)
 Help yourselves to more snacks and
 punch, and enjoy each others'
 company.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, ENTRY AREA - DAY

An angry Ray Goodman enters the facility and stomps to the
 reception desk.

RAY
 Where's my mom?

TAMMY
 Well that depends on who your mom is.

RAY
 Uva Goodman. Where's she at?

TAMMY
 She's in room 304. It's down-

Ray starts running down the hall.

RAY
 I'll find it!

TAMMY
 (mutters)
 Not down that hall, you won't.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, DINING ROOM - DAY

As the residents and staff socialize, Denise plays 40s tunes
 on the piano. Maggie circulates, chatting and
 congratulating.

HELEN
 Did you hear about Maria? She fell,
 you know.

MAGGIE
 Yes.

HELEN
 Did the EMTs come?

MAGGIE
 Yes, they did.

HELEN

They didn't take her away, did they?

MAGGIE

Yeah, they just want to be sure she's okay. She'll be back soon.

HELEN

She's going to miss Bingo, I bet. She loves her Bingo.

MAGGIE

You could play a card for her. She'd like that.

Helen smiles and Maggie walks on, interacting with residents and staff. She sidles up to Jimmy, who is talking with Milton.

JIMMY

And if we could have someone like F.D.R. now, we wouldn't be in this mess.

MILTON

Ha! With all his giveaways, we'd be broke.

JIMMY

Got us out of the Depression!

MILTON

The war did that!

MAGGIE

Well, hello, birthday boys. I'm glad to see you're both full of energy today.

JIMMY

Tell him, Maggie. Tell him F.D.R. was the best president we've had.

MILTON

Tuh! You want to talk great presidents, you gotta talk about Ronald Reagan! Now there was a leader.

JIMMY

Are you joking? He slept through most of his time in office.

MILTON
That's a lie!

JIMMY
True as I stand here.

As the two men continue their "discussion" Maggie moves on. She comes to Roni, who is resupplying the snack table.

MAGGIE
The Jimmy and Milt show.

They both laugh.

RONI
They're like brothers, those two.

MAGGIE
They sure keep things lively.

Maggie watches Roni work.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
You guys did a great job setting this up. The residents really look forward to these days.

RONI
Thanks.

An awkward silence.

RONI (cont'd)
Maggie, are they really going to keep you on?

Maggie forces a laugh.

MAGGIE
Of course they are. I'm too good to get rid of.

RONI
You're the best boss I've ever had.

Maggie hugs her and chokes up.

MAGGIE
Thanks for that.

22 RIVERVIEW, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Maggie sits behind the desk and slowly goes through the drawers. She pulls out personal items and places them in a cardboard box. When George enters the room, Maggie doesn't look up. He closes the door and watches her.

GEORGE

Going okay?

MAGGIE

Everything's great.

GEORGE

Did Cassington get you set up over there?

MAGGIE

Carollton. Yes he did.

GEORGE

Listen Maggie, I really value your knowledge and experience. You really-

MAGGIE

Save it, George! You may value those, and I'm not convinced you really do, but corporate sure doesn't. Why else would they put you here? Why else would I be moving into a storage closet?

GEORGE

It's business. Don't take it personal.

Maggie is incredulous.

MAGGIE

Don't take it personal?! Really?! What if this happened to you, George: You're working at a place, you're doing a good job, then they replace you (snaps her fingers) just like that. You wouldn't be upset? You wouldn't take it personal?

GEORGE

It's business. Just business.

MAGGIE

Well it's not to me! This isn't just a job, George. I love these people.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I cry when they die, and I mourn every one of them. They're part of my family.

Silence. Then, a knock on the door. George opens it.

TAMMY

There's an incident going on in the living area. It's Ray Goodman, Uva's son. I think we should call the police.

GEORGE

No, wait! I got this.

22 RIVERVIEW, LIVING AREA - DAY

Ray Goodman, a powder-keg about to blow, paces the room as caretakers and a few residents look on from a safe distance. He stops in front of the shelves filled with books, then begins swiping the books onto the floor.

RAY

Noooo!

George rushes into the room, followed closely by Tammy and Maggie.

GEORGE

Hey! Hey!!

Ray continues clearing the bookshelves.

GEORGE (cont'd)

That's enough! Stop!!

George grabs Ray from behind and the men struggle.

Ray breaks loose from George's grasp, turns, and swings, landing a punch to George's face, knocking him to the floor. George is stunned then recovers and charges Ray and tackles him. They wrestle, then they're on their feet again and Ray knocks George down once again.

As Ray struggles to get up, Maggie steps in between the men, puts her hand on George's shoulder and raises a hand in front of Ray.

MAGGIE

That's enough. No more!

GEORGE
Tammy, call the police!

Tammy starts back to her desk.

MAGGIE
Tammy, no!

Tammy freezes.

GEORGE
NOW, Tammy!

MAGGIE
Wait! (to George) Will you just give
me a moment? That's all I'm asking.
Then you can call whoever you want.

Maggie puts her arm in Ray's and leads him out of the room.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, DINING ROOM - DAY

Maggie guides Ray into the room and the two sit down at a
table.

MAGGIE
So, tell me what's going on, Ray.

RAY
The guy jumps me! I was defending
myself!

MAGGIE
Not that. Forget about that. Heck, he
needed some sense knocked into him. I
want to know what's going on with
you. You know, with the books and
all.

GEORGE
I don't know. Just so frustrated, I
guess.

MAGGIE
Yeah, you were frustrated. Your mom?

GEORGE
She's gonna die!

MAGGIE
Yes she is.

GEORGE

I...I...I don't want her to die.

He can no longer hold back his tears.

MAGGIE

We're all going to miss your mom.
She's a wonderful lady.

GEORGE

I didn't know she was like this.
Nobody told me! I would've-

MAGGIE

Ray, she's still alive. And you're
here now. Why not make the best of
that time. She'd love for you to be
with her. I know that.

George looks intently at Maggie to gauge her veracity.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Come on, let's go.

She leads him out of the room and through the living area,
past staff and residents still gathered. They watch in
silence.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Maggie is back to putting personal items into the box.
George enters the room, holding an ice-pack to his face. She
stops loading her box.

MAGGIE

You okay?

GEORGE

I'll be fine.

Maggie continues working.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Listen, Maggie, about the office.
There's no hurry. We can both work in
here for awhile. It'll help with the
transition.

Maggie eyes him.

MAGGIE

Yeah?

GEORGE

Yeah.

MAGGIE

You must've got hit harder than I thought.

George chuckles and winces.

INT. 22 RIVERVIEW, ENTRY AREA - DAY

Maggie heads for the front door. Tammy looks up from her desk.

MAGGIE

Another day in heaven.

TAMMY

You did good today.

Maggie stops and considers this.

MAGGIE

Yeah, I did. Thank you.

Maggie exits.

EXT. SPRINGDALE - DAY

Maggie's red Honda winds through town. Country music plays on the radio.

EXT. BRONSON HOME - DAY

The Honda pulls into the driveway and stops.

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Maggie adjusts the mirror and studies her eyes. It's been a long day.

EXT. BRONSON HOME - DAY

Maggie emerges from the car and walks to the front door.

INT. BRONSON HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is like Maggie left it, with a few more dirty dishes on the table. The note Maggie wrote still sits on the table. Maggie picks it up. Her message to Rachel has been crossed out. Below it reads, "I'm SO gone!!!"

INT. BRONSON HOME, RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Maggie enters. The bed is unmade, but the pillow is not there. Maggie looks around for it. She checks the dresser drawers. They're empty. She looks in the closet. Many of the clothes are gone from there, too. There's a gaping space in the closet, where Rachel's suitcase once sat.

INT. BRONSON HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Maggie pulls a glass and a bottle of bourbon from a cabinet. She sits at the table, pours herself a stiff one, sets the glass in front of her, and stares into space.