

FLYING THE COOP

Written by

Renata Kell

INT. FOYER-NIGHT

A flicker of light illuminates a pitch black foyer of a modern day mansion.

Kelsea, 17, a scorned girl bent on revenge, holds a lighter out in front of her and strikes it.

Shayla, 17, a passive and laid back girl along for the ride, whips around and grabs Kelsea by the arms.

SHAYLA

Shh. Fucking pay attention before you get us busted.

KELSEA

Oh, cool your jets. That old hag has more drugs in her tonight than an elephant on tranquilizers.

Kelsea puts out the lighter and sticks it in her pocket.

KELSEA (CONT'D)

You did give her the pills, didn't you?

Shayla throws her hands in the air.

SHAYLA

(sarcastically)

No, I'm just going to hope she wakes up as we rob her blind.

The girls slither through the gourmet kitchen and up the service stairs to the second floor hallway lined with stolen art.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL-NIGHT

The girls tip toe down the hall. They peer into the first room decorated in Ancient Egypt artifacts.

KELSEA

You think the old woman's going to hell for raising a family of thieves to follow in her footsteps?

Shayla stops, looks at Kelsea and shrugs her shoulders.

The girls edge down the hall and peer into the second room embellished in a Roman Empire motif.

KELSEA (CONT'D)  
Your sure you can disable the  
Security, right?

The girls peer into a third bedroom adorned in priceless  
Ancient Egypt artwork.

SHAYLA  
I installed it, dumb ass. You  
really need to stop smoking pot,  
you're getting dumber by the day.

KELSEA  
Kiss my ass! Lets just get this  
over with. We have to be at school  
for graduation in less than six  
hours to meet that FBI dude and  
make the exchange.

The girls move down the hall. They stop and peer into a room  
with GRANDMA, 90, shriveled up in the middle of a four poster  
bed.

SHAYLA  
Just think, tomorrow all four of us  
cousins will be on a plane to  
freedom, while the rest of the  
vultures hover over her rotting  
corpse to get their hands on her  
money.

KELSEA  
Do you think anyone will know that  
we have been poisoning her for  
months?

SHAYLA  
Do you really think that anybody  
will give a damn? She's the one who  
sent Nikki into that setup and got  
her killed!

The girls move across the hall to a locked door. Shayla pops  
the cover to the keypad and rips the red wire clean out.

SHAYLA (CONT'D)  
Just like magic.

INT. PRIVATE SHOWROOM-NIGHT

The girls enter the room full of Grandma's most lucrative  
scores, and make their way to the Picasso on the far wall.

KELSEA  
Hello, twenty million dollars.

SHAYLA  
Ten, million.

KELSEA  
I still think we should just sell  
it ourselves and get all the money.

SHAYLA  
You know what that FBI dude said.  
If we don't split it with him, he  
will turn us in and then we'll get  
nothing.

KELSEA  
Fucking thief.

Both girls break out in laughter.

Shayla disconnects a hidden security wire from sconce above  
the Picasso. She removes the painting from the wall and  
places it on the floor. Kelsea removes the painting from the  
gold plated frame and puts in the replica.

Both girls jump and gasp at a loud CRASH close by.

SHAYLA  
What the fuck was that noise?

KELSEA  
You don't think? No, She couldn't  
could she?

SHAYLA  
Go check it out!

Kelsea moves to the old woman's door and peers inside. The  
woman lays motionless.

Kelsea returns to Shayla.

KELSEA  
I don't know, but lets get the hell  
out of here. I'm getting creeped  
out.

The girls hang the painting on the wall and Shayla reconnects  
the security. They leave the room.

SHAYLA  
You wanna have one last look?

KELSEA  
I don't know. What if she wakes up  
and sees us?

SHAYLA  
(cockily)  
Really, what's she going to do?

INT. GRANDMAS BEDROOM-NIGHT

The girls stand at the foot of the four poster bed.

KELSEA  
Dude, I don't think she's  
breathing.

SHAYLA  
Oh, shit, she's not.

The girls look at one another simultaneously, smile and high five.

KELSEA  
Take that you old bitch!

SHAYLA  
Thats for Nikki!

Shayla wipes a tear from her face.

KELSEA  
What's that?

SHAYLA  
What?

KELSEA  
That.

Kelsea points to a piece of paper on the bedside table next to a picture of Shayla, Kelsea and three other teenage girls.

Both girls shuffle to the bedside table.

Shayla picks up the stationary paper and reads...

SHAYLA  
Have a nice flight. Love Grandma.

Both girls look at the old woman in the bed. Her head cocked slightly towards them with a smile frozen on her face.

KELSEA  
How did she know?

SHAYLA  
I don't freaking know!

KELSEA  
Check to see if she's dead.

SHAYLA  
Why me? You check.

KELSEA  
Fine lets both check.

The girls lean in closely as Shayla reaches for Grandma's neck. Just then Grandma lets out a final drawn out breath.

The girls scream and run out of the room.