

GRANNYS BOOT CAMP

Written by

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INT.-NIGHT-WAREHOUSE

JACK, 18, Scrawny clean cut kid, fidgets in his chair across the table from BUTCH, 55, rugged, balding man, sporting a five-o-clock shadow.

BUTCH

So you think your tough enough to join my crew.

JACK

What do you think?

Butch slams his fist on the table. Jack jumps back nearly falling out of his chair.

BUTCH

Don't get cocky with me you little shit. You think your a bad ass don't you?

JACK

No...Yes Sir.

Jack puffs up to Butch sweat forming on his brow. Butch smirks, leans back in his chair and takes a deep breath.

BUTCH

Okay. Lets see how tough you are.

Butch strategically removes the bullets from a pistol on his lap beneath the table.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

This job has been attempted by the best and, well, lets just say if you pull it off I'll kiss your furry white ass.

Butch sets the gun on the table and slides it to Jack. Jack's hand trembles as he reaches for the gun.

INT.GRANNY'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-DAY

Jack creeps up behind Granny bent over a table, slightly lowers his gun when Granny turns and coughs a plume of smoke in his face.

GRANNY

Shit, Here we go again.

Granny shoves a bong into Jacks hand as she passes him and walks to a recliner.

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GRANNY (CONT'D)

Hold this.

Jack raises the gun in one hand while holding the bong in the other.

JACK

Where's everyone at?

GRANNY

Where's who at?

JACK

Don't play stupid with me old woman. Where's the dealer?

Jack inches towards granny looking around the living room.

GRANNY

Your looking at her you little puke. Now get that freaking thing outa my face before I use it to check your prostate.

Granny points to the couch.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Sit your scrawny ass down, it's going to be a minute.

Jerking the gun up and down in one hand Jack takes a step back places the bong on the coffee table cluttered with pill bottles, baggies with white powder and marijuana.

JACK

I don't have a minute. Just give me the combination to the safe.

GRANNY

I know your not that stupid. I just got ripped and can't remember my own name let alone the combination.

Granny reaches for the bong on the table and takes a giant hit before holding it out to Jack.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Here this will help your nerves.

Jack lowers the gun to his side.

JACK

Nah, I just want to get this over with.

GRANNY

Oh, come on. I'm not going to give you no trouble. What are you in a hurry for anyways?

Jack sits on the couch, grabs the bong and places the gun next to him on the couch. He takes two hits off the bong places it back on the table and leans back on the couch.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Five.

JACK

Huh?

GRANNY

Thats the first number in the combination. It's combing back to me.

Granny smokes a cigarette

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Well sonny, tonights your lucky night. Others have not gotten off so easy.

Jack leans forward from his relaxed position

JACK

Are fucking kidding me.

Granny puts out her cigarette and lights another. (chuckling)

GRANNY

Now, now, Calm your jets. I'm just saying in my younger days.

Granny chokes, grabs her throat and points to an inhaler sitting on the coffee table. Jack jumps up grabs the inhaler and runs it to Granny.

JACK

Shit, shit, shit. Here take it.

Granny "accidentally" turns the inhaler backwards and squirts it twice quickly into Jacks eyes.

Jack screams ,jumps backwards ,trips over the coffee table and rubs both eyes.

Granny bounces out of the chair to assist Jack.

GRANNY

Oh God, I'm so sorry. Let me help you.

Granny leads Jack by the waist to the kitchen.

INT.KITCHEN-SINK

Jack leans over the sink as Granny rinses his eyes with the sprayer. Jack bolts upright, whips around, puffs up to Granny.

JACK

What the fuck.

GRANNY

Seven.

JACK

Seven?

GRANNY

The next number in the combination.  
I just remembered.

Jack deflates his chest and struts to the kitchen table.  
Granny mosey's to the stove.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

I'm going to make us something to eat to help sober up. Don't screw with those bags. There measured just right.

Jack zero's in on the bags of white powder on the table. He discreetly opens a bag and plunges his nose into the powder, sniffs a large amount and instantly screams.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

What the hell's wrong with you boy.  
That's my baking soda for my marijuana brownies.

Granny slips in a few ghost peppers into Jacks scrambled eggs and joins Jack at the table. Jack wolfs down his eggs before Granny takes her first bite.

JACK

Shit, Shit, my mouth is on fire.

GRANNY

I know kiddo. I though you looked like a pepper fan too.

Jack runs to the sink with Granny right on his heels reaching over his shoulder and handing him a tube of "toothpaste".

GRANNY (CONT'D)  
Here honey this should help.

Jack blindly squeezes the tube into his mouth.

JACK  
What the fuck?

GRANNY  
Oh, shit. That's my denture cream.  
An honest mistake honey. Here drink  
this.

Granny hands a glass of clear liquid to Jack to help.

JACK  
Fire, my mouth is on fire.

GRANNY  
Oh crap, thats my vodka from last  
night.

Jack drinks water from the faucet while Granny disrobes behind him.

Jack turns to see a buck naked Granny.

GRANNY (CONT'D)  
Come here honey, Let Granny make it  
all better. I'll help you forget  
all about your pain.

JACK  
Fuck this shit.

Jack dashes out of the house wiping tears from his face.

INT.-NEXT DAY-GRANNY'S KITCHEN

Butch kisses Granny on the forehead and hands her a bouquet of flowers, revealing a police badge on his belt.

BUTCH  
Hey mom. The guys at the precinct  
wanted to say thank you. We  
couldn't do it without you.  
Butch reaches for one of the pill  
bottles on the table.

(MORE)

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BUTCH (CONT'D)

Which one of these has the skittles  
in it?

GRANNY

The green one honey, always the  
green one.

Granny gets up and walks to the sink passing a plaque on the  
wall featuring a picture of granny in a police uniform  
reading "For thirty years of service."

INT.-DAY-SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Jack sits in a classroom facing forward raising his hand.