

THIRD ACT

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - SMARTPHONE SCREEN

A smudged screen displays the leathery, liver-spotted face of an old man named LOU. Above the picture is the app's name: "Third Act" and below are two icons: a heart and a tombstone.

ONLINE DATER (O.S.)

Oh dear.

A thumb swipes left, revealing a new face. HARRIS. Bushy gray beard. Bare potbelly. Budweiser tallboy in hand.

ONLINE DATER (O.S) (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Swipe left to reveal THOMAS, a fully-naked bag of wrinkles cradling his unmentionables with one hand and flashing a peace sign with the other.

ONLINE DATER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh heavens!

A final swipe left reveals MARVIN, a handsome older man with a warm smile, standing in his garden. The thumb hovers over the screen for a moment, trembling, then swipes right.

INT. BASS PRO SHOP/SHOWROOM - DAY

Our newbie online dater is DOT, a woman in her 70s who looks like your grandmother. She's fidgeting in the plastic wilderness of the Bass Pro Shop showroom floor, surrounded by artificial greenery, taxidermied elk, and a painted blue sky.

She lets out an anxious sigh and puts the phone in her purse.

DOT

Ohhh crap.

Dot composes herself and walks toward a shelf packed with heavy wool blankets. She feels one for a moment, sighs, removes her phone from her purse, and makes a call.

DOT (CONT'D)

Nance, I swiped right.

INT. NANCE'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A messy kitchen littered with ashtrays, newspapers, and playing cards.

Sitting at the table with a landline phone in one hand and a Virginia Slims in the other is NANCE, an elderly bohemian in pearls and feathers. She's the grandmother you wish you had.

NANCE

Don't blow him on the first date.  
Make him work for it.

INT. BASS PRO SHOP/SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dot leans against the shelf, already looking defeated.

DOT

I haven't been on a first date in almost fifty years, Nance. Lyndon Johnson was president.

NANCE (O.S.)

Too bad he's not single.

Dot's phone makes a notification sound. She checks it to see that she's matched with Marvin. She smiles, until she hears a second notification from down the aisle.

She looks up to see Marvin, in flesh and blood, typing a message on his phone. With a panicked gasp, Dot grabs a blanket from the shelf and throws it over her head, hiding.

NANCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dot? What's up?

DOT

(whispering)  
He's here!

INT. NANCE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nance cracks open a bottle of Kettle One and pours a drink.

NANCE

Well, this just got interesting.  
Where are you?

INT. BASS PRO SHOP/SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dot remains under the blanket.

DOT

I'm in a Bass Pro Shop!

NANCE (O.S.)  
 What are you doing there, hon?  
 You're a gatherer, not a hunter.

DOT  
 I just needed a blanket.

Dot's phone notification goes off.

DOT (CONT'D)  
 He messaged me! Oh dear...

NANCE  
 What? Corny?

DOT  
 Worse, charming!

INT. NANCE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nance slugs back her vodka and pours another.

NANCE  
 Alright, I'm going to get you  
 through this, girl. First things  
 first, what are you wearing?

INT. BASS PRO SHOP/SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dot is frantically putting on a camouflage jacket.

DOT  
 Camo! I can't let him see me. Oh,  
 who finds love at a Bass Pro Shop?

INT. NANCE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nance is on the kitchen floor, puffing and drinking away.

NANCE  
 Screw love! You and I are too damn  
 old for love. We're just looking  
 for a little companionship in our  
 waning years. Someone to light our  
 cigarettes and make our Medicare  
 payments. Here's what you're going  
 to do, Dot. Grab a pair of mittens  
 and head to the camping section.

INT. BASS PRO SHOP/SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dot, decked in camo, blanket slung over her shoulder, grabs a pair of orange mittens and jogs to a display of tents, grills, and plastic fire pits, narrowly missing Marvin as he looks up at an arrangement of stuffed mountain goats.

DOT

I see! I'll hide in this tent until the store closes and-

NANCE (O.S.)

You're going to keep listening to me, sweetie. You got those mittens? Put 'em on. You might have to put me on speakerphone.

Too flustered to ask questions, Dot puts the phone on speaker, places it in her breast pocket, and slides on the mittens.

DOT

Done! Where are you going with this, Nance?

INT. NANCE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nance takes a big swig directly from the bottle of Ketel One.

NANCE

We're going to find that girl who danced on the table at my wedding. The one who stole Billy Thompson's car and drove it into a lake when he forgot her birthday. That firecracker's in there somewhere between the fishing lures and the deer urine. She's going to walk up to that lonely old man, plant a peck on his cheek and have a picnic in the middle of that store.

INT. BASS PRO SHOP/SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dot's eyes widen.

DOT

Oh, Nance. No, no, I can't. I'll just send him a polite message and-

NANCE (O.S.)

Not while wearing mittens, you  
won't. And if I hear them come off,  
I'm screaming loud enough for the  
whole store to hear.

Dot fearfully scans the store. Between her and the front door  
is a small forest of plastic trees and a fishing pond.

NANCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

3... 2...

Dot takes off, sprinting through the plastic woods past  
display cases packed with shotguns and archery targets.

At the edge of the fishing pond, she stops as a display full  
of motion-activated Big Mouth Billy Bass decorations spring  
to life, turning toward her and singing their chaotic chorus:  
"Take me to the river! Put me in the water!"

She begins to scream until she's interrupted by a voice  
behind her.

MARVIN

Dot? Is that you?

Her eyes widen as she turns to face Marvin, who is standing  
next to a stuffed ram, holding up his phone which displays  
her picture in the "Third Act" dating app.

As the robotic fish continue to howl their distorted crooner  
refrain, Dot performs her final act of desperation and leaps  
into the fishing pond.

INT. BASS PRO SHOP/SHOWROOM

Dot wakes up back in the camping section next to a space  
heater. Her blanket is spread alongside a fake fire and  
Marvin has taken off her mittens, warming her hands with his.

MARVIN

Was my opening line really that  
bad? I'll be honest, Dot. I don't  
really know what I'm doing.

Dot smiles.

DOT

You think we'd have learned by now.  
But neither do I, Marvin. Neither  
do I.

FADE OUT.