FADE IN:

EXT. GOLF DRIVING RANGE -- DAY

Shiny Acres, Florida, on the driving range next to a golf course. Golf balls WHIZ through the air.

Concentrating fiercely, mousy IRMA STICKLE (50s), awkward and new to the game, makes a wild swing of her club.

She MISSES, the club FLIES and THWACKS her husband, overconfident HARV STICKLE, (60s) upside the head.

    HARV
    What the!? Owwwwwww.

    IRMA
    Are you OK?

Exasperated, Harv rubs his forehead.

    HARV
    I’ll show you, again.

Harv positions Irma with her club in front of a ball, bends, pokes and prods her into an impossible contortion.

    HARV (CONTD)
    Now, just swing naturally.

3 WHITE HAORED LADIES (70s), tan and swanky, LOIS, CELIA, and HEDY, in loud golf gear, approach.

    HARV (CONTD)
    And make it good, people are watching.

Sweat beading on her lip, sun glaring in her eyes, Irma closes her eyes and fires away. The ball SAILS off.

Irma clutches the wrenching pain in her lower back.

Lois, the cougar, eats Harv up with a hungry look.

    LOIS
    Hi there.

    HARV
    Hello ladies!

INT. HAIR SALON -- DAY

The salon looks like an aging prison, bad lighting, ugly.

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In the waiting area, Irma sits next to LUANNE, (60s) yellowing white hair is in tight, dirty looking curls.

Irma discreetly watches Luanne SCRATCH her head delicately, then with real vigor.

Luanne stops scratching, lights a Pall Mall cigarette, nodding to Irma.

LUANNE
Smoke?

IRMA
No thanks. Isn't smoking illegal?

LUANNE
Please. Since when could Florida enforce laws? I still drive!

IRMA
Oh.

EXT. GOLF DRIVING RANGE -- DAY

Lois, Celia and Hedy look on as Irma struggles. Harv picks up his club.

HARV
Watch me. Like this.

INT. HAIR SALON -- DAY

LUANNE
What are you in for?

IRMA
Haircut. You?

LUANNE
The usual, a set.

With the hand with the smoke in it, Luanne resumes scratching, cigarette dangerously close to hair.

A WITHERED SALON FEMALE PATRON walks by in foils and an ancient plastic smock.

LUANNE (CONTD)
They shampoo it, set it, spray bloody heck out of it, comb it. Then it's up to me to make it last till next Wednesday.

(CONTINUED)
IRMA
Wednesday?

LUANNE
Keep it dust-free, out of sun, water, wind. Shower cap in the bath, kerchief outside. Then Wednesday come in again.

IRMA
You don't wash it for a whole week?

LUANNE
Water would ruin it! You can see how good it still looks. Once you're retired, it's the only way.

IRMA
Why?

LUANNE
Why?! Retirement can kill you!

Luanne stubs her butt out neatly on the sole of an orthopedic shoe.

LUANNE (CONTD)
It's survival of the fittest. First, the kids visit, so they can put you into a home, and live off your savings.

IRMA
Really?

Irma peeks into her wallet, reassured by forty dollars.

LUANNE
First one kid comes, then the other. They tag team each other, like hyenas.

IRMA
My kids aren't like that! They need me.

LUANNE
Really?

Luanne holds out her hand.

LUANNE (CONTD)
Luanne.

IRMA
Hi Luanne, I'm Irma.
CONTINUED: (2)

Luanne turns toward Irma, who sees for the first time, Luanne's futuristic blinking Bluetooth headset on her left ear.

LUANNE
Gird your loins Irma. Gird them.

EXT. GOLF DRIVING RANGE -- DAY

Irma SLAPS the mosquitoes biting her sweaty neck. Celia extends her hand to Harv. They shake.

CELIA
We’re your neighbors, welcome.

HARV
Well isn’t that nice! I’m Harv, we’re from New Jersey.

LOIS
We’re short a fourth, Harvey. Will you join us for nine holes?

HARV
Sure!

Harv gestures to Irma.

HARV (CONTD)
It’s ok with you hun, right? Stay here and practice. Girls, this is Irma.

Irma waves with a limp gesture.

HEDY
Let’s go if we’re going.

The ladies turn on their heels and head to the green, Harv hot on their heels.

With an eye-roll, Irma addresses her ball, takes a mighty swing, whiffs. She misses repeatedly, thwacking the grass all around the ball, but never hitting the ball itself.

INSET:
Golf club face, dirt clumps, grass, a slug.

EXT. GOLF DRIVING RANGE -- DAY

Irma peers left and right, takes her club and leaves.

INT. RV BEDROOM - SHINY ACRES -- NIGHT