

THANK YOU, MISS LOLA

WRITTEN BY

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INT. LOLA'S ROOM - DAY

A high-backed chair and a small table sit before a window.

LOLA, an eccentric woman in her late 70s with glasses and long grey hair, shuffles to the chair.

She wears a pair of BINOCULARS around her neck and holds a cup of coffee in her hand. She wipes jam from the side of her mouth with her thumb.

She sets her mug down and eases herself into the chair.

Lola pulls a RHINESTONE SCRUNCHIE off her wrist, quickly braids her hair, and ties it off.

She scoots the chair forward.

Its legs carve new scratches over the plentiful previous ones in the floor.

Lola removes her glasses then raises the BINOCULARS to her eyes.

EXT. MR. MILBOURNE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

A dark green, beat up 1998 Toyota Corolla pulls up into the driveway. It crushes the dead flowers in the flowerbed.

MR. MILBOURNE, 95 years old with a bow tie, aviator glasses, and a horrendous comb-over, steps out.

He shuffles to the back and pulls a large, flat, rectangular object covered in brown paper from the trunk.

Mr. Milbourne struggles with it and hobbles into his house.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM - DAY

Lola shakes her head.

LOLA
Oh, Ezra. What has happened to you
since Agnes died?

We hear a WOMAN'S MUFFLED SHOUTS. Lola raises her binoculars and looks around outside.

EXT. THE DELAURO'S BACK DECK - DAY

An unfinished deck dingy with age and attached to the DeLauro's house takes up half the yard.

MUFFLED SHOUTS

VINCENT, 13 and stocky, runs out onto the deck. His dark hair is neatly brushed and styled. He turns back inside and scowls.

MILLY, early 30s and thin with her hair in a wild bun, steps out after him. She waves around a comb in one hand and holds a backpack in the other.

LOLA (O.S.) (MOCKING)
If my hair is going to look this bad
so is yours!

Vincent stares her and tousles his hair.

Milly throws the comb then bag at him and yells. She storms inside and slams the door.

LOLA (O.S.) (MOCKING)
That's it! I'm taking another Valium!

Vincent runs up and tugs on the door which remains shut.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM - DAY

Lola sits back in her chair and chuckles.

LOLA (MOCKING)
And by Valium I mean half a bottle of
Nyquil.

We hear CLATTERING AND THUDS. Lola uses her BINOCULARS to follow the sound.

INT. MR. MILBOURNE'S ROOM -DAY

The room is large, white, and empty. Mr. Milbourne pushes himself up off the floor. His glasses sit askew on his nose and his comb-over flops into his eyes.

He picks up the rectangular item and sets it against the wall. Then he uprights an antique candelabra.

Mr. Milbourne fixes his glasses and pats his hair in place. He walks to the right out of sight.

He returns with two large rectangles.

He lifts one up to the wall. A PAINTING of a squirrel with a crown.

LOLA (O.S.)
Oh, what the fuck, Ezra?

He grabs another picture and hangs it next to the first. The exact same PAINTING again.

He reaches down and tears away the brown paper on the last rectangle. Mr. Milbourne's comb-over flops to the side. He lifts and hangs it. The same PAINTING a third time.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM - DAY

Stacks of books and magazines, bins of knickknacks, piles of mail and clothing overtake the rest of the room. A lone bed peaks out from under the clutter in the opposite corner.

Lola sits on the edge of her seat, BINOCULARS to her eyes.

LOLA
I guess loneliness makes you weird.

A SHRIEK.

Lola jumps up and pushes aside the shade, BINOCULARS at the ready.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Vincent grabs BETHANY, a 7 year old girl with pigtails and a clutching a brown paper bag, by one of her braids. She cries.

He yanks on her braid again. She drops the bag. Vincent lets go of her hair and scoops up the bag. He opens it, takes out a sandwich and walks away.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM - DAY

Lola sits back into her chair and brings her coffee to her lips.

LOLA
Millie evidently is teaching him
everything she knows.

She takes a large gulp of her coffee and sits forward again, BINOCULARS at her eyes.

INT. MR. MILBOURNE'S HOUSE - DAY

The room is dark. Lit red candles throughout the room cast a sinister glow upon the three squirrel PAINTINGS. Mr. Milbourn crosses in front of the window.

He wears a hyper-realistic squirrel head.

He slowly raises a crown up to the top of the large squirrel forehead.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM - DAY

Lola leans forward, her mouth agape.

LOLA
He's insane.

KNOCKING.

Lola jumps and fumbles the binoculars.

Lola yanks the curtain down and turns around.

INT. MUDROOM - DAY

Lola peers through the dusty sheer drapes.

Bethany stands at the door, her chest heaves with little SOBS. She looks up and meets Lola's eyes.

Lola drops down and sits against the wall. Bethany's SOBS grow louder.

Lola tilts her head back and breathes deep.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Lola opens the front door but leaves the chain lock on. Her inquisitive eye is visible through the door crack.

Bethany's one braid is disheveled and the bow is missing. She cries.

LOLA
Oh.

BETHANY
The big kid next door... He pulled my hair... And took my lunch.

A snot bubble comes out of her nose and pops.

LOLA
Well, just go home.

Lola shuts the door.

Bethany stands there and sobs.

The door opens again and Lola glowers at the girl.

LOLA
Why are you still here?

BETHANY
My mom... isn't home.

Lola sighs.

LOLA
What's your name?

BETHANY
Bethany... What's your name?

LOLA
Uh... It's Lola. My name's Lola. You
going to school? Where is it?

Bethany wipes her eyes and sniffs. She points up the street
then looks back at Lola.

LOLA
Well... off ya go.

Lola shuts the door.

Bethany looks up at the door for a moment. Her chin trembles
and she turns away.

The door creaks opens once more.

Lola's hand reaches out and offers the RHINESTONE SCRUNCHIE.

Bethany smiles to reveal her two missing front teeth. She
snatches it and ties it onto her left braid.

INT. MUDROOM - DAY

Lola locks the many locks along the door and presses her back
against it. She chokes down labored breaths.

BETHANY (O.S.)
Thank you, Ms. Lola!

Lola smiles slightly.