

Time Loop

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Group: Pinkie Finger Grandmas

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - 1972 - DAY

Shallow waves stroke the shore.

The sun illuminates the sand, rays reflecting over the water.

EXT. BEACH TOWN - STRIP - DAY

MAGGIE (6) giggles in the basket of a speeding shopping cart. She has pig-tails in her hair wears a one piece bathing suit filled with bright colors.

DELORES (35) pushes the cart down the sidewalk with one hand and a cigarette in the other.

Some of the youthful PEDESTRIANS cast her confused glares, despite her bold psychedelic eye shadow fitting right in with the crowds.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Delores slows the shopping cart down at the side of the store.

DELORES

Look, Maggie!

Maggie follows Delores finger, pointing out over the shore of the beach beyond the store.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Wave hi to the beach!

MAGGIE

Hiiiiii! Can we go now?

DELORES

Just a minute. Momma needs to pick up some things first.

MAGGIE

Can we buy a new bucket? I want to build a ginormous sandcastle!

DELORES

We have plenty of buckets and shovels in the car sweetie.

Maggies sighs. Delores pushes the cart toward the grocery store entrance.

INT. GROCERY STORE - FIRST AISLE

Delores wheels the cart down an aisle holding a grocery list in one hand. She grabs a liter of Pepsi-Cola and 7-Up from the shelf and places it in the cart which lies other food items.

She stops and looks down the end of the aisle.

DELORES

Maggie, you want some cookies for the beach?

MAGGIE

Yes, Yes, Yes!

Delores walks away from the cart leaving Maggie sitting in it. She strolls down the aisle in search for the cookies.

Maggie peers her head out from the shopping cart, noticing the near by toy aisle. Her eyes light up at the colorful sight of buckets and pales.

Delores gnaws on her red painted finger nails as she looks for the cookies.

DELORES

Where the heck are the Milanos?

Delores continues walking down the aisle. She makes her way around to the next aisle. Maggie lifts herself out of the seat and jumps out of the cart.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Ah, there they are!

Delores grabs Milano cookies. Her eyes catch the cigarette counter. She checks her purse which holds an empty cart of cigarettes.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CIGARETTE COUNTER

Delores stands behind an OLDER WOMAN (70s-80s) yelling at the CASHIER (40s).

CASHIER

I'm sorry miss, we can't help you find that we must not have it in stock.

OLD WOMAN

Then where else am I supposed to look?

Delores steps in line behind the Old Woman.

DELORES

Is everything alright over here?

OLD WOMAN

Mind your own business.

CASHIER

We're just out of stock on a few items, miss, I assure you everything will be straightened out.

OLD WOMAN

I'm not leaving this store until I get those cookies! I've had a rough day and need my...

The Old Woman looks down at the Milano Cookies in Delores' grip.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

...Milano's.

(beat)

Hey! Where did you find those?

Delores holds up the cookies - the cashier sighs in relief.

DELORES

Buried behind some of the other cookies down that aisle.

Delores points in the direction towards the cookie aisle.

OLD WOMAN

Oh I see, the EMPLOYEE's don't know how to do their job and put them in their proper placement!

She gives a dirty look at the Cashier. The cashier rolls their eyes.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Are there anymore?

Delores shakes her head.

DELORES

No, I'm sorry. I believe I grabbed the last.

OLD WOMAN

Listen, how much do I have to pay you for those?

Delores makes eye contact with the cashier in confusion.

DELORES

Just take it.

She holds out the cookies which the Old Woman takes from her grip.

Delores waits a bit, looking at the cashier, then back at the Old Woman who continues to check out. The Old Woman exits the store.

DELORES (CONT'D)

(sighs)

What a nut job.

Delores bites her nails again looking down, the red polish chipping off as bits of yellow filth start to show between the tips.

Delores looks up at the selection of cigarettes.

DELORES (CONT'D)

I'll take a pack of Marlboro Light.

Delores walks back towards the aisle where Maggie was left.

She looks down in the cigarette's in her hand, frail, wrinkling, and trembling as it grows more and more yellow.

Delores returns toward the aisle.

DELORES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry baby girl they're out of Milano's! What else would you like for a snack...

INT. GROCERY STORE - FIRST AISLE

Delores immediately notices her shopping cart at the end of the aisle... The basket in which Maggie sat EMPTY.

Delores' eyes fill with panic - she rushes toward the cart.

DELORES

Maggie?

Delores pans her head around the aisle - her eyes lock with a sign reading TOYS. Delores exhales with some relief as she hurries toward the toy aisle.

INT. GROCERY STORE - TOY AISLE

Delores turns into the aisle. There are a bunch of CHILDREN with a few parents in this section.

DELORES

Magggieeee?

In the middle of the toy section, there is a miniature home on display.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Margaret Jane if you're in there so god help you, you will not be going to the beach missy!

She opens up the front door and peaks her head inside. It's empty.

A WOMAN (30's) stands in the aisle looking at a shelf of board games.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Excuse me miss, have you seen a little girl about this tall...

Delores points to her hip.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Brown hair with pig tails, wearing a bathing suit?

Woman shakes her head.

WOMAN

No, I'm sorry.

Delores takes a second to think. Her eyes get wide as an idea pops into her head.

DELORES

Buckets and pales!

Delores quickly walks towards the beach section to see buckets and pales. The aisle remains empty.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CUSTOMER SERVICE

Delores walks towards the front of the store to the customer service desk. She approaches an EMPLOYEE (17) with a playboy magazine open in both of his hands.

DELORES

Hi, excuse me... my daughter has gone missing.

The Employee continues to read the magazine.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Hello?

The Employee continues. Delores rips the magazine out of his hands.

EMPLOYEE

Can I help you?

DELORES

My child has gone missing!

EMPLOYEE

Child?

DELORES

She's 6 years old, blonde pig tails, she's in a pink bathing suit.

EMPLOYEE

(scoffs)

Your *grandchild*?

DELORES

(appalled)

Excuse me?

The employee rolls his eyes.

EMPLOYEE

Have you checked the toy aisle?

DELORES

Yes, she's not there.

EMPLOYEE

Listen lady, I'm not a child investigator.

DELORES

Isn't this customer service?

EMPLOYEE

Uhm yes... read the sign.

DELORES

Then help me find my daughter!

EMPLOYEE

Why'd you lose your sight of her in the first place?

Delores stands offended and lets out a gasp.

DELORES

You're useless.

She walks away in frustration continuing the search.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Maggie!

Delores' entire arm grows frailer, skin sagging and bones bulging out.

INT. GROCERY STORE - FIRST AISLE

Delores passes the first aisle where her cart sits at the end of. She sees a young girl with pig tails wearing multiple colors having the same height as Maggie. Delores stops her fast pace walks and runs down the aisle and grabs the child... Maggie.

DELORES

Margaret Jones you nearly gave me a heart attack!

Maggie stands still with wide eyes of fear. Maggie screams as Delores's frail hands claw into her shoulders.

DELORES (CONT'D)

What's gotten into you? We're going home right now!

Maggie continues to scream, shutting her eyes in fear.

MAGGIE

Mom... Mom!

Maggie opens her eyes to come face to face with OLD DELORES (75). She still wears her bright pink bikini and bold lime green eyeshadow but now it smears down her cheeks.

A MOTHER (30s) rushes toward Old Delores and Maggie.



MOTHER

Get away from my daughter!

Old Delores looks down at the CHILD in her grip, not Maggie but some other terrified little girl.

Old Delores pulls away from child, unbelievably disheveled. Any relief Old Delores had on her face has turned to horror.

She backs away from the child and mother as tears roll down her face followed by her eyeshadow.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

How dare you touch my child?!

The sounds around her begin to fade as ringing in her ears rises.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

What the hell is wrong with you?

Delores begins to correct her unfixed gaze but sounds from the outside world escape her.

VOICE

Mom... Mom...

Delores snaps back into reality as MIDDLE AGED MAGGIE (40s) runs toward Old Delores.

MIDDLE AGED MAGGIE

Mom!

Middle Aged Maggie speaks into her iPhone.

MIDDLE AGED MAGGIE

(CONT'D)

It's mom again, I'll have to call you back.

Middle Aged Maggie hangs up her phone and consoles the Mother of the other child.

MIDDLE AGED MAGGIE

(CONT'D)

I am so sorry about this.

Middle Aged Maggie notices a thick gown and coat sprung over a shopping cart. She immediately wraps them around Old Delores.

MOTHER

Clearly she needs someone keeping a better watch on her than you.

The mother takes her child's hand and paces out of the aisle.

Middle Aged Maggie shakes her head at Delores.

MIDDLE AGED MAGGIE

Why would you touch that child?

OLD DELORES

But I couldn't find you.

MIDDLE AGED MAGGIE

I told you I was just-

Middle Aged Maggie sighs. She looks somberly at her mother, overwhelmed.

MIDDLE AGED MAGGIE

(CONT'D)

Why would you do that? And taking off your clothes?

Old Delores looks back at the mother and child exiting the aisle.

OLD DELORES

I don't... Did you get the Milanos?

MIDDLE AGED MAGGIE

Let's get you home, mom.

Middle Aged Maggie locks her arm with Old Delores and walks down the aisle with her.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Middle Aged Maggie and Old Delores continue through the snowy, city parking lot.

Middle Aged Maggie opens the car door and helps Old Delores inside. She shuts it behind her.

Middle Aged Maggie takes her cell phone and dials - she holds it up to her ear.

MIDDLE AGED MAGGIE

Hey, sorry about that. I'm getting really worried about Mom. I think it's time.

Middle Aged Maggie takes in the snow flakes drifting around her - she looks in the window at Old Delores who talks to herself.

FADE TO BLACK.