

BINGO BITCHES

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CAST

AMY - early 30s, loves her Grandma
JOAN - 70s, Amy's Grandma, sweetheart demeanor, looks like she wouldn't hurt a fly
BESS -70s, gritty, tough, not afraid to throw some shade
JODIE - 80s, flitty, just happy to socialize
FRANK - cranky, acts like he doesn't want to be there but lives for the drama
BINGO CALLER - 40s, takes his job extremely seriously, fits right in with the crowd, has been the Bingo Caller for years

INT. NURSING HOME BINGO HALL - DAY

AMY walks into the Bingo Hall with her Grandma JOAN. They both take a seat around the other Bingo players.

AMY

I know it's been awhile Grandma,
but I'm so happy to finally visit
you! Are you liking Sunnyside?

JOAN

Oh yes, hun. I'm having loads of
fun.

AMY

Are these your friends?

JOAN

Oh yeah. This is my weekly BINGO
crew.

Joan points around to the surrounding nursing home members in the room.

JOAN (CONT'D)

There's Jodie, and Frank, and...
(in a lower, grating tone) Bess.

AMY

Oh? What's the deal with Bess?

JOAN

You'll see.

BESS turns to greet Joan, and is surprised to see Amy next to her.

BESS
(smirking)
Joan, who do we have here?

JOAN
This is my granddaughter, Amy. You
be nice now, she's visiting.

BESS
Oh, hush. Don't worry about me. I'd
just hate to see you get distracted
by your little guest.

Joan rolls her eyes. The BINGO CALLER starts the game.

BINGO CALLER
Alright everyone, let's get ready
to BINGOOOO! Let's keep this a
good, clean game this time
everyone. We don't need a repeat of
last week.

AMY
What happened last week?

JOAN
(points to empty chair in
front of them)
See that chair?

AMY
Yeah?

JOAN
That used to be Fred's seat...
before Bess sent him to the
hospital.

BESS
Keep my name out of your dirty
little mouth. My leg was stretched
because of my arthritis and Fred's
clumsy ass didn't look in front of
him.

JOAN
He has a glass eye!

BINGO CALLER
Ladies, please! Let's save the
excitement for the game. This
week's prize is... Dr. Bronner's
Lavender epsom salts!

The crowd goes feral. Frank salivates. All BINGO players' eyes are on the prize.

JODIE

Oh, that would do wonders for my back-

BESS

Zip it, Jodie. This one's mine.

BINGO CALLER

Alright now. Hearing aids on and bingo eyes ready! Calling the first pair, and it is... I17. Again, the first pair is I17.

AMY

Oh there ya go, Grandma! You've got it right there.

Bess lets out a small chuckle and glances at Joan.

JOAN

Amy, dear, I mean this with love, ...but shut your yap. I know what I'm doing.

AMY

What?

BESS

I like this girl, Joan. Is she gonna call out all your pairs?

JOAN

Well, I'm surprised you can even see your own pairs with those cataracts, Bess.

BESS

Well even with cataracts, I can still see those chin hairs from a mile away you damn yeti.

BINGO CALLER

Ladies! Ladies. It is way to early to get this riled. We lasted a whole 15 minutes last week before dentures went flying. Now Bess, sit down. I'm about to call the second pair. Next pair is G54. G54.

AMY

Is it always this rowdy, Grandma?

JOAN

If you think this is rowdy, you shouldn't come around when we play euchre. Hey Frank, is your hip still messed up from euchre last week?

FRANK

I don't know, Joan. If you were involved in a hit and run with a rogue wheelchair, how do you think you'd feel?

JOAN

(under her breath)
Sour puss.

JODIE

I said I was sorry Frank! I just like to let go of the wheels sometimes. and pretend I'm on my own little roller coaster.

Frank rolls his eyes.

BINGO CALLER

The next pair is E89. Again, that is E89.

Bess and Joan both fill in their spots and glare at each other across the room.

BINGO CALLER (CONT'D)

Alright, next is A22.

Joan sneezes in Bess's direction. Bess gets agitated.

BESS

Stop looking at my card!

JOAN

My eyes aren't anywhere near your raggedy card. Maybe if you kept your eyes on your own business you would've noticed your first husband shackin' up with his secretary.

Bess shoots up again from her seat, but considering her bad hip that launch takes about 10 seconds.

BESS

That's it, bitch. I am calling a BSD.

Everyone gasps, except Amy who is confused beyond all measure.

BINGO CALLER

Bess you haven't called a BSD since the BINGO Bonanza of '03.

JOAN

You sure about this sandbags? I don't think you know who you're messing with.

BESS

B.S.D.

FRANK

Finally, some excitement in this place!

AMY

What's a BSD?

JOAN

I've never actually seen one called since I've been here. A BSD call is a "BINGO SMACK DOWN". Each player gets one BSD call a year. You've gotta fight for your right to BINGO. Loser gets thrown out of the game.

AMY

What? You don't really fight, do you?

Before Joan responds, the BINGO Moderator pulls out a booming microphone, and the lights flash as if it is a WWE wrestling match. There is what appears to be a ring in the front of the room with yoga mats and bars on all four sides of the mats. Everyone shifts their attention to the ring.

BINGO CALLER

Alright ladies. This is the first official BINGO SMACK DOWN match of 2024, called by "Don't Mess With the Bess" Duncan! Bess hasn't been in the ring in almost 20 years. Bess, how does it feel to be back?

Bess takes the mic.

BESS

It feels good. I may have aged a bit since my last call -

JOAN
(scoffs)
A bit?

Bess fumes. She starts at Joan from the other end of the ring. Joan gets her fists up, ready. The BINGO Moderator holds Bess back, with little force.

BINGO CALLER
Woahhhhh, hold on Bess. Wait for the bell.

Bess grunts.

BINGO CALLER (CONT'D)
And in this corner, a rookie to the Sunnyside BINGO scene, Miss "Joan the Stone" Berkshire! Joan, how are you feeling?

JOAN
Excited to finally get my chance in the ring.

Amy stands, flabbergasted.

AMY
Ring?! I thought that was the physical therapy stretching mat?

BINGO CALLER
With the recent state budget cuts, we had to make it our multipurpose mat.

AMY
Grandma, you're not actually gonna fight are you?

BESS
Don't worry, kid. She won't be fighting for long. I promise I'll knock her out quick.

FRANK
My money's on Bess. I've seen her go absolutely feral on Fruit Cup Friday.

JODIE
I don't know... One time, I grabbed for Joan's cookie at lunch and I swear to God I thought I was gonna need my other hip replaced.

Two aids come out and put boxing gloves on each opponent. Bess's aid also comes out with a water bottle and squirts some water in her mouth. Joan beats her gloves together, giving a few practice swings to the air. Amy still can't believe this is going on.

BINGO CALLER

Ladies, you know the drill.
Punching and kicking is permitted.
No canes, walkers, wheelchairs, or
dentures are allowed in the ring.
If you need a bathroom break, you
let the aid in your corner know,
and we will break for a brief
intermission. Are we ready?

Both fighters nod.

BINGO CALLER (CONT'D)

Alright, FIGHT!

Jodie and Frank start cheering for their respective fighter. Amy bites her nails anxiously.

Bess goes straight for Joan, but Joan ducks out of the way, causing Bess to fling into the bars.

Joan comes up from behind and puts Bess in a headlock. It seems like she's about to win, but Bess stomps on her foot, and Joan releases. The two go back to their respective corners. Bess comes back again at full force, but Joan takes out one of her pearl earrings and discretely tosses it to the ground. Bess steps right on it.

BESS

Ow! Ow!

Joan takes the opportunity to take a strong swing at Bess. Bess goes straight to the ground.

AMY

Oh my god!

BINGO CALLER

(hitting the mat between
each count)

One...two... three! That's it
folks. We've got a new BINGO Smack
Down Champion: Joan the Stone!

FRANK

Dammit.

BINGO CALLER

Bess, I'm sorry but you're out for
the rest of the game.

BESS

Whatever, that was a cheap shot
anyways.

Bess gets up and hobbles off. Joan smirks and goes back to
her seat.

AMY

Grandma... what the hell was that?

JOAN

That was your grandma being a boss
ass bitch, that's what it was.

BINGO CALLER

Last pair of the game. And it
is...H34. H.3.4.

Joan scours her BINGO card for the pair, but can't find it.

JOAN

Amy, I need your eyes on the card.

AMY

I don't see it anywhere, Grandma.

JOAN

(frustrated)
Look hard-

JODIE

BINGO bitches!

Jodie wheels up to the front to get her prize. She wheels off
and a "WEEEEEE" can be heard off stage. Joan sighs, defeated.

JOAN

It's always the nice ones you've
gotta watch out for...Well, I
usually take my afternoon nap about
now hun. All that BINGO makes me a
bit sleepy. Come again soon though,
Pumpkin! Love spending time with
you.

THE END.