

Script

open on Martin

Narrator: Martin was just the average guy looking for a little extra cash. After researching get rich quick schemes and drawing inspiration from some of the greats, Martin settled on the most honorable way to make money: scamming retirees.

[split screen]

on the phone

Martin: Hello Grandma! I am in dire need of your assistance. I am in jail on an unfair charge and I need to pay bail. The Boston Municipal Court System requests payment in the form of 16 \$20 Best Buy gift cards and a year long subscription to Cannabox weed delivery service under the name, uh, Martin.

Lydia: Billy, Billy, is that you?

Martin: Yes, my name is indeed Billy. I am your grandson, Billy, and I am in trouble. You must send the goods immediately so I can be released.

Lydia: Oh, Billy, it is just so wonderful to hear from you, dearest. You haven't called in so long. I almost forgot what your voice sounded like.

Martin: Yes, grandma, I'm sorry. Now, it's really important you send the goods to legitjailmoney@hotmail.com.

Lydia: Of course, lovey. Anything for my little cookie.

Narrator: After successfully receiving the stuff from Lydia, Martin was on a roll.

Martin: Man, this is so easy. *talks as he types: Unfortunately, they increased the charges and the bail was not enough. They are now requesting a subscription to sexyanastasia69's Only Fans. Please send IMMEDIATELY.

Narrator: At the same time, over at the retirement home, Lydia was reflecting on her conversation with her "grandson."

to her two friends

Lydia: I feel so blessed to hear from him, and he trusted me for his help. I need to keep in contact with him still. Let me try to call him now. I need to talk to him for a minimum of 45 minutes about his winter wardrobe to make sure he won't be chilly this season.

*Clips of what the narrator describes: Lydia at her computer, the automated email, the FB post (Have you seen me? With a picture of Billy and his height, build, etc.)

Narrator: Determined to talk to her grandson after he broke his year long silence, Lydia got to work. As a retiree with plenty of time on her hands, she had all day, every day, to master technology. With her old lady hacker skills she traced the phone number Martin used to call her and from public record she found his email. She created an automated email to send every 7 minutes saying to please call her. On Facebook she posted begging for the public's help. She even enlisted the help of her friends to make calls for her:

pan over a bunch of old folks on the phone

Old person 1: Hello! I'm calling on behalf of Lydia Johnson. Have you seen her grandson Billy Johnson?

Old person 2: Lydia's last reported sighting of him was at his graduation from Jefferson High School.

Old person 3: Very interesting...out of curiosity, would you like to join the cause. We award 50 cents for every call placed, 2 dollars for every call where someone actually picks up.

Lydia (to her friends): I called the Boston Municipal Court offices. They had no record of Billy's incarceration. We need to work harder to make sure we get into contact with him to confirm he's okay.

*Voice over a montage: Martin scrolling through the wikiHow for dealing with annoying grandparents, Martin pacing around his room in the middle of the night, a shot of 67 missed calls from Lydia

Narrator: Martin was getting desperate for the calls to stop. Lydia and her friend's calls kept him up at night. He searched the internet for answers, looking for anything that could get her to stop.

Martin falls to his knees

Martin: MAKE IT STOP!

to her call center

Lydia: I am very proud of our operation and happy to say we've been expanding rapidly. I just want to say—*interrupted by her phone*

*Incoming call: caller ID reads Billy

*Lydia answers the phone

Real Billy: Hi Grandma! I am so sorry I haven't called in a while. I have been really swamped with school recently. I've been so dedicated to school actually that I haven't had time to get a job. *pauses* I hate to ask you this, but do you think you could loan me just a little bit so I can get by until summer?

Lydia: Ugh...these scammers are getting to a whole other level recently. Posing as my grandson to ask for money, really? That's a new low.

Real Billy: What? Grandma, it's me, Billy.

Lydia: I think I would know my *real* grandson's voice, considering we just talked recently.
Shame on you.

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