

Late Life Crisis

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the
express written permission of the author

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An elderly couple, LAWRENCE (80's), and ETHEL (80's), sit on a couch together. Ethel crochets while Lawrence watches a cooking show on T.V.

Lawrence turns to Ethel and stares at her. She ignores his look and continues to crochet. Lawrence puts a hand on her thigh and begins rubbing it.

Ethel puts down her hook and yarn and pushes Lawrence's hand away. She resumes crocheting. Lawrence looks away, disappointed. He picks up the remote and changes the channel. He smiles and puts it down, settling on Baywatch.

Ethel snatches the remote and changes it back to the cooking channel. Lawrence stares with disappointment at a fat Italian chef.

He looks over at Ethel, who is consumed in her crocheting. Lawrence reaches a hand over and touches Ethel's face gently. She moves her head away and scoots further down the couch. Lawrence stares at her for a moment, then slowly gets up and leaves the room.

INT. HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence enters the bedroom and looks around, as though lost. After a moment he walks over to a cabinet and opens a drawer. Inside is a photo album, with the smiling faces of Lawrence and Ethel brandishing the cover.

Lawrence carries the album to the bed and sits down. He flips through the pages, looking at various photos of he and Ethel together. He pauses on a photo of the two at their wedding. After a moment he flips it to the next page, revealing a young Ethel in a bathing suit. His eyes light up. He stares intently at the photo for a moment.

Lawrence's attention is averted suddenly by the photo on the adjacent page. It is an older Ethel, staring dissatisfied into the camera. Lawrence attempts to keep his gaze to the young Ethel, but the old one continues to glare.

Lawrence's smile disappears. He stands up, puts the album away, and leaves the room.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence walks past Ethel, approaching the door to the house. He turns back.

LAWRENCE

Do you want anything from the store?

Ethel doesn't look up from her yarn.

ETHEL

No.

Lawrence looks at her for a moment. He turns and leaves.

EXT. HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lawrence gets into a car in the driveway. He pulls out and drives down the road.

INT/EXT. LAWRENCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Lawrence drives in silence. He pulls up to a stop light and glances over at an S.U.V next to him.

Three beautiful, modestly dressed- but big busted- women ride inside. A huge smile rips across Lawrence's face.

INT/EXT. WOMEN'S CAR - NIGHT

The woman on the passenger side window, JESSICA, glances out and notices Lawrence staring. She quickly turns back to the others.

JESSICA

Oh my god, there's an old man
staring at me.

The other two women glance over and see Lawrence shamelessly staring at Jessica's chest. He doesn't seem to realize that they have noticed him. The driver, SANDRA, scowls.

SANDRA

Ugh. What a creep.

The woman in the back seat, TANYA, rolls down her window and shouts at Lawrence.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA
Eyes on the road, asshole!

Lawrence snaps out of his stupor, averting his gaze back to the road. The light changes to green and Lawrence speeds through the intersection.

SANDRA
See, this is the kind of thing we've been talking about.

JESSICA
Erica was right. I didn't realize how often I get looked at like that.

TANYA
We're just walking breasts to them.

INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Lawrence stands in the greeting cards aisle of a drug store. He picks up a card that says, 'I love you'. He puts it down and looks at the variety of other cards.

Lawrence's gaze wanders over to a nearby shelf of magazines. He steps over and catches sight of a 'Playboy'. He looks at it for a moment.

Lawrence shakes his head and steps back over to the cards. He stares at them for a moment, then steps back over to the magazines. He looks at the Playboy for a moment, then steps back towards the cards.

Lawrence stands frozen, glancing back and forth between the two shelves.

INT. DRUG STORE - LATER - NIGHT

Lawrence walks to the checkout line, holding a stack of Playboys in one hand and a stack of love cards in the other.

He glances over and sees: Jessica, Sandra, and Tanya standing in a nearby aisle. They don't seem to notice him. Lawrence smiles in an overtly pleased way and his pant crotch balloons outwards.

WITH: Tanya, Jessica, and Sandra.

Tanya glances over and notices Lawrence.

TANYA

Oh, wow. It's that old man.

Jessica looks over and quickly turns away.

JESSICA

Ugh. Ew. He has a hard on. Can we go to another store?

Sandra's face lights up.

SANDRA

Hold on. I've got an idea.

Sandra approaches Lawrence. He tenses up, turning away from her slightly. Sandra stops in front of him and smiles.

SANDRA

Hey there. I'm Sandra.

LAWRENCE

I, uhh. I'm sorry about earlier.

Sandra's smile widens and she pats him playfully on the shoulder.

SANDRA

Oh, no- I'm sorry. My friend was in a bad mood.

Lawrence nods warily. Sandra pauses and looks around for a moment. She turns to him and speaks seductively.

SANDRA

Hey, how would you like to come with me and my girlfriends?

Lawrence stares at her thickly, not comprehending.

SANDRA

We want you to party with us.

Lawrence smiles slightly. He looks over at Jessica and Tanya. They talk quietly to each other, not looking at him. Lawrence shuffles the love cards in his hand. He sits in thought for a moment.

LAWRENCE

I.. I can't... I have to be somewhere.

Sandra glances down at Lawrence's Playboys. She reaches down and pulls them up towards her. She pulls out a pen and writes a number on the magazine.

SANDRA

We party every day, honey. Call us
when you get a chance.

Lawrence nods and watches as Sandra walks away.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence enters the front door into the living room of his house. Ethel sits on the couch, still crocheting. She glances up at him and then back down at her yarn.

Lawrence walks through into another room. He comes out a moment later, holding one of the love cards.

Lawrence sits down on the couch next to Ethel. He smiles and hands her the card. She sets aside the yarn and hook, slowly accepting the card. She reads it, then looks up at Lawrence with a faint smile.

ETHEL

Oh. Thankyou honey.

Lawrence searches her face for more signs of enthusiasm. Ethel gives him a pat on the cheek and returns to crocheting. He stares in shocked disappointment.

Lawrence slowly gets up from the couch and dawdles out of the room.

INT. HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence sits down on the bed. He looks off into space, thinking. He reaches under the bed and pulls out a Playboy. He stares at the number scrawled on the cover.

Lawrence reaches over and grabs a phone from the nightstand. He dials a number and waits as it calls. Sandra answers.

SANDRA (O.S)

Hello?

Lawrence sits silently for a moment. He finally speaks.

LAWRENCE

Hi, this is Lawrence.

Silence on the other line.

(CONTINUED)

SANDRA (O.S)
I'm sorry?

LAWRENCE
Uh, from the uh.. Drug store
earlier-

SANDRA (O.S)
Oh! I'm sorry. Hey there honey.

Lawrence looks around the room. He speaks quietly.

LAWRENCE
I, uhh... I don't have to be
somewhere anymore. I can come with
you now.

SANDRA (O.S)
Oh, that's great. So you want
to party with us?

LAWRENCE
Yes. That would be nice.

Quiet laughter is heard from the other line. It stops after
a moment, and Sandra speaks.

SANDRA
Okay, we'll come pick you up.
What's your address?

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence walks into the living room and stands in front of
Ethel at the couch. He wears a fancy suede suit and a
Fedora. Ethel glances up at him and frowns.

LAWRENCE
Ethel, I'm leaving you.

Ethel stares at him, confused.

ETHEL
What?

Lawrence repeats himself louder- almost shouting.

LAWRENCE
Ethel, I'm leaving you!

Ethel shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

ETHEL

No. Lawrence, I heard you. I just... I don't understand.

Lawrence pauses for a moment.

LAWRENCE

I'm tired of being held down here with you. I need to live again.

Ethel puts down her crochet set. She is angered.

ETHEL

Oh really. And where exactly are you going?

LAWRENCE

I'm going to party, with beautiful young women that appreciate my lively spirit.

Ethel stares at him for a moment.

ETHEL

Aren't you a little old for a mid life crisis, Lawrence?

A horn HONKS from outside. Lawrence shakes his head and walks away from her towards the door.

LAWRENCE

I'm sorry.

INT/EXT. WOMEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Lawrence climbs into the back seat of Sandra's S.U.V. The girls smile and welcome him. The car pulls away.

Sandra adjusts the CD player, and George Michael's 'Careless Whisper' plays softly.

The girls begin swaying slightly. Lawrence closes his eyes and sways more emphatically.

QUICK MONTAGE: The S.U.V traverses streets and highways. Lawrence feels the mood, smiling and swaying.

He rubs up against Tanya next to him, but opens his eyes to realize that she has squeezed away slightly.

The girls have stopped swaying and sit statically. Lawrence frowns, puzzled.

EXT. BUILDING PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The S.U.V pulls up to a large, bleak looking building. The girls and Lawrence climb out of the vehicle. Sandra and Tanya guide Lawrence towards the building entrance.

SANDRA

You ready to party?

Lawrence smiles and nods. The group enters the building.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The girls guide Lawrence down a white hallway, arm in arm. They reach a door and open it.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Lawrence and the girls step into a room filled with pathetic looking people. They are all men, sitting in a circle of foldup chairs. A woman stands nearby, pointing at white board with notes written on it. It reads 'Sex Addiction' at the top. Sandra waves, getting the woman's attention.

SANDRA

Sorry we're late, Erica. We found a potential member.

ERICA looks Lawrence up and down. She gives a curious nod. Sandra and Tanya guide Lawrence to a chair within the circle. He looks up at Sandra, confused.

LAWRENCE

Is this the party?

Sandra gives him a pat on the shoulder.

SANDRA

Yes, honey. This is the party.

Lawrence looks around at the men, and finally at the whiteboard. He stares off into space for a moment.

LAWRENCE

Shit.

Lawrence puts his head in his hands as the meeting resumes.

FADE OUT