

TOO SHORT

FADE IN:

INT. RON'S ROOM - RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Faded wallpaper, worn furniture - it's a MENORAH, an assisted-living facility for Alzheimer, dementia and sclerosis seniors.

MARY (78, aged beauty) looks out the window, smoking a cigarette.

MARY

Sorry, Ron, I just won't be able to do it. The thing is too short.

Lying in bed under a thick blanket is RON (78 and not balding). His piercing blue eyes fixed on Mary. He loves her.

RON

Are you telling me this now?

MARY

I'm not running away like that.

He turns away from her to the side, pulls his knees up to his belly, in the fetus position.

RON

Fine. I apologize for any trouble I may have caused you. Bye.

Mary steps toward him, sits on a chair beside Ron.

MARY

Oh, come on, that's not the end of the world, we can work it out, find something else to do...

RON

What are you talking about? Just leave, will you?

Mary leans over, straightens an unruly curl on his forehead, but that aggravates him.

RON

Don't touch me! Just fucking go.

She slowly rises, walks out, closes the door behind.

As soon as the door closes, Ron throws away his blanket. Naked, save for a pair of boxers, he steps toward the window. A jump rope is fastened to the other side of it - means to escape the facility.

Ron pulls it up, unties the knot.

Jump rope in hands, he looks around, sees the ceiling fan. He darts toward it. He climbs his bed, located right under the ceiling fan, throws the rope over the blades, works the knot.

The door opens and HENRY (85) trudges in. He sees Ron with the rope around his neck.

HENRY

Nooo!

He grabs Ron's feet. Ron tries to push him away. They grapple.

RON

She said my dick was too short.
Maybe after I'm gone she'll find
herself a long one.

HENRY

Come on, Ron. That can't be true.

RON

She suggested we do something else.
Not the end of the world, she said.

Exhausted, Ron lets go of the rope for a moment. Stops.

RON

Do you know what it means to go
through life with a short dick?

INT. LOBBY - RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

SUSAN (85) flips through the channels. Mary snatches the remote away, throws it on a couch.

MARY

I didn't mean his penis was short.

SUSAN

Well, dear, it's short, I should know.

MARY

You tramp.

Susan playfully smiles and shrugs. Mary rushes away.

INT. RON'S ROOM - RETIREMENT HOME

Mary storms in. Sees Ron up on his feet again, fighting Henry for the other end of the jump rope.

MARY

I wasn't speaking of your penis,
you fool! I don't have a uterus,
what do I care about your dick?

RON

You don't have a uterus?

MARY

They removed it in two thousand
two. Does it matter?

Henry makes way to the door, nudges Mary on the way out.

HENRY

Good luck with this one.

He closes the door behind. Mary waits for Henry's footsteps
to die down. Approaches Ron.

MARY

I love you, Ron. Sex is not
everything.

Ron finally leaves the jump rope alone and sits down. Mary
joins him on the bed. He puts his arm around her shoulders,
she rests her head on his chest.

MARY

You slept with Susan. She told me.

RON

Forget about the old hag, you're all I
think about. We'll run away tonight.

Ron kisses her forehead. He climbs the bed again, unties the
jump rope, takes it back to the window.

RON

The rope is pretty sturdy, by the
way. It won't fail us.

Mary sizes up the rope with her eyes and shakes her head.

MARY

Sorry, Ron, I won't be able to do
it. The thing is too short.

FADE OUT