

Name: Jade Tremblay

Title: Too Old For This

Darkness. The SNAP of a lamp being turned on to reveal:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

OLD MAN (81) and OLD WOMAN (77) lie awake in their double bed. They are wearing matching, hideous pajamas. They look up at the ceiling.

OLD WOMAN

I think we should get a divorce.

Old Woman keeps her gaze locked on the ceiling. Old Man sneezes - loud, explosive. He takes a moment to compose himself.

OLD MAN

What?

OLD WOMAN

I said, I think we should get a divorce.

OLD MAN

Oh.

Beat. Old Man takes another moment to think this through.

OLD MAN

Okay.

Old Man turns away from his wife. He attempts to sleep. Old Woman is visibly appalled.

OLD WOMAN

So that's it? You're just going to accept your fate...like a loser?

OLD MAN

I'm old.

Stunned silence.

OLD WOMAN

I'm old!

Old Man pushes out a loud, exaggerated sigh for dramatic effect.

OLD MAN

I guess I feel like I'm too tired for this kind of thing.

OLD WOMAN

I'm too old for this kind of thing.

(beat)

Anyways - aren't you at least going to ask me why?

OLD MAN

Okay.

OLD WOMAN

We don't love each other anymore.

OLD MAN

(unimpressed)

Pfft. That's hardly a reason to get divorced. Lots of people don't love each other anymore. No need to get all dramatic about it.

Old Woman scrunches her face together like a pug's. She is choosing her words very, very carefully.

OLD WOMAN

It's...your snoring. I can't take it anymore.

OLD MAN

What?

OLD WOMAN

It's like a symphony in here. Every single night. And not the good kind.

Old Man seems irked by this. He sits up.

OLD MAN

What about your many bizarro quirks? You don't hear me complaining.

OLD WOMAN

Such as?

OLD MAN

You don't like puppies. Everyone likes puppies. If you don't like puppies you are a heartless robot.

OLD WOMAN

But I like puppies.

OLD MAN

You do not.

OLD WOMAN

What are you talking about? I like dogs. That includes baby dogs.

OLD MAN

Oh. Why don't we have a dog?

OLD WOMAN

Because you're allergic.

OLD MAN

Am not.

OLD WOMAN

You had an allergy test three years ago. You're allergic to dogs. And cantaloupe.

OLD MAN

(revelatory)

You don't say. Is that why every time I eat cantaloupe, my gums get itchy and I develop a lisp?

Old Woman sighs loudly, trying to one up her husband in

volume.

OLD WOMAN

Do you know what I say when Millie, our own grand-daughter, asks how we met? I tell her I don't want to talk about it - because that would mean having to think about the day we met.

OLD MAN

Oh. Yikes.

OLD WOMAN

I don't think I ever loved you.

OLD MAN

Uh...

OLD WOMAN

Let's get a divorce.

Old Man sinks back into bed. He pulls the covers over his face. He starts to cry, contained at first, then louder and louder, like maybe he's having a bit of a meltdown.

OLD WOMAN

Shit.

OLD MAN

I'm no good. I'm useless.

Old Woman tries to comfort her husband but isn't quite sure what to do with her hands.

OLD WOMAN

No. You're not useless.

OLD MAN

Thank you.

OLD WOMAN

You're just clueless.

OLD MAN

(inconsolable)
That's the same thing!

OLD WOMAN

Do you want me to rub your belly?

Silence from under the covers.

OLD MAN

No.

Old Woman rubs anyway.

OLD WOMAN

Do you feel better?

OLD MAN

Are you really going to divorce me?

OLD WOMAN

Probably.

OLD MAN

I see.

OLD WOMAN

It's for the best. We could start dating again. Wouldn't that be fun?

OLD MAN

I guess. Maybe.

OLD WOMAN

Definitely.

OLD MAN

But then again, dating was the single most stressful thing I ever had to do in my entire life.

Old Woman stops rubbing.

OLD MAN

I mean - let's face it - neither of us had any moves.

OLD WOMAN

You were always wearing turtlenecks. You had a Beatles'

haircut.

OLD MAN

And you always ate with your mouth open.

Old Man emerges from the covers. He looks at his wife with melancholy.

OLD WOMAN

You're right. Dating in our twenties was terrible. So many horrendous first dates. So much bad breath and clammy hands.

OLD MAN

Maybe what we need is companionship.

OLD WOMAN

What do you mean?

OLD MAN

We could just be those kinds of divorced couples who aren't in love anymore, but they're still best friends.

OLD WOMAN

You're not my best friend.

OLD MAN

What?

OLD WOMAN

My best friend is Betty.

OLD MAN

Who the hell is Betty?!

OLD WOMAN

She's the lady that runs the bingo at the community center. She's my favourite person in the entire world. I love the way she says B-I-N-G-O.

OLD MAN

WHAT?!

OLD WOMAN

I'm sorry - did you not know that?

OLD MAN

I thought I was your best friend. I thought I was your favourite person in the world.

A deeply awkward silence.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, I'm sorry.

OLD MAN

Oh my god.

OLD WOMAN

I thought you knew.

OLD MAN

Well, now I kind of want a divorce.

Old Woman seems pleased by this.

OLD WOMAN

Okay! So it's decided then. We're getting a divorce.

OLD MAN

Sounds good to me.

They turn on their sides almost at the same time, facing away from each other now like two sides of a broken cookie.

OLD WOMAN

But then again...

OLD MAN

Woman, make up your mind.

OLD WOMAN
(slow-motion)
Excuse me?

OLD MAN
(instantly regrets it)
Never mind.

OLD WOMAN
If we get divorced, who would end
up doing the paperwork?

OLD MAN
Forget I said anything.

OLD WOMAN
I'll give you a hint. Me. It would
be me.

OLD MAN
Seems like an awful lot of work.

OLD WOMAN
Sure does - and I'm not getting any
younger!

OLD MAN
I'm tired.

The couple turn once again onto their backs. They resume
looking up at the ceiling.

OLD WOMAN
Maybe we should just not bother.
I'm too old for this.

OLD MAN
Okay.

OLD WOMAN
Let's re-evaluate the relationship
in ten years. Deal?

OLD MAN
Deal.

OLD WOMAN

Until then, we'll just stay
married.

OLD MAN

Okay.

OLD WOMAN

Good night, then.

OLD MAN

Okay.

Old Man peels over to turn off the lamp.

Darkness.

Bio: Jade Tremblay grew up in Vancouver, Canada. She decided to write scripts because it was cheaper than therapy. Over the years she has come to realize the best way for her to write was to take unfortunate events in her own life and attempt to inject them with humour.