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