

SENILE SLEEPOVER

written by

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September 9, 2019
First Draft

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

BRYAN and SAMANTHA, both mid 40s, are fast asleep. Bryan has his arm around her.

Everything is peaceful. Quiet.

That is until --

A DOOR SHUTS LOUDLY down the hall.

Bryan and Samantha stir, groggy. Looking around, getting their bearings.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
How do you work this dang light?!

Samantha collapses onto her pillow.

Bryan rubs his forehead.

BRYAN
I told you I'd pay for their
hotel room.

SAMANTHA
That's great, sweetheart. Do you
wanna explain to my parents why we
don't want them to stay here?

BRYAN
Touché.
(beat)
But we haven't had a decent night
sleep since they've been here.

SAMANTHA
On the plus side, only four
more days.

BRYAN
Dear God, it's only been
three days?

From down the hall comes a sound of THUMPING ON THE WALL.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Come on.

Samantha sighs. Starts to get out of bed.

SAMANTHA
Guess I'll go help her before she
breaks the house.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
What the hell are you
doing, Helen?!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I'm trying to get this light to
turn on.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You just flip the switch.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Thank you, Einstein! I tried, it
won't come on.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Bryan and Samantha sit at the table, coffee mugs in hand. Their hair's a mess, they're still in their pajamas.

HELEN, 60s, enters. She's bright and chipper. Way too much for them to handle this early in the morning.

HELEN
Good morning.

SAMANTHA
Morning, Mom.

Helen helps herself to some coffee. Roots around in the cabinets for something to eat.

HELEN
Did your father and I wake you
last night? I was having some
trouble with the bathroom light.

Samantha glances sideways at Bryan. He shrugs.

BRYAN
(low)
She's your mother, not mine.

Samantha plasters a smile on her face.

SAMANTHA
No. We didn't hear anything.

HELEN
That's good.

Helen pokes her head into the --

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

-- where DOUG, 60s, sits in the recliner, watching TV. Well... trying to. He's struggling with the "complex" menu.

HELEN

Doug. Doug! Do you want
some breakfast?

Doug doesn't look up from the remote.

DOUG

I'm not hungry.

HELEN

You have to eat something or your
blood sugar will drop.

DOUG

I said I'm not hungry.

HELEN

Fine. Make's no difference to me.
Once you croak, I'll find me a
younger man.

DOUG

No younger man is going to want
you, Helen. Young people don't
want people our age.

HELEN

Then you'd better eat something so
we don't have to find out.

Doug finally gives up, throwing the remote onto the sofa.

DOUG

Fine.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is seated at the table, eating breakfast.

The air is thick with a palpable tension.

Bryan and Samantha exchange looks, not sure if they should
speak or not.

HELEN

Thanks for letting us stay here,
sweetheart.

SAMANTHA

No problem, Mom. I just hope the fumigators can get rid of the cockroaches.

HELEN

Me too.

Helen shoots a look sideways at Doug.

HELEN

Of course we wouldn't have cockroaches if your father would stop buying boxes of garbage from the flea market.

DOUG

It's not garbage.

HELEN

Then what is it, then? What would you call boxes of junk no one wants?

DOUG

Stuff.

HELEN

Stuff that someone's wife made them get rid of.

DOUG

Just like you.

HELEN

I wouldn't ask you to get rid of it if I could walk to the bathroom without tripping over boxes of junk.

DOUG

It's not junk! It's all stuff I need.

HELEN

What do you need with boxes of mufflers and car parts?

DOUG

Just in case something breaks on the car.

HELEN
But what good does it do you
inside the house?

DOUG
It's safe there.

HELEN
It's not safe, it's in the way.

Bryan looks at Samantha, gives her a look that says "please make them stop".

SAMANTHA
Mom, Dad. Let's not fight at the
breakfast table.

HELEN
We're not fighting, we're just
having a conversation.

Doug snorts laughter.

Helen glares at him.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Bryan works on his truck. Tinkering away.

Doug sits behind him, nursing a beer.

Bryan looks over his shoulder at Doug.

BRYAN
Does Helen know you're drinking?

DOUG
What she doesn't know won't
hurt me.
(beat)
Besides, I'm not afraid of her.

BRYAN
Really?

Doug doesn't answer. Just goes back to his beer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Samantha and Helen sit on the couch, watching a soap opera.

Helen is enthralled.

Samantha looks like she's ready to poke her eyes out.

SAMANTHA

Can we watch something else?

HELEN

What else is on TV these days, honey? Besides, if I miss an episode, I'll be confused.

SAMANTHA

I told you I could setup your TV to record your shows.

HELEN

You're better at all that technology stuff than I am. Too over my head.

The soap goes on commercial.

Helen stands, heads for the bathroom.

HELEN

Thank God! I've had to pee for fifteen minutes.

SAMANTHA

Then why didn't you go to the bathroom?

HELEN

I didn't want to miss anything.

SAMANTHA

I could've told you what happens, Mom.

HELEN

I don't know if you'd play close enough attention.

She leaves the room.

Samantha hangs her head. Sighs.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Bryan is now under the car. Struggling to get his a wrench in a tight spot.

Doug leans against the truck, beer still in hand.

DOUG
... then she tells me if I don't
stop yelling at the paper boy I'm
gonna have a heart attack. Can you
believe that?

BRYAN
(not convincing)
No. I can't.

DOUG
Thank you. If that little brat
would stop throwing our paper into
the bushes, then I wouldn't have
to yell at him.
(beat)
I can't go fishing around in the
bushes. I've got a bad back, a
fake hip, and prostate the size of
a grapefruit.

Bryan shutters. Too much information.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Helen and Samantha are still on the couch, STILL watching the
soap opera.

Samantha absentmindedly works a SUDOKU puzzle.

Helen reaches over and pats Samantha on the leg.

HELEN
Don't let me forget the next time
I come over I bought you a couple
paintings.

SAMANTHA
Thanks. But why do I
need paintings?

HELEN
Because your house is so sad.

SAMANTHA
Mother, there's nothing wrong with
my house.

HELEN
Of course there's nothing wrong
with it, necessarily. But it could
use some sprucing up, don't you
think?

Samantha stands. It's taking everything she has to not scream at her mother.

SAMANTHA
I have to go the bathroom.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Samantha grabs a towel from the clothes basket. Buries her face into it, letting out a SCREAM. Every emotion she's been bottling up released.

Samantha stops, straightens. Takes a couple of deep breaths. She smiles. Better.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bryan and Samantha lie in bed, staring at the ceiling.

SAMANTHA
I can't take it anymore. I
literally can't take it anymore.
They're driving me insane.

BRYAN
It's all right. They're leaving
tomorrow. Just hang in there.

SAMANTHA
That's easy for you say. They're
not your parents.

Bryan nods. Fair point. He scoots closer, putting her arm around Samantha.

Samantha situates herself on his chest. Taking deep breaths.

Bryan kisses her neck.

BRYAN
You know, we could get your mind
off it.

He continues kissing her neck. Samantha cradles his head, feeling relaxed for the first time in days.

Just as things are heating up --

HELEN (O.S.)
Dang it! Douglas, get in here, I
still can't figure out this dang
light!

DOUG (O.S.)

What?

HELEN (O.S.)

I said get in here and help me
with this light!

DOUG

Fine. I'm coming! Keep your
pants on.

Bryan stops kissing Samantha's neck. Rolls over onto his side.

BRYAN

Well that killed the mood.

SAMANTHA

Yeah...

Samantha picks up her pillow and covers her face with it. Lets
out a heavy sigh.

EXT. BRYAN & SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - DAY

Bryan loads Doug and Helen's suitcases into the trunk of their
car. Trying to hide how excited he is that they're finally
leaving.

Samantha hugs Helen, then Doug.

SAMANTHA

I love you guys.

HELEN

Love you too, baby.

DOUG

Love you, angel. You two
take care.

SAMANTHA

All right. We will.

Bryan and Doug shake hand.

Doug gets into the driver's seat.

Helen gives Bryan a hug, then hops in the passenger's seat.

SAMANTHA

Have a safe trip, guys.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Mom, make sure you call me as soon
as you get home so I know you made
it safely.

HELEN

I will. Love you.

SAMANTHA

Love you too.

Bryan and Samantha wave as they watch Doug and Helen's car back
out of the driveway.

They move closer to the street, watching the car drive down the
street, turn a corner, and disappear from sight.

Relieved, Bryan and Samantha turn and head back towards
the house.

BRYAN

You know, all things considered,
it really wasn't that bad.

SAMANTHA

Glad you feel that way... They're
coming back and spending a week
and a half with us for
Thanksgiving.

Bryan stops in his tracks.

BRYAN

What?

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END.