

IT'S NOT RAUNCHY IF YOU'RE IN LOVE

Round 2

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Shoes shuffle along the carpeted floor, stop in front of door labeled, "SAMANTHA THOMPSON, CST". A wrinkly hand knocks.

The door opens, and SAMANTHA THOMPSON (35), appears. Very pretty with kind eyes, she smiles warmly as she greets ---

SAMANTHA
Morty Stein?

Smiling back, is MORTY STEIN (87). Frail, slight hunch, black glasses. She holds the door open, he shuffles in.

The office is small. Couch, chair, coffee table, bookcase and a coatrack, that Morty heads right to, and hangs his sweater.

MORTY
Never done this before. You'll have
to let me know the protocol.

SAMANTHA
Just relax and get comfortable.

She grabs a pad, jots some notes. She looks up, sees Morty, shirt totally unbuttoned, wiry chest hairs sticking out.

SAMANTHA
Mister Stein! What are you doing?

MORTY
Jeepers! I'm so sorry. Told you
I've never done this before.

SAMANTHA
What exactly did you think was
going to happen here?

Morty sits, nervously buttons his shirt.

MORTY
Some kind of sex play? I can't have
intercourse though, because
technically, I'm married.

She slaps her notepad shut, looks at him sternly.

SAMANTHA
Mister Stein, as a certified sex
therapist, I help people find
answers to any number of sexual
dysfunctions they may have.
(points to the wall)
I have a degree!

MORTY

I apologize. Jerry and Nate told me, well, that you were a hooker.

SAMANTHA

Morty, I think Jerry and Nate were having some fun with you.

Samantha gathers her composure, picks up the notepad.

SAMANTHA

Maybe I can still help. Are you and your wife having intimacy problems?

MORTY

Yes, for the first time in our sixty five year marriage. We'd still be going strong now, if it weren't for her two-month coma.

SAMANTHA

Oh my. I'm so sorry to hear that.

MORTY

Nothing is right without her. Even this thing doesn't work anymore.

Sad and frustrated, Morty points at his crotch.

MORTY

It needs to be working again when she gets out of her coma. She demands it like, five times a week.

SAMANTHA

Five times a week? My husband and I, well, the kids, we rarely ---

MORTY

I understand. When our kids were young, it's like they knew we just started and one of them would barge in. We'd hide under the covers, say it was mommy-daddy snuggle time.

SAMANTHA

Hmmm. Maybe we'll give that a try. Okay, Morty, I'll give you a couple things you can try at home.

Samantha walks to the bookcase, opens a cardboard box. She pulls out a flesh colored, rubber tube with a mouth at one end. She shows it to Morty. Confused, Morty stares at the red lip stuck rubber mouth.

SAMANTHA

This toy simulates oral sex.

MORTY

That doesn't look like my wife at all. She never wears lipstick. And that tube isn't long enough. She takes it all the way to the back of her throat. She's amazing. Even better since she's lost all her teeth. She can - - -

Morty gasps. Ever so slightly embarrassed, he looks down at the erection forming in his trousers. Samantha nods.

SAMANTHA

Because you were talking about her.

MORTY

That, and maybe the Viagra I took in the parking lot.

Slight smile, Samantha shakes her head, composes herself.

SAMANTHA

So Morty, do you take care of your wife's needs as well?

MORTY

Of course. I always give her extra time down there. She deserves it. She's such a sweet lady. Everybody likes her. Jeepers, I miss her.

Morty's phone chimes. He taps the screen with his arthritic finger, scans the text, looks excitedly at Samantha.

MORTY

My wife! She's out of her coma!

SAMANTHA

That's wonderful, Morty!

As fast as his old body will let him, he stands, grabs his sweater from the rack and heads to the door.

MORTY

Thank you, Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Any time. --- And Morty --

She points at his erection. He gasps, pulls his sweater down to hide it, nods toward her and heads out the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Apprehensive, Morty stands in the doorway. He squints, sees his wife PHYLLIS (85), thin, pale, mussy grey hair, propped on pillows. He grabs his heart, smiles and shuffles over.

PHYLLIS
Morty? Is that you?

MORTY
It's me, my love. I've missed you.

Standing next to the bed, he takes her hand, kisses it.

PHYLLIS
My sweet, Morty. Lay next to me.

With a shaky hand, IV attached to it, she lifts the blanket, he gets in. He holds her gently, closes his eyes.

PHYLLIS
Oh Morty, you really did miss me.

Morty's eyes pop open.

MORTY
Jeepers. Sorry my love, I just --
do you want me out of the bed?

PHYLLIS
Oh Morty, hold me tighter.

There's movement under the blanket. Phyllis moans. Morty moans. They're in a groove until a sound startles them.

They stop, look over to see four mortified, GREY HAIRE PEOPLE (mid 60's), standing just inside the doorway.

MORTY
(whispers to Phyllis)
It's the kids.

PHYLLIS
Hey, kids, I'm doing fine. We just
need some mommy-daddy snuggle time.
Come back in about an hour.

MORTY
(whispers to Phyllis)
I took a Viagra.

PHYLLIS
Okay, maybe four hours.