



Scripts.com

# Gerontophilia

By Bruce La Bruce

Lizzie Borden...  
Violette Nozire...  
Ulrike Meinhof... Kim Gordon... Patty Hearst...  
Camille Henrot...  
Bernadine Dohrn,  
Aileen Wuornos,  
Angela Davis, Jennifer Urmila.  
Jeanne Manning...  
Winona Rider, Winona Rider!  
Those are the real revolutionaries...  
Oh fuck...  
-Winona Rider.  
Shoplifting is always revolutionary.  
Oh my God...  
I'd better go.  
I have to make dinner for Marie.  
-Okay.  
-See you tomorrow.  
-Okay, bye.  
Did I say Gudrun Ensslin?  
Marie?  
Lake? Are you there?  
Lake?  
You and your books. Aren't  
they supposed to be obsolete?  
What do you want?  
How was work?  
Thanks for cleaning up.  
I xed you something, it's in the fridge, nuke it 3 minutes.  
Pull him out. This way.  
I don't want to be a lifeguard.  
It was my stupid idea  
in the rst place.  
-What are you going  
to do for money?  
-Everyone is always  
so worried about money.  
-I think this is just  
our gap year anyway.  
-For me, it's going to be  
a permanent gap. I'll never  
be able to afford tuition.  
-You can always get  
out of town together.

-Are you serious?

-Always.

Shit...

Looking pretty rough, Marie.

-Gee, thanks.

Hi Desiree!

Hi!

-How did you get all banged up?

-I had a little dispute  
with a dancer at the club.

She wasn't sharing hertips.

-What's your degree, I still don't  
get why you can't nd  
a better job.

-Lake, stop.

-It's not that easy, Lake.

-Woman in the nigger  
of the world.

What?

Yoko Ono.

-She's right.

Anyway smartie, a gentleman  
I used to know when I was  
in college came into the club  
the other night and offered  
me a position.

-Where?

-At an assisted living facility.

-You mean an old folks home?

Who knows? If things work out,  
I might even be able  
to get you a job there.

-At an old folks home...

Disgusting!

You were supposed to be nished bed pans an hour ago.

-Sorry, I got involved  
in a pretty heated game  
of Chinese checkers.

-It's not your job  
to fraternize with patients. Anyway, your mother wants  
to see you in the ofce. Now.

I have to see Lake  
and get back to work.

-Yeah.

-Yeah.

Alright...

-Hi mom!

-Lake, can't you knock r'st?

-Mom, I didn't know you'd be in a meeting.

-I told you not to call me mom at work. Say hello to Mister Nelson.

-Hello...

-Look, he got me these for the car. Aren't they nice? Hey, how are you getting along at the wrinkle ranch?

-The wrinkle ranch, really?

-Oh well now son, let's...

Let's not get off on the wrong foot.

I want all the employees here at Coup de Coeur to feel like part of the family.

Can I go now?

Who are you?

-I'm Lake. I've been asked to give you...

To help you clean up.

Are you ready for your afternoon medication?

Here we go.

Oh, that's the way it's going to be.

Okay then...

open up.

You can do this, come on.

Come on Mister Peabody, open up.

Fine...That's it. Very good.

Take the glass of water now.

I know...

Very good. Very good.

Boy, there are bed pans that need to be sterilized.

Take your chariot and come with me. Now!

-The clarion call of Coup de Coeur.

Bed pans...

-I'll see you

around, M. Peabody.

See you where ever you are.

What kind of medication

is he on?

-It's none of your business.

-It must be pretty  
strong, he seems...

-M. Peabody is  
a very sick old man.

Are you giving him  
psychotropic drugs?

-Where did you learn that word?

In the school yard?

Boy, you don't know what  
you're talking about.

Hey!

Hey!

-You're new.

-Yeah.

What about you?

-I've been here a few months.

It's pretty disgusting.

Old geezers pissing all over  
themselves.

-It doesn't bother me.

Let's be friends.

Sure.

And then she waved...

-Yeah, not bad.

-Well I think she's great.

-She's alright.

So tell me about the old men.

-I gave one a sponge bath.

-Was it gross?

-Not really.

Somebody has to do it.

-You're amazing.

You're always taking care of other people.

-What do you mean?

-I don't know, you're always  
picking up after Marie and  
you like giving old men sponge

baths.

-I didn't say I liked it.

You see what I mean?

You're such a saint.

-I'm not a saint.

Oh my God! That's blood.

-What?

-The blood of a saint.

-I'm not a saint.

-But you are.

-I'm the revolutionary  
and you are the saint.

-What makes you think  
you're so revolutionary?

You couldn't even  
make your own list.

-Hey, are you okay?

-Oh, of course!

-Have you heard  
the show tonight?

-Totally!

Oh, this is Lake.

Hi.

-What happened to you?

-Oh actually that's nothing.

That is just a little bit  
of stigmata because Lake's  
an actual saint.

-Ah, that's all.

-No really, he's like  
an actual saint. Saint Lake.

-Desiree?

-Okay I've got to get back  
to my band.

-Okay, see you later.

It was nice to meet you.

M. Peabody!

-M. Peabody!

-Come back! M. Peabody!

What is he doing?

-Oh he's done this before.

He says he needs  
to get to the ocean.

He's totally delirious.

Tada!

-This is denitely  
better than your Iast job.

-No kidding! Naomie Klein is doing  
a signing here next week  
and I am in charge  
of setting it up.

-She's on your list?

-I cannot believe it.

-Are you going to ask Naomie  
about the cover of No Logo?

-What about it?

-It's become so iconic, it's like a logo.  
I wonder how  
she feels about that.

-I don't know,  
ask her yourself.

Desiree, I'd like  
to show you something.

-Okay.

-Are you with a customer?

-No, actualIy, this gentleman  
found everything that he was  
looking for. So...

-Excellent. I could really  
use your help.

-Okay, cool.

The new Atwood? Get out!

She's on my list too.

Your list?

-Never mind.

-It's an advanced copy,  
I thought you'd like it.

-I love it.

Um, Desiree, are you  
busy on Friday night?

-Why? Do you want me  
to pick up a shift?

-Um, no I um...

I'm asking you over for dinner.

Ah yeah.

Yeah, I'm free.

-Excellent. Great.

He's been moved to room 219.

His son called and had him  
upgraded to a private room.

-His son?

Nobody told me?

-Right, next time we'll make  
sure to consult you rst.

What's this game called again?

It seems pretty easy.

-Beginners always say that.

It's called Gin Rummy.

-Why is it called that?

-Apparently the game's inventor  
had a preference for gin.

And it became known as Movie Star Gin  
in the 30's, it was  
the Hollywood elite past time between  
takes on movies sets  
with a quick game.

-That's really interesting.

-When you've been around as long  
as I have my dear, you learn  
a thing or two about even  
the most trivial of pursuits.  
Gin.

-Do you play poker?

-I've been known to win a hand  
or two. We must play sometime.

-Are you ready for your  
afternoon medication?

It's time.

-We are kind  
in the middle of something.

-If you would just leave  
them, I promise, I'll take  
them in a little while.

-It's more effective  
if you take them on schedule.

-Like the trains in Germany.

-Oh you devil.

-Excuse me.

Not again M. Abernati!

-Don't worry, I'll make  
sure he takes them.

-You're sure?



Alright, but don't forget.  
Give me these pills.  
We wouldn't want you  
to have an unfair advantage.  
-There's a photo in that top drawer,  
would you hand it  
to me, please.  
Look at him. So smooth like the  
cactus liked off his whiskers.  
And that's me.  
I was in rather good  
shape don't you think?  
-I guess so.  
I like the way you look now.  
When medication are you on?  
Anas Nin. There's a feminist you  
don't want to fuck with.  
She's on my list.  
-What is this list you're  
always talking about?  
-Private joke.  
Ouh! Alice Monroe. I love  
Lives of Girls and Women.  
Margaret Laurence, Jest of God.  
-What can I say, I love  
Canadian feminist writers.  
-So, can I borrow these?  
-To tell you the truth,  
I have a thing about lending  
my books, but you're welcome  
to come over anytime you want  
to read.  
-Seriously.  
Oh wow! SCUM Manifesto.  
-First edition.  
I'm impressed.  
But...  
Now, I might have to kill you.  
-Seriously?  
-I'm not kidding.  
Your hair is nice.  
-Thank you, so is yours.  
This band sounds like  
The Pixies. Hut the good part

of The Pixies, Kim Deal.  
Kelley is hotter.  
-They're both hot.  
They're on my list.  
Don't be anal.  
I have to pee.  
Don't forget to wash your hands.  
Hit me.  
-Not just yet. First  
we need another tip off.  
I hope we have enough  
for Vermouth.  
-...'muth', dear, 'muth'.  
Remember just a tad.  
You don't want  
to bruise the gin.  
Old men and gin  
bruise so easily.  
M. Peabody, what's  
going on in there?  
Are you both out of your minds?  
-It was his idea.  
-Great. Pick up  
your shoes. Let's go.  
Do you know what your mother  
would say if she found out  
about this?  
-How will she find out?  
-What am I going to do with you?  
Aille, aille, aille get dressed.  
Let's go.  
Come on, hurry up.  
Come on, come on.  
I really don't know what  
I'm going to do with you.  
Sorry, I haven't been  
around much lately.  
I've been working a lot.  
So have I.  
Are you sure there isn't  
something else?  
Lake, tell me.  
You know that you can talk  
to me about anything.

-Are you sure about that?

I think there might  
be something wrong with me.

I think I may have a...

A fetish.

You mean like leather?

-Not that bad.

I saw your sketchbook.

Is that what you're  
talking about?

Those drawings?

Okay, this is like freaking  
me out a little bit,

so um... I have to give the car back to my dad. Do you want me  
to drop you off?

-No, thanks. I think I'll walk.

I'm not a saint.

What's wrong with  
you today, boy?

I think I broke up  
with my girlfriend.

What was her name again?

-Desiree.

-Ah yes, Desiree.

-Such a poetic name,  
the desired one.

Did I tell you that historically  
she was the ance...

-Of Napolon, yeah, you told me.

Would you like to talk about it?

-No, that's okay.

Melvin,

Do you ever think  
about the future?

If you could go anywhere  
in the world, where would you  
want to go?

-I've always wanted to visit  
the Pacific ocean again,  
but maybe that's a little  
too pie in the sky.

At this point, I'd settle  
for some fresh air.

Hey bro.

There you go.

Okay, that's good.

Melvin?

I'm going to get  
you out of here.

What did you do to him?

Lake, have

a drink. What's wrong?

-I'm talking about Melvin,  
Mr. Peabody.

You and this old man...

...it's just not right!

-I don't know what you're  
talking about.

-You know what I'm talking  
about. Everybody knows what  
I'm talking about. It's disgusting.

Didn't I raise you right?

-Mom, you're drunk,  
you're imagining things.  
Don't lie to your mother!

Of course I'm drunk.

My son is fucking  
an 80 year old man!

-Mom, what's disgusting is how  
those old men are being treated.

It's like Night of the Living Dead in that place.

-Don't make excuses  
about what you're doing.

And don't walk away  
while I'm talking to you.

Lake, open the door!

Lake, open the door now.

-Where are you going?

-For a drive.

-Not with my car, you're not.

Give me the keys.

Give me my goddamn keys!

-You mean these?

Mom!

I'm sorry!

I'm sorry!

Forget about those, they're  
the worst car accessory.

You're taking away my dice.  
I love those dice.  
-We're not going to have anything from Mr. Nelson  
in the car.  
Thanks Desiree.  
I owe you big time.  
-Is Marie okay?  
-She'll live.  
Okay Melvin.  
-Lake, this is crazy.  
-Can you help me?  
His arm, his arm's on me, okay.  
-The other arm, Melvin.  
Come on, the other arm.  
Okay.  
I'm going to go and check  
if we can get through.  
All clear.  
This doesn't really feel like breaking out.  
It's too easy.  
Shit...  
Who was that?  
-That's a saint.  
Okay  
Oh... God! Okay.  
You got him?  
Where are you taking him?  
-He said he wants to see  
the Pacific ocean again  
and something about a pie  
in the sky.  
-In this beater  
you're taking him.  
-I just have to get him out  
of here. It's like horror  
hospital in there, so...  
It doesn't matter where we are.  
-Are you sure that's where  
you're going?  
-Why else would I be doing it?  
-Okay, I've been thinking about  
this a lot since the last time  
I saw you. What I wanted  
to tell you is um...

I think that what you are doing  
and what you are is really  
brave.

And the fact that you're acting on it,  
you know, like it's  
revolutionary. All these ideas that people have about like  
aging and beauty and what makes  
somebody desirable, you're  
going against that.

You're fighting against nature.

And do you see how  
radical that is?

And what I also wanted  
to tell you is that...

If you were a girl,  
You'd be on my list.

-Desiree...

-But the fucked up part is  
that what you are means  
that we can't be together anymore.

You know that right?

I don't know what I am.

My God, I wish we were  
the ones escaping.

I'll text you.

Okay, go.

Go.

I love you.

Hey!

Did you have any more  
roommates after that?

-Here and there.

I was even married once.

If you can believe that.

-Married? To a woman?

-At the time it was the only  
option. It was the 70's.

Even in the theater world,  
if you weren't married after  
the age of 40, there was  
something wrong with you.

Were you in love with her?

-It was a kind of love.

Miraculously, we even conceived

one drunken winter's night.

Two years after our son was born,  
she divorced me  
and took him away to another city.

From that point on,

I was a conrmed bachelor.

Good afternoon, young lady,  
I wonder if you could direct  
me to the notions department.

-Notions, what's that?

-My apologies, sowing kits, needles, threads, that sort  
of thing. I'm afraid I've  
lost a button on my jacket.

-Yeah, it's down isle 4,  
at the end on the bottom.

-Ah, thank you. This is my grandson.

We're travelling  
across the country together.

-He's your grandson?

-Yes. Although some days,  
I really wish he weren't.  
He's quite the locker, isn't he?  
Well, I'll be right back.

You two, stay out of trouble.

-Such a cute old man.

My own grandpa's mean as a snake.

My parents put him into  
some retirement home,  
Sunny Valley or something.  
I don't blame them though,  
in his case elder abuse  
would be entirely justied.

Um, I need a map of Canada.

-Sure thing.

It's cute that you're  
travelling with your grandpa.

Where are you guys headed?

-We haven't really decided.

-Are you staying in Ontario?

-Yeah.

-Maybe I can help you.

When I was a kid, my family and I  
used to go rent a cottage  
around here. It's really pretty,

there are a lot of lakes.  
-Are there a lot of people...  
-Would you mind paying for this  
dear boy, I left my wallet  
in the car and don't forget  
I'll have cigarettes.  
Any brand.  
One of the few advantages

**of being old:**

-You're crazy.  
Am I?  
-We have to start planning for the future.  
Money isn't going  
to hold out forever.  
Sun block?  
-Who knows, we might end up  
in Palm Springs.  
-I already told you,  
I like your wrinkles.  
I'm going to keep this.  
If people only knew  
how you treat me.  
What did he want?  
-That boy?  
He saw the map and he wanted  
to know if I needed directions.  
So, we're here and we're  
trying to get to... Here.  
To be honest, I'm not sure  
I'm up for such a long trip  
so soon after Coup de Coeur.  
That place really took  
the vinegar out of me.  
-What are you saying?  
-What I'm saying is perhaps  
we should rest for a few days  
before pressing on.  
You haven't been telling  
anyone about us, have you?  
-Don't be silly,  
they would never understand.  
-What about your son?  
-I wouldn't worry about my son.



He paid for the home,  
but he hasn't been  
in touch for many years.  
He hasn't introduced me  
to my own grandchildren.  
He never really got used to  
the idea of having an old queen  
like me for a father.  
It always embarrassed him.  
What were you talking  
to that guy about?  
-What guy?  
-At the dinner.  
You seemed to be talking a lot.  
-I already told you, directions.  
-And why were you laughing?  
-I suppose I made a joke,  
you know how I am.  
-It must have been pretty  
funny then I guess.  
-What are you harping on this?  
Don't tell me you're jealous.  
Jealous of an old  
sack of bones like me?  
-Because I asked you to be careful  
about what you say  
to people. Learn to keep your mouth  
shut in public and I don't  
have to be this way.  
-I'd never thought I'd live  
to see the day...  
-I'm going for a walk.  
Are you coming?  
You look very nice tonight.  
-I'll have you know I was quite  
the snappy dresser in my day.  
Two gin and tonics, please.  
-I need to see some ID, love.  
Oh dear, I may have left  
my wallet back in my room.  
-Are you serious?  
-He's 81.  
-Not my rule. Everybody  
has to have ID.

-Here it is.  
Looks like you drinking  
for free tonight.  
-What do you mean?  
-It's his birthday.  
He's 82 years young.  
-Let me see that.  
Why didn't you tell me?  
-I don't know, I already feel  
like enough of a fossil.  
I've never been one much  
for celebrating birthdays.  
-What about you?  
-I love birthdays.  
-No, man I need to see  
your ID.  
-Oh sorry.  
I must have left it in  
the car. I'll be right back.  
Gin and tonic,  
love, happy birthday.  
I heard it's your birthday.  
Cheers.  
How old are you anyway?  
This is my seat.  
Can you hold  
this for me, please?  
Fucking hell!  
-That's enough!  
That was supposed to be for you.  
-I gathered that.  
Happy birthday, Melvin.  
That time of year thou  
mayst in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or none,  
or few, do hang upon those  
boughs which shake against  
the cold, bare ruined  
choirs, where late  
the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the  
twilight of such day,  
As after sunset fadeth in  
the west, which by and by

black night doth take  
away, death's second self,  
that seals up all in rest.  
You know, I have been thinking  
about you said before and  
it's not just about the sex.  
I really think I'm in love  
with you.  
I know it sounds crazy, but...  
That's how I feel.  
Did you hear what I said?  
Melvin?  
Melvin?  
Melvin!  
Melvin...  
That was a nice service.  
-5 people, including  
the organist.  
-Yeah, that was sad.  
It's nice that his son came.  
-I thought Marie was going  
to start making out with  
him in front of the casket.  
-I love Marie.  
-You know, if those two get  
together, that kind of makes  
Melvin my grandfather.  
I mean retroactively.  
So you're okay?  
-I guess so.  
Oh, I forgot.  
Revolutionary...  
-I got you one too.  
-What?  
-Okay.  
No... Desiree.  
I love it.  
-It's perfect.  
I'll text you, okay?  
-Okay.  
Bye.  
-Bye.  
Hi!  
I'm Lake.

-Hi young man!

-Are you here everyday?

-Most week days.

-Maybe I'll see you around.