

TIPSY TALK
Ep. #104 "Thirty-Something"

teleplay by
Alexander Elmore

series created by
Chris Riggs

Alexander Elmore
xander.elmore@gmail.com
(251)643-8806
alexanderbelmore.com

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - EVENING

On the SCRATCHED, WORN-DOWN TABLE sits an EMPTY BOTTLE OF WINE surrounded by EMPTY TAKE-OUT CONTAINERS.

In the chairs next to the table sit:

JASPER, 39, tall, handsome in a rugged way, doesn't necessarily care what most people think of him, and in an often-worn t-shirt and jeans. Spirit animal: Guinea Pig.

CHARLOTTE, 37, a strong-willed sister who holds her tongue unless inebriated, with purposely un-manicured nails, messy hair, but an enormous sense of self-worth. Spirit animal: French Lop Rabbit.

They each have a SMALL MUG filled with wine.

CHARLOTTE
...you know what?

JASPER
What?

CHARLOTTE
You need more glasses.

JASPER
Of wine? I agree.

CHARLOTTE
No, just like, glasses. For drinking...

JASPER
...Wine.

CHARLOTTE
No. Not wine. Like water and milk and regular fucking drinks.
(then)
And also wine.

Jasper considers this, then:

JASPER
Okay...
(then)
Why?

CHARLOTTE

So you can have a normal apartment and not be like every other asshole guy in the world, like what's his fuck-face? Dempshit?

JASPER

Dempsey drank out of red Solo cups.

CHARLOTTE

Dempsey. What a fucking...stupid fucking name.

JASPER

You are correct. And in this case the name matched the person.

CHARLOTTE

Just imagine if you two had children. There would be like...little Dempsey Jr's running around getting beat up in school for their name.

JASPER

Oh my God. That would be terrible.

CHARLOTTE

A whole heard of little assholes drinking their milk out of red Solo cups.

JASPER

Not in my house. Only the finest mugs for my Dempsies.

CHARLOTTE

God, I'm glad you dumped that asshole.

JASPER

I thought I was the asshole?

CHARLOTTE

This is true. You're a cut above, but still an asshole.

JASPER

How am I an asshole?

CHARLOTTE

How are you almost forty and still living in an apartment? Riddle me that.

JASPER

Because what reason do I have to not live in an apartment?

CHARLOTTE

You're forty!

JASPER

I am not forty! I'm thirty...nine. And you're fucking ancient! Why don't you not live in an apartment?

CHARLOTTE

I live in a condo! They're very different things.

JASPER

Well, I'm in my thirties still. I've got time to get it together.

CHARLOTTE

Your twenties are supposed to be for getting it together, not your thirties, you mug-drinking asshole.

JASPER

I didn't hear you complaining about my mugs last time you came over.

CHARLOTTE

Because the last time you moved was seven years ago! I thought: "He's in his thirties, he's got time. He'll buy glasses, and a set of cutlery, and nice plates, and a vacuum, and he'll find someone and get it together."

JASPER

I do have it together, thank you very much.

CHARLOTTE

That's not what you said a minute ago.

JASPER

Okay, fine. I've got it together more than you, you...unhappy, married bitch.

CHARLOTTE

At least I am married!
(MORE)

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

At least I've got somebody to say hello to when I come home. I am not unhappy. I have a good job that I like, and a place to live that I own with fucking drinking glasses in my china cabinet!

JASPER

Weren't you supposed to be pregnant by now? You're halfway to dead, so I thought you need to start having children before you dry up.

Beat.

CHARLOTTE

I'm trying. I'm trying like shit.

Jasper doesn't say anything, just listens.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I want...I want them so bad.

JASPER

I know.

CHARLOTTE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...

JASPER

I know. I'm sorry, too. I shouldn't have brought that up.

CHARLOTTE

No, it's okay. Mom brings it up every time I call. She might as well just have a ringtone that says "where my grandchildren at?"

Jasper laughs.

JASPER

She's never mentioned it to me.

CHARLOTTE

I can't get her to shut up.

JASPER

Well, if it makes you feel any better, Mom has complained about the lackluster dinnerware same as you.

Pause.

CHARLOTTE
Fuck. I hate that I'm like her.

JASPER
You're much better.

CHARLOTTE
Really?

JASPER
Oh, yeah.

Pause.

CHARLOTTE
I think I might be infertile.

Beat.

JASPER
What?

CHARLOTTE
I've been trying for years.
Everything I can. Or can afford at
least. We have sex all the time.

Jasper mimics VOMITING SOUNDS. Charlotte hits him in the
arm, playfully.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Shut up.

JASPER
You straights are disgusting.

Pause.

JASPER (CONT'D)
You're not infertile. You want to
be a mother too much.

CHARLOTTE
That's not how any of that works.

JASPER
The universe won't let you be
childless.

CHARLOTTE
The universe is the biggest asshole--
Bar none.

JASPER
Bigger than me?

Charlotte smiles, then breaks into laughter, which Jasper joins.

Beat.

JASPER (CONT'D)
You wanna watch t.v.?

CHARLOTTE
Yeah.

The two begin to move from the table to the couch.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Around the COUCH in the center of the room are BOXES, some unpacked, others un-opened. Jasper is clearly moving in.

CHARLOTTE
Only for a minute though. I've got to get home.

JASPER
You should spend the night.

CHARLOTTE
No.

JASPER
Why not?

CHARLOTTE
We're not children anymore. We don't get to spend the night together.

Pause. They sit down. Jasper grabs a REMOTE and presses a button:

COLORED LIGHTS AND RANDOM SOUNDS flood the two of them.

JASPER
I love this show.

CHARLOTTE
This is the news.

JASPER
I know.

Pause. Jasper and Charlotte sit watching the tv together.

Slowly, Jasper's eyes start to close and his body slumps down, his head falling onto Charlotte's shoulder.

7.

Charlotte reaches up and half pats, half scratches Jasper's head, then turns her attention back to the t.v. She's settled in to be here for a while.

FADE OUT.

The End.