Too Young to Die
by
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EARL: Yep, it's sad.
GUS: Yep. One day you're sixteen, the next you're seventy-six.
EARL: Where did the time go?
GUS: (snaps) Went like that!
EARL: I don't want to be seventy-six.
GUS: No problem, Earl. You're eighty-six, remember?
EARL: Oh, yeah.
GUS: Must be that Alzheimer's.
EARL: Shut your mouth, Gus! I meant I feel seventy-six!
GUS: Well, ya look eighty-six.
EARL: Well, you look like you're almost dead!
GUS: Yep. It's sad.
EARL: It's depressing.
GUS: Who wouldn't be depressed? Our life is almost over.
EARL: I guess... but ya know what?
GUS: What, Earl?
EARL: If we make it to one hundred, we've still got another fourteen years.
GUS: You're right! We can still do a lot in fourteen years!
EARL: I could write that book.
GUS: I could find me a new love.
EARL: (laughs) So you can cuddle up with a wrinkly old gal?
GUS: Nah, I'm goin' for a younger gal. Maybe someone in their sixties.
EARL: If she'll have you.
GUS: She'll have me.
EARL: And I can write my autobiography. It'll be a best seller.
GUS: Unless...
EARL: Unless?
GUS: Unless we get senile. What if we get Alzheimer's? Then what?
EARL: We'll be alive. But miserable.
GUS: And we won't even know we're miserable. We won't know anything!
EARL: We'll want to die.
GUS: Beg for death to come and take us.
EARL: Oh death, where are you?
GUS: No, no, forget that! We're going to live to be a hundred,
remember? Healthy, happy, making our dreams come true!
EARL: Until one day...
GUS: One day what?
EARL: We keel over. (snaps) Just like that.