Who’s In There?

By

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

LISA, 19, slim, blonde, wakes up, she looks over at her phone, it states:

TEXT: 2.59am

She looks around the room, squinting her eyes, the moonlight and light emanating from the sides of the closed door aren’t enough for her to see her clothes are scattered.

ANDY, 20, lies asleep next to her, dead to the world.

She looks down to the side of the bed, picks up his t-shirt and her phone.

INT. CORRIDOR

Lisa tiptoes down the corridor, avoiding obstacles. A vacuum, a table, a statue, various furniture that ought to have been placed in rooms.

BATHROOM

Lisa sits down.

Again, she squints, deep breath, then drops the biggest load you’ve ever seen by a girl. Her eyes widen, alarmed by the size, sound, and smell.

Her loud fart matches the smell in equal measure.

The relief graces her face, then her smile of satisfaction.

She pinches her nose, blows air away, as she waves the smell around the room.

After the storm comes the silence, her eyes scan, look around, as if trying to hear for aftershocks, if anyone woke up from her early morning wake up call.

CREAK

Her head suddenly looks towards the bathroom door.

Someone’s waking up.

She’s a look of despair, waving the smell around in vain. The bathroom window remains closed, out of reach.
CORRIDOR

Andy’s father JEFF, dressed in boxers, knocks on the door.

JEFF
Jimmy, come on, I need to crap.

SILENCE

JEFF
Com’ on Jimmy, stop fooling around, I’m serious!

SILENCE

Jeff puts his ear to the door, then twists the handle. The internal mechanisms of the handle rattle.

He sniffs the air, then he screws up his face.

JEFF
Jesus! Jimmy I know it’s you, I’d recognise that smell anywhere.

BATHROOM

Lisa mouths the word:

LISA
What?!

She selects Andy’s name in her phone, writes out a TXT message:

TEXT: Hey, tell them I’m in here.

Presses SEND.

BEDROOM

Andy snores, phone lights up but it’s on silent.

CORRIDOR

Jeff knocks on the door using his fist.

JEFF
Jimmy, wake up!
(Mutters)
He’s always doing this shit.
KNOCKS again, this time open palmed.

JEFF
Wake up Jimmy! Tomorrow I’m taking you to see a doctor.

JIMMY, 23, in shorts and t-shirt, disheveled appearance, opens his door, next to the bathroom.

JIMMY
I’m awake.

JEFF
(Points to the bathroom)
Thought you were in here.

JIMMY
Must be Billy or Andy.

Jeff, knocks on the door, while Jimmy walks off to check the other bedrooms.

JEFF
Who’s ever in there, wake up!

BATHROOM
Lisa tiptoes over to the window, gently opens it, then back to the toilet. Looks at her deposit, her eyes widen, shakes her head.

She mouths the words:

LISA
Oh my God.

She pinches her nose, then leans down to pick up the toilet brush.

Her face points away as to prevent any vapours entering her mouth or nose.

CORRIDOR
Jimmy stands at the other end of the corridor.

JIMMY
They’re both asleep.
JEFF
Huh. Who the fuck’s in here then?

JIMMY
Sally?

Jeff clutches his nose.

JEFF
Not our Sally, this shit stinks worse than mine!

JIMMY
Damn, I need to piss.

JEFF’S BEDROOM

Jeff turns on the light, wakes up his wife ANNE.

A groggy Anne recoils from the light, her eyes given a sudden shock.

ANNE
Turn off the light.

JEFF
Need you to check Sally’s room, make sure she’s not using the toilet.

ANNE
Why?

JEFF
If it’s not Sally in the toilet, then who is it?

ANNE
Jimmy?

Jeff pulls back the covers, grabs her arm to pull her up.

JEFF
Not this time.

ANNE
Huh?
BATHROOM
Lisa keeps moving the brush in and out, to break up her deposit.

CORRIDOR
Anne walks out of her room, waves the air, covers her nose, while Jeff follows.

ANNE
Holy Mary mother of God, it’s just not normal. Oh my my.

Jimmy’s dials his phone whilst clutching his nose.

JEFF
Who you calling?

JIMMY
Mike.

Anne opens up Sally’s door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE O.S.
Hey.

CORRIDOR

JIMMY
Dude, you taking a crap on our crapper?

ANNE
(To Jeff)
She’s fast a sleep.

Jeff starts to hold his privates, grimaces, bobs up and down like a child dying for the toilet.

JEFF
Oh God, I don’t know if I can hold on.
INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE O.S.
What? No, why?

CORRIDOR

JIMMY
Someone’s using the crapper, no idea who it is.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE O.S.
Your dad?

CORRIDOR

JIMMY
He was top of the list.

BATHROOM
Lisa stands next to the window, waving the smell out.

CORRIDOR
Jeff wakes up BILLY.

JEFF
Billy, any of your dumbass friends stayin’ over??

BEDROOM
Billy rolls his head towards the door.

BILLY
Not today, why?

CORRIDOR
Billy and SALLY stand the entrances to their rooms, Sally leans against the frame of her door.
SALLY
(Shakes her head)
That shit’s evil. Jimmy, own up,
it was you wasn’t it?

Billy nods.

BILLY
Hell yeah.

Andy looks down the corridor at everyone.

BATHROOM
Lisa sits on the edge of the seat, ponders, used brush in her hand.

ANDY O.C.
(Slowly)
Holy shit!
(Covers his nose)
Damn I can smell that back here. I’m try-ing to sleep here!

She looks towards the door, rolls her eyes.

JEFF O.C.
(To Andy)
Any of your friends stayin’ over?

ANDY O.C.
Came home alone.

She mouths the word:

LISA
(Shakes her head)
Christ.

CORRIDOR
Jimmy stands at the top of the stairs.

JIMMY
I’m gonna to piss in the kitchen sink.

He dials his phone again as he walks downstairs.
JIMMY
Dude, you’ll never guess what’s going on.

BATHROOM
Lisa stands at the door, hand on the handle, takes a deep breath, coughs.

CORRIDOR
EVERYONE shuts up, stares.
The bathroom door UNLOCKS, the door slowly creaks open.
Mouths drop.
Lisa, petite 5’0”, stands there, frozen, bright red, all eyes fixed on her.

SALLY
Such a tiny thing.

BILLY
Who’s that?

Jeff can hold on no more, pushes past her, she falls into the wall.

ANNE
(Sarcastic to Jeff)
Oh great, just add to the freaking smell why don’t you.

Anne clutches her nose whilst she helps pick up Lisa.
Lisa walks down the corridor, pushes past Andy.

LISA
Jerk, could have said something!

ANDY
What? No idea who you are.

Lisa stops in her tracks, dress, heels in hand.
Clinches her teeth, shakes head, growls RARRR.

LISA
(Angry)
Men.