

Don't Go In The Bathroom

by
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANNE, 20s, lies nude and motionless, beaten and bruised, tied to a bed.

The muffled sound of a shower fills the room.

SHOWER

LOU, 20s, sings a bluesy song as he showers his hard body.

LOU
*I found me a girl, and I broke
into her house.*

SERIES OF SHOTS

Anne is knocked against the foyer wall, her robe flies open. A balaclavaed man rushes past a broken door and grabs her by the throat.

Tied to the bed; Anne's eyes snap open.

LOU (O.S.)
*She wanted to run but I trapped
her like a mouse.*

Black gloved hands tear at her robe as Anne tries to pull away from the masked man.

Anne struggles to loosen the ropes that bind her to the bed.

LOU (O.S.)
*Oh, yeah! That's how I got the
blues.*

Anne grabs at a phone that sits near a pad and pencil on a small table by the sofa. The masked man tackles her and the contents of the table scatter across the floor.

One of her wrists is free.

LOU (O.S.)
*Oh, yeah! I got those break-in
blues.*

On the floor on her back, Anne grabs at the masked man that hovers above her. She tears off his balaclava. It's Lou.

She unties her other arm.

LOU (O.S.)
*I knocked her around cause she
didn't wanna screw.*

Lou punches her in the face and her nose bloodies. Anne's hands scabble around the floor for perches. She finds a pad.

She sits up and works at freeing her legs.

LOU (O.S.)
*And that was fun but then I
 fucked her too.*

She looks up and angrily in the direction of the voice.

Lou straddles her tearing at her bedclothes. Anne's hand finds the pencil. With determination and force she stabs it into the side of Lou's leg. He reels back in pain. She scoots away.

MAN (O.S.)
*Oh, yeah! But now I got the
 blues.*

One leg is free.

Her robe billows as she jumps up trying to reach the shotgun on the top shelf of her bedroom closet. Her fingers connect and she pulls the butt of the gun to the edge of the shelf before dropping back to the floor.

MAN (O.S.)
Oh, yeah! I got those break-in --

He grabs her from behind and throws her onto the bed, pulling her robe off in the process. Her hands reach out toward the closet.

Her legs untied she pushes them over the side of the bed. She glances up at the butt of the shotgun that hangs over the edge of the closet shelf.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

BATHROOM

Lou turns off the water and pushes aside the shower curtain.

MAN
*Brea-eh-kin, mutherfuckin' blue-
 oo-s.*

He nominally dries himself, then he uses the towel to wipe off a steamy section of mirror.

He stares at himself. He runs his hand across the stubble on his chin.

BEDROOM

The bed is empty.

The shotgun is missing from the closet shelf.

BATHROOM

With only a towel around his waist, Lou leans toward the bathroom mirror. He shaves using a ladies pink razor.

He taps the razor against the side of the sink making a hollow ringing sound.

TINK, TINK, TINK.

Hot water steams up the mirror. His muscles flex showing off parallel scratches on his arm as he clears the condensed fog with a quick sweep of his big hand.

More shaving then TINK, TINK, TINK.

A bit closer to the mirror for some detail work then...

BOOM!

Splinters of bathroom door fly from the gunshot's origin.

HALLWAY

Outside the bathroom door Anne stands naked, frail and bruised.

She issues a stuttered cry as she lets the shotgun barrel fall to the ground. She looks like she might fall with it.

The door bursts open. Lou stands in the frame huffing and puffing like an angry beast, blood spills from his side.

MAN

You CUNT!

Anne steps back, tremulous. Lou raises his fist like a hammer about to sink a nail.

Anne shakily points the shotgun at him.

ANNE

You hurt me bad!

MAN

Ain't nothin' compared to what I'm gonna do.

Anne shoots.

The shotgun blast blooms red in the middle of Lou's chest. He is knocked back against the toilet.

His open eyes stare accusingly at Anne.

She drops the rifle.

BATHROOM

Motionless, Lou is oddly sprawled against the toilet.

Rivulets of blood drip down the toilet's tank and basin forming crimson channels between the tiles on the floor.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - PRESENT

MARGARET WILLIAMS (40s), prim, proud, and professional stands outside a battered wooden door, but she looks short and fat through the peephole.

She holds a briefcase tightly in one hand. Her other hand looks disproportionately large as it reaches toward the door with its curled fingers.

She KNOCKS.

INTERCUT WITH INT. HOUSE

Anne looks less bruised but she is greasy and ungroomed. She pulls her eye back from the peephole. Nervous and afraid she rubs her hand like a worry stone.

ANNE
Whozit?

MARGARET
Anne Harmon?

ANNE
Who's askin'?

MARGARET
My name is Margaret Williams, I've been assigned as your case worker --

ANNE
Go 'way.

Anne turns her back on the door.

MARGARET
I'm sorry Ms. Harmon but if you don't let me in then you WILL lose your benefits.

Silence. Margaret's expression is strained.

MARGARET
No money, Ms. Harmon! You hear me? No --

The door slowly opens and Margaret smiles.

INT. HOUSE

With a bowed head, Anne steps back from the door to make room for Margaret and her smug smile.

But as Margaret steps closer to Anne, her nose wrinkles and her expression turns to one of pity and disgust.

MARGARET
When was the last time you washed?

Anne doesn't answer.

MARGARET
When!?

Anne lifts her head, fear in her eyes.

ANNE
Since it happened.

MARGARET
Since it...? -- Well, we can't have that, can we? You can wash up while I inspect the house.

Anne shakes her head.

MARGARET
No? No?! If you want your benefits --

Anne holds her hand over her face and gasps. Margaret examines her, perplexed.

MARGARET
There's something wrong with the bathroom, isn't there?

No response.

MARGARET
Where is it?!

Margaret gets snippy.

MARGARET
I'll find it myself then.

Margaret scans the area and heads through the nearest door.

MARGARET (O.S.)
OH MY GOD!

LIVING ROOM

Margaret gags, looking like she's about to vomit. The room is full of neatly stacked jars and tupperware containing either yellow fluid or brown paste.

MARGARET
How filthy! Disgusting! (gag) Oh GOD! -- Ms. Harmon!

Anne pokes her bowed head into the room.

MARGARET
What ever could posses... It's the toilet, right? The toilet's broken?

Anne shakes her head.

MARGARET
Where is it?!

No response. Margaret groans with exasperation, she turns and exits into the

HALLWAY

With a glance inside, Margaret passes the kitchen.

She stops at a door with a square plywood patch. A soft
TINK, TINK, TINK

comes from behind the door. Margaret listens closely.

ANNE (O.S.)
Hear 'im?

Margaret jumps back, startled.

Anne is behind her, her eyes wide.

TINK, TINK, TINK.

ANNE
He's in there.

Anne backs away. Confused, Margaret stares at Anne, then at the door, then at Anne again, this time she seems full of compassion.

MARGARET
Is that why? --

She steps down the hallway toward Anne.

MARGARET
Honey, the man who hurt you is
dead.

Margaret wraps her arms around Anne, who resists.

MARGARET
He isn't going to harm you ever
again.

Anne caves, letting loose a flood of tears on Margaret's shoulder. Margaret grits her teeth with anger.

MARGARET
Come on --

She pulls Anne along as if she is a limp rag doll.

MARGARET
We're going to end this now!

She drags Anne toward the bathroom door. Anne's eyes open wide as she struggles to pull away.

ANNE
No! He's gonna hurt me!

Margaret opens the bathroom door. She turns on the light, it spills brightly from the open door. She stares inside.

MARGARET
No one is there.

BATHROOM

Margaret enters, tugging Anne's hand, pulling her into the doorway. Anne resists, planting herself against the frame outside of the door.

ANNE (O.S.)
No! No! No!

MARGARET
There's no one in here!

She yanks Anne into the room. Anne covers her head with her free arm and ducks.

But nothing happens, so she slowly stands and uncovers her head.

MARGARET
See?

ANNE
I -- I

Anne seems about to cry. Margaret gives her a gentle hug.

MARGARET
Anyone might have had the same
reaction. Even --

TINK, TINK, TINK.

It echoes loudly and they both jump. Anne tries to pull away but Margaret holds her tightly.

MARGARET
Wait -- WAIT!

Anne, edgy, waits.

Margaret listens, showing an upwardly pointing index finger to Anne.

TINK, TINK, TINK.

Anne ducks and covers.

Margaret stares at the toilet, listening.

TINK, TINK, TINK.

Margaret jiggles the toilet flusher as Anne watches askance. A moment of silence is followed by tense listening.

MARGARET
I always hated that design.

Anne gawks at her, full on, and laughs. Margaret joins her. She pushes a few strands of hair out of Anne's face.

MARGARET
Now, let's get you washed up.

KITCHEN - LATER

Anne and Margaret sit at the kitchen table laughing over a cup of tea. Anne looks much cleaner and happier.

ANNE
All this time I been so scared
and I could a just called a
plumber.

MARGARET
But that would have cost a bit
more.

They share another laugh.

ANNE
I can't thank you enough Misses
Williams.

MARGARET
Meg. Call me Meg.

Anne nods and smiles shyly. Margaret glances at the clock, 3:15.

MARGARET
Oh. Look at the time. I have to
go.

Anne frowns. Margaret reaches across the table and takes her hand.

MARGARET
Don't worry. I'll come back and
check on you.

Margaret fumbles around in her briefcase, she pulls out a card.

MARGARET
Look, here's my card. Call me
anytime.

She hands Anne the card. Anne smiles again.

MARGARET
But first I have a small matter
to attend to. That tea must have
went straight through me.

Anne looks alarmed as Margaret hurriedly exits.

She touches the printing on the card then her face twists almost unrecognisably with rage. She crushes the card.

She stands.

BATHROOM

Margaret sits on the toilet, absorbed in her current task.

ANNE (O.S.)
Misses Williams?

The door handle jiggles.

Margaret looks toward the door, more than a bit irritated.

MARGARET
I'll be out in a minute.

BOOM!

Splinters of bathroom door fly from the gunshot's origin.

Margaret is knocked back against the toilet as blood sprays from the shotgun wound.

The bathroom door swings open. Anne steps inside, her face glows with satisfaction.

Rivulets of blood drip down the toilet tank and basin forming crimson channels between the tiles on the floor.

Anne kicks Margaret's leg but Margaret doesn't react.

ANNE
Nobody uses this toilet --

Anne turns toward the mirror and the bloodied reflection of Lou stares back at her.

LOU
'cept for me.

FADE OUT.