

MY DEAR LOO

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FADE IN:

EXT. PUBLIC TOILET - NIGHT

It's a decrepit public toilet. A deep sound expressing pain comes out...

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - NIGHT

Now the sound is replaced by an old jazz. Inside is little, damp and dirty with just one stall. It's half-lighted inside. The atmosphere is steamy and misty.

On the wall, a grimy clock displays 6 PM.

An Afro-American, late 60s, dries a pair of shoes that is soaked as he swings to the jazz that is playing on his radio.

A button in his short shows he is SAMUEL NORTON.

SAMUEL

Yeah, my dear...It was very
tasteful, wasn't it? Do you
know, I'd feed you for 30 fuck
long years since you were so
little...But don't worry,
doesn't matter what happen I
will take care of you...

A DENIM GUY walks in.

Samuel looks at him. He puts aside the pair of shoe and stares at Denim Guy shining snakeskin shoes.

Denim Guy doesn't pay attention to him and goes to pee.

He pees around wetting all the surroundings. He finishes zips himself up and bumps on the bucket pouring all its water on the floor.

DENIM GUY

Oh, shit!

SAMUEL

Hey, man! Take it easy! What are
you doing?

DENIM GUY

Fuck you!

Denim Guy kicks the bucket violently against the wall.

SAMUEL

Hey man, what the hell are you
doing?

Denim Guy laughs and walks out as Samuel follows stares his
pair of snakeskin shoes.

Samuel starts drying all the mess on the floor.

SAMUEL

What do think, my dear? Pieces
of shit like him don't know
nothing...Day by day I saw them
around here and they do the
same...

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - NIGHT

The clock shows 8:40.

Samuel is sitting on the old chair, eating his snack.

SAMUEL

Are you hungry, aren't you? Be
patient, my dear. Be patient...

A MAN IN BLACK SUIT, 50, holding a brief case comes in.

He goes to the wash basin.

The man in black suit washes his face.

The mirror reflects his face. He dries it. He takes a clean
tissue and passes it on his shoes.

Samuel stares his bright shoes.

Then, the man in a black suit throws the paper into the bin
and walks in to the stall.

Samuel waits to see what happens

SAMUEL

(whispering)

Come on... Go to the stall! Go!

But the man in black suit changes his mind and goes for a pee
out of the stall, in one of the urinals that are hanging on
the wall.

SAMUEL

Oh, shit! Not this time, my
dear. You have to wait.

Samuel is disappointed.

The man in black suit finishes his pee, shakes his dick to the last drop.

He zips himself, holds his briefcase and walks out.

Samuel just waves at him, sadly.

INT. CAFÉ BAR - NIGHT

It's an ordinary suburban cafe bar. Some snoozing tired people are sitting drinking and eating an unappetizing food.

A shady and dissatisfied waiter is serving behind the counter.

He assists Denim Guy that points to the display on the wall:
MIX OF MEAT AND CHIPS

The WAITER serves him a disgusting mix of sausage, a greenish mash potato, casserole meat - Meat? What the hell is a fish's head doing inside it?

Denim Guy looks starved.

He holds a ketchup bottle and squeezes it all over the dish.

The looking-dead people start reacting with the disgusting scene at the counter

Denim Guy looks at the food as if it wasn't appetizing enough.

He takes a bottle of mustard and complements it with an exaggerated portion on the top of the dish.

It looks like a multi-colored mountain model.

Denim Guy grins.

The waiter looks at it and becomes sick .He moves away.

INT. CAFE BAR - NIGHT

Denim Guy just finishes eating.

His plate is empty. He gets a piece of bread and wipes the plate with it.

Finally, he eats the bread.

The plate is now shining. He stands up and moves to the door.

On his way, he sees an OLD MAN leaned on his stick.

He kicks it. The old man loses his balance and falls down.

Denim Guy laughs. He stops on the threshold and burps aloud.
He moves away from the cafe bar.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - NIGHT

The clock displays a 9:15 PM.

Samuel is snoring sat on the chair, that is reclined and leaning against the wall.

Denim Guy comes in inside the public toilet again. He takes a little bottle of whiskey from a craft-bag. He takes a sip from the whiskey and blows the bag up.

Samuel snores.

Denim Guy approaches him silently and he BLOWS out the bag.

Samuel gets scared and falls down.

Denim Guy starts laughing.

He feels his gut. It's painful. He rushes into the stall and closes the door.

Samuel grins and gestures positively.

SAMUEL

YES! He got in!

A strange noise comes from the stall.

A FAT GUY comes in.

Samuel looks worried as the fat guy tries to go into the stall but he finds it locked.

He decides to piss in the urinal on the wall.

Samuel looks relieved.

A strange noise comes from the stall.

The fat guy pays attention to it as he pisses.

FAT GUY

Oh my god!

Samuel observes his movements.

The fat guy finishes his pee and approaches the stall.

He knocks on the door.

FAT GUY

Hey man, how are you doing?
Still alive? Be careful, don't
drown in your own shit!

The fat guy walks out laughing as Samuel watches him out.

SAMUEL

(whispering)

Oh, Lord! He was too fat!

He looks at the clock on the wall.

It's ten o'clock.

He switches off his radio and puts his coat on.

He goes to the stall where the guy is.

Samuel opens the door with his key.

IT IS EMPTY!

He grins.

A strong and loud GROWL comes from the loo.

Samuel gets out of the stall's door, quickly.

The loo throws out the Denim Guy's snakeskin shoes completely soaked.

SAMUEL

Good, very good my dear. That's
it!

He picks the shoes up and hangs them. The water drops from
the snakeskin shoes.

Samuel switches the light off and locks the main door behind
him.

Different models of shoes cover THE ENTIRE WALL.

EXT. PUBLIC TOILET - NIGHT

Outside is silent. Not a living soul is on the street.

A BURP and next a ROAR comes from inside the public toilet.

SAMUEL

Tomorrow, my dear loo, you may
have a better day.

Samuel walks into the dark night. The fog covers him and his
laughter echoes around.

FADE OUT