

DON'T MESS WITH FLOPPYTITS
Short Film By Luis Garza

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"DON'T MESS WITH FLOPPYTITS"

FADE IN:

INT. BREAKFAST NOOK - MORNING

A shaking hand struggles to pick up a coffee mug.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Stop being so nervous. God, you
look like a serial killer on her
way to her trial.

The hand belongs to -

KRISTEN(25) Her brown locks held together on a ponytail. A significant amount of make-up slapped on her face. Her purple professional blouse compliments her black jacket and skirt.

Kristen levels the coffee mug to her face; her features tighten as she struggles to sip from it.

She looks up to see -

DIANE (24) who sits opposite from Kristen, her eyes glued to a magazine held by her right hand, a piece of bread trapped on her left.

KRISTEN

Sorry, I can't help it.

DIANE

Well, regardless, I wish you luck.

KRISTEN

You don't even care.

DIANE

You're right, I don't. I just feel
like it's the appropriate thing to
say, please bear with me.

Kristen sighs; her hand struggles to put the coffee mug back down.
Diane notices this.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Okay, I actually mean it. You're
killing yourself Kristen.

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

You are way too nervous. You have to take it down like, fifty notches down. It's just a new job.

KRISTEN

Shut up, it's easy for you to say, you've flown through like seventy jobs. Dumping each of them like a dog that gets bored of one toy and moves on to the other.

DIANE

That's because none of them satisfied my needs as a woman.

KRISTEN

No, it's because none of them satisfied your needs as a bitch.

DIANE

What's your job anyway?

KRISTEN

What the hell Diane, I've told you like twenty times.

Kristen sighs.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

I'm going to be the secretary at a psychiatrist's office

DIANE

How did the job interview go?

KRISTEN

It went fine although the psychiatrist is a little. You know. Cu-Cu.

DIANE

Cu-Cu?

KRISTEN

Yes. Cu-Cu

DIANE

What the fuck does that mean, like
a rapist?

KRISTEN

No. He's a little off.

Diane leans back, confused.

DIANE

Like, "Shit, I took the wrong meds"
off or like "I'm going to murder
you and rape your dead body" off.

KRISTEN

Like. "I woke up naked on the
street with a baby named Tyrone and
a gender change" off.

DIANE

Yikes.

Diane's gaze immediately falls upon the magazine once again; silence
soon follows, along with a frustrated stare from Kristen.

KRISTEN

You know what, I'm leaving already

DIANE

(uninterested) Have fun.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYHYCIATRIST'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Kristen sits on the front desk, her fingers speeding through the
computer.

The front doors open and along limps DR DREAD (52), his eyes exploring
every corner of the reception. Once his gaze falls on Kristen, he
stumbles back and screams; startling Kristen.

DR DREAD

Oh, hello. I didn't see you there.

KRISTEN

It's Okay.

Dr Dread hesitates towards Kristen, his head leaning closer than his body; like a dog moving towards a stranger with food.

DR DREAD

Hi, I'm Doctor Dread. Like the rapper Dr Dre but with an A after the Dre and a D after the e a.

KRISTEN

(confused) Yeah I know, I'm Kristen. We met already. At the job interview? I'm your new secretary. Hi.

Kristen offers her open palm to Dr Dread. His eyes inspect her as he inches closer. Kristen tenses up, then Dr. Dread smiles.

DR. DREAD

YESS! I REMEMBER YOU!

Dr Dread holds Kristen's hand tight and shakes it.

KRISTEN

Why are you screaming?

DR. DREAD

My first appointment should be here any second, just send them into my office.

KRISTEN

Will do.

Kristen smiles, Dr Dread limps away and towards his office. Dr. Dread holds the key a foot away from the door and then channels his hand straight at the door.

He tries again... and again... and again, until the key finally enters.

Kristen stares, puzzled.

The door to Dr Dread's office opens, he walks in. Kristen smiles and turns back to her computer.

WHAM!

The booming sound of Dr. Dread's door slamming hard startles Kristen, causing her to drop a flock of pages.

Kristen kneels down behind the desk; her hands gather the pages that she dropped.

RING! RING!

The front door opens.

Kristen's eyes poke out the edge of the desk to see -

An elderly woman in a nightgown walking towards her.

The woman stops right in front of the desk; she smiles. Kristen waits for the woman to talk...nothing. The woman continues soundlessly staring at Kristen.

Kristen shrugs at the woman, who begins humming a song.

KRISTEN

Yes, how can I help you?

The woman continues humming the song, her eyes fixed on Kristen. Kristen inches away, confused. She opens the log book; her finger searching the page.

Her finger stops on a name, causing her to immediately jump back in utter shock.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Umm.. Mrs. Floppytits?

The woman immediately stops humming the song, her eyes fix harder on Kristen for a couple of long seconds. The woman suddenly puts on a great smile.

WOMAN

That's me.

KRISTEN

(puzzled)

Dr. Dread is waiting for you in his office.

MRS. FLOPPYTITS

Thank you dear. I'm on my way to that door.

KRISTEN

Yes.

MRS. FLOPPYTITS

I'm going to open that door so hard.

KRISTEN

Right.

MRS. FLOPPYTITS

And I'm going to walk in as well.

KRISTEN

I believe so.

MRS. FLOPPYTITS

And I'm going to get examined like there's no tomorrow.

KRISTEN

Um... Good luck.

Mrs. Floppytits walks slowly towards Dr. Dread's office door, humming her song as she strolls through the hall.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

(mouthed) What the fuck.

The phone rings, Kristen picks it up.

KRISTEN (into phone)

Dr. Dread's office?

A female janitor walks across the hallway, meters away from Kristen; who is lost on her phone call and fails to notice the woman.

KRISTEN (into phone)

Right, there are currently no appointments available for today. The next available date is on Thursday at three pm.

The woman is wildly mopping the hall like a circus clown, her head banging on the air, the mop squirming across the floor like a rag doll. The woman picks up the mop and throws it on the floor. The woman stands still and stares at the mop for a few seconds.

KRISTEN(into phone)
I'm sorry but that's all we've
got.

The janitor's gaze leaves the mop and falls on the water demijohn. She walks towards the water in a straight line as if she was programmed; her eyes fixed on nothing but the demijohn.

The woman grabs a paper cup and sets it right under the demijohn.

KRISTEN(into phone)
I don't care if its pulsing. I'll
schedule you for Thursday is that
fine?

The woman brings the water cup right on her lips and takes a sip.

JANITOR
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Kristen quickly turns towards the janitor; clearly startled by the crow-like scream.

JANITOR
THIS WATER IS HOOOT!

The janitor kicks the demijohn hard, causing it to fall and roll on the floor, spilling the gallons of water everywhere. The woman turns her gaze upward and continues forward.

WHOOSH! WHAM!

The woman trips on the water and falls on her butt. Kristen gasps and stares.

The woman gets up and stands up straight. She slowly walks towards the mop and picks it up. She calmly looks at the mop for a couple of seconds.

JANITOR
CLEAN, BITCH!

The janitor murderously throws the mop at the water. Kristen stares, puzzled, scared.

The janitor's eyes fixate on the mop that lies in the middle of the water puddle.

After ten awkward seconds, the janitor turns back around, grabs hold of her cart and walks forward again, soon disappearing into the next hallway.

KRISTEN

Oh, fuck that.

Kristen quickly grabs the phone and dials.

INTERCUT:

Diane sits on the couch of the T.V room.

DIANE

Hello?

KRISTEN

Dude, help me. Everyone here is out of their mind!

DIANE

What do you mean?

KRISTEN

The doctor is insane, his patients are insane, the janitor had a bitch fit and kicked the demijohn and threw her mop

A sudden sound echoes from the hallway. Kristen turns to see Mrs. Floppytits running away from Dr. Dread's office, howling like a lunatic.

MRS. FLOPPYTITS

No one messes with Floppytits!

DIANE

What the hell was that?

KRISTEN

Mrs. Floppytits is running away from Dr. Dread's office.

DIANE

Floppytits?

A new woman enters the office.

KRISTEN

I gotta go.

DIANE

If everyone is so insane just try
not to piss anyone off. Put on a
smile, make jokes, and be likeable.
Okay?

KRISTEN

Okay.

Kristen hangs up and looks at the woman, she's quite young. The woman walks towards the medicine shelf and grabs hold of a pill bottle. She levels the pill bottle to her eyes and reads.

WOMAN

NO!

The woman throws the pill bottle at the wall baseball pitcher style. She grabs hold of another pill bottle and looks at it.

WOMAN

NO!!

The woman throws the new pill bottle as well, she grabs another.

WOMAN

NO!!

She throws it and grabs another.

WOMAN

Yes!!!

She throws it.

KRISTEN

If that was the right one why did
you throw it?

The woman stares at Kristen and smiles, realization flashing through her face. The woman grabs another pill bottle and stomps towards the front desk.

WOMAN

How much is this?

Kristen holds the pill bottle.

KRISTEN

It's ten dollars.

WOMAN

Uhhh. Do you think I can get a discount?

KRISTEN

(smiling) Well I could give it to you for nine ninety nine!

Kristen laughs as she hopes for the joke to hit the woman. The woman stares silently and sober; she's not happy.

The woman grabs her purse and pulls out a gun. She presses it on her temple and pulls the trigger.

BAM!

The body falls.

Kristen stares at the dead body, disturbed, shocked and paralyzed.

Two footsteps near the front desk, it's the janitor, who also stares at the dead body. She looks unimpressed, as if this kind of stuff happened on the daily.

She grabs her mop and stares at it.

JANITOR

CLEAN, BITCH!

The janitor throws the mop on top of the dead body, and then fixates on the pool of blood. Her gaze turns upward and she walks forward, tripping on the blood.

WHOOSH! WAM!

She falls on her butt once again.

Kristen stares in shock.

KRISTEN

What. The. Actual. Fuck.

DR. DREAD (O.S)
I need Floppytits!

CUT TO BLACK

THE END

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