

Pissed

by

Chris Shamburger

Copyright 2008

[cshamburger@live.com](mailto:cshamburger@live.com)

FADE IN:

EXT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

A superstructure for the movie-watching consumer. It's a gorgeous summer evening.

INT. VIDEO STORE

Beyond the register, past an assembly line of shelves, is MARIE WATERS, 30ish, a wife in the truest sense of the word. Her husband, NICK WATERS, same age, browses from the other aisle, focused and determined.

MARIE

Nick...

Marie appears anxious. She crosses her legs. Hops over to her spouse in an awkward visage.

MARIE (cont'd)

Nick, did you find something?

Marie twists, gritting her teeth.

NICK

What's wrong with you? You're acting weird.

MARIE

I have to take a huge piss, and this place doesn't have a restroom.

NICK

I told you to go at the restaurant!

MARIE

Enough with the chastising. I'm already feeling the irony destroying my kidneys by the second.

NICK

Can't you hold it any longer?

MARIE

I'm about to explode. Can we get out of here, NOW?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Marie, this place closes in thirty minutes, and the sale ends today. I've waited all week for this.

MARIE

So pick a fourth movie for the discount and let's get the heck out of here!

NICK

It was your idea to come! Don't rush me.

MARIE

If you don't want me pissing on your shoes, I suggest you just choose one -- and fast.

EXT. VIDEO STORE - LITTLE LATER

Marie runs to the car. Nick takes his sweet old time, looking through his purchases, pulling out the receipt.

MARIE

Will you move it along!?

NICK

I'm checking the receipt to make sure he charged us right.

MARIE

WHO THE HELL CARES!?

NICK

Usually, YOU do!

MARIE

Not when I have to piss Niagara Falls, I don't! Get in the car!

Grudgingly, Nick speeds up the pace, hopping inside and slamming the door. Instantaneously, the car backs out of the parking space and steers onto the main road.

INT. CAR

Nick tosses the bag in the backseat.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

You said at the restaurant you didn't have to pee.

MARIE

I didn't.

NICK

And only fifteen minutes later, you're acting like you've been holding it in since the Archaic period.

MARIE

Yes. I suddenly had the urge to go. Is that a crime?

NICK

I don't understand you women. You're perfectly fine one minute, and the next you're screaming bloody murder like someone's shoved a hose up your snatch.

MARIE

It's a well known fact that women and men are complete opposites in the bladder area.

NICK

Give me an example.

MARIE

Well, women can't hold it long, but they can stop peeing midway through if they have to. Guys can hold it in for hours, but once he starts peeing, it's very hard to stop.

NICK

And your source for this astounding bit of knowledge is...?

MARIE

Common sense. You didn't stop peeing that one time when you realized you weren't hitting the toilet.

NICK

I was drunk.

(CONTINUED)

MARIE

And I stopped peeing when I realized we had guests over and I forgot to shut the door. You would've kept bleeding the lizard like you were home alone.

NICK

Do you think about people like that every time you pee?

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

The car pulls into the driveway. Marie storms out. Runs inside the house. Nick grabs the bag and casually follows after his frantic wife.

INT. HOUSE

Nick walks past the closed bathroom door. Advances to the kitchen and sets the bag on the table. The receipt spills out. He makes his way to the fridge and grabs a water bottle.

A toilet FLUSHES. Marie exits the bathroom, full of life. Her hormones have suddenly taken a backseat.

NICK

You feel better now?

MARIE

You have no idea. And even better, I didn't think about anyone when I was doing it, so you can erase that from your list of false assumptions.

Nick smiles. Marie picks up the store receipt. Studies it.

And with a contemptible glance, she holds it up to Nick.

MARIE (cont'd)

We have to go back to the video store!

NICK

What's the matter?

MARIE

Those pricks charged us wrong!

END.