Pissed

by

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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.