

Quintessential

written by

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INT. TOILET CUBICAL - DAY

The door creeps open, revealing --

A MAN, somewhere in his 40s, heavy set, balding and donning a business suit.

Just stands idly in the doorway, looking down towards the basin with an apprehensive frown. There's a battle ahead.

He then glances over both shoulders - checks the coast is clear.

Steps into the cubical and closes the door. Slides the lock.

Then a deep breath...

Unbuckles his belt, unzips his trousers and pulls them down along with his checkered boxer shorts.

NB. Our angle is merciful throughout - we don't see anything that we shouldn't.

He takes his seat on that oh-so-private throne.

A moment.

Then the sound of piss gushing into the basin's water. It's loud but short-lived.

The man is emotionless to it. This is not what he has come here to do. He takes another deep breath then --

Grrr! Grrr! He growls, strains, got something big to unleash. But we don't hear anything drop. He stays determined though, goes again - Grrr! Grrrrrr--

The sound of somebody entering the toilets. Stops his endeavour cold. He sits silent and mortified. Listens carefully to the intruder's every movement.

The sound of water gushing out a tap...

It stops. Then the unmistakable hum of an electronic hand dryer. Seems to go on forever. The man waits with an impatient glare.

The hum eventually dwindles to a stop. It's dead silent once more. The man is cautious though, waits a moment. Soon feels confident to proceed --

Grrr! Grrr! GRRRRRRRRRRRRR... His face suddenly hits ECSTASY.

We hear a FRIGHTFUL PLOP. REALLY LOUD. SPLASH.

The man lets out a sigh of relief that trumps any known form of elation. Fuck orgasms, this is on a new level. He can barely cope with the sensation.

He sits there and bathes in this long-awaited solace.

--MOMENTS LATER

The man now standing, buckles up his belt, then stares ahead at the cubical door but doesn't leave. It's like he is anticipating something...

He swings around and looks down towards the basin --

A FOOTLONG TITAN of POOP lies unapologetically next to a seemingly untampered piece of toilet paper.

The man peers down at it, both amazed and proud.

It's a one-piece beauty. So perfect in texture, shape and colour - it resembles a massive cinema hotdog.

So long, it curls around with the basin yet leaves no stain. What you might call -- the perfect shit.

The man steps in closer, closes his eyes, takes a whiff. Rejoices in the pong of that bomb he has finally dropped.

Takes out his phone, snaps a picture of his work.

Then just looks at it, almost with a sadness, a goodbye...

Pulls on the flush lever, stays around to watch his creation depart our world...

But it doesn't. It's too badass for one flush.

The man smiles, likes his new friend's durability.

But yanks the lever again nevertheless.

Flush... Swirl, swirl, swirl, swirl...

But there it remains. Unmoved. Too big. Too special.

The man nods. Acknowledges his bad boy is here to stay.

He then turns and leaves the cubical.

Proud that others will now see this quintessential super-poo.

The End.