

Terms & Conditions

Written by  
Francis Bacon

Copyright (c) 2020

**INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY**

TED LAWSON, 70s, bald and wiry, winces as he skip-shuffles past disinterested teens and families arguing about what fashionable junk food they're going to eat next.

He's on a mission called bladder relief, hence the unusual gait and grimace.

Ted glances up at the signs that point towards his salvation and moves just a little faster.

He turns a corner and there, ahead, are the male toilets.

TED  
(looking up)  
Thank you.

He sprints, sort of, the remaining distance and pushes the door open.

**INT. TOILET - CONTINUOUS**

The room is mercifully empty.

Three cubicles, one next to him with a poster on the door, next one out of order and one furthest away, clear too.

Ted pushes the nearest cubicle door open.

**CUBICLE**

Slams the door shut behind him, unzips, takes it out and sighs all in one fluid motion.

The stream is staccato and very short-lived, something Ted has grown used to as a septuagenarian.

TED  
Really?

He starts to shake off any remaining dribbles - there's always more than there should be these days.

A soft light lines appears on the wall above the toilet bowl, part of a larger screen that pulses like a heart-beat.

Ted doesn't really notice the light as he's concentrating on something more pressing.

TOILET  
Good afternoon Ted Lawson.



TOILET

Yes.

Ted shrugs.

TED

I didn't read them.

TOILET

The cubicle is for MediScan only.

TED

I just really needed a pee!

TOILET

Your entry to the cubicle is deemed to be an acceptance of the Terms & Conditions. Your scan results will be ready momentarily.

TED

Stupid machine.

Ted turns and opens the door.

Except he doesn't as the door remains firmly shut.

Ted tries again.

The door does not budge.

TED (cont'd)

Hey, let me out.

TOILET

Once your scan is complete we can assess the next steps.

TED

Next steps? Let me out, now!

The Toilet doesn't answer.

Ted kicks the door.

TOILET

(sombre)

Your results are available.

TED

Finally, now let me the hell out.

Ted tries the door again.

TED (cont'd)  
C'mon, let me out.

Ted visibly wobbles, balance disrupted.

He looks at his feet to see the floor of the toilet moving slowly backwards, retreating into the wall.

TED (cont'd)  
Hey, what's this --

TOILET  
It is with deepest regret that I have to inform you that your MediScan results have revealed a brain tumour.

TED  
What do you --

TOILET  
My assessment is that this is inoperable and you will expire within six years, no more than eight.

TED  
Right then, so let me out so I can see my Doctor.

TOILET  
The Terms & Conditions of MediScan --

TED  
The ones I didn't even read!

TOILET  
Coupled with your most recent medical declarations provided on your last Amazon updates.

TED  
Amazon?

TOILET  
Yes, Section 11.23.43009, no resuscitation in relation to death or likely death scenarios.

TED  
I didn't read them, no one does.

TOILET  
You did sign them however.

The light on the wall is replaced with a massive scrolling set of T&Cs. After twenty seconds it stops, at the bottom is Ted's name and fingerprint.

TED  
I didn't realise --

The floor withdraws further into the wall, revealing a pitch-black hole dropping away to nothingness.

TOILET  
As a MediScan courtesy your next of kin has already been informed.

TED  
Let me out!

The floor has almost entirely disappeared, forcing Ted to step up onto the toilet itself.

TED (cont'd)  
Ha, got ya.

The toilet is next, withdrawing into the wall also.

TOILET  
The procedure is entirely painless and your family will receive a significant remuneration package commensurate with the cost saving to Health Care Inc associated with not treating you. Paid in Amazon credit.

The toilet continues its inexorable retreat into the wall.

TED  
No, this can't be happening. Stop, abort, quit, reboot, appeal, STOP!

TOILET  
Thank you for your custom, MediScan values your participation.

Ted teeters on the edge of the abyss, mere inches left of the toilet seat remaining in the room.

TED  
No, you cannot do this.

TOILET  
The Terms & Conditions state --

TED  
Fuck your Terms --

The toilet disappears into the wall.

Ted jumps into the cubicle, arms and feet jammed into the corners of the wall, straining against gravity and age.

TOILET  
The cubicle will now cleansed.

TED  
Cleansed?

Liquid soap sprays from the ceiling fixture and runs down the smooth walls.

TED (cont'd)  
Help!

The liquid soap runs over Ted's palms, which slip an inch.

TED (cont'd)  
HELP ME!

A fine spray of water follows the soap.

Ted's hands slip further, momentum carrying him into a full death slide.

He drops into the darkness, a SCREAM accompanying his fall.

The toilet, and floor reappear and move back into place.

Silence.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

TED'S SON (O.S.)  
Dad, you in there?

Silence.

TED'S SON (O.S.)  
I just had this really bizarre text message.

FADE OUT