

PISSE

by

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INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

PETER (30) sits at the bar next to his pals REGINA (25) and LUKE (25). They are in the disheveled, melancholy phase of a night of heavy drinking. In the background a small crowd of BARGOERS, party and RAISE HELL.

LUKE  
I'm gonna call the Uber.

PETER  
Lemme just take a piss real quick.

Peter rises off his stool and wobbles past two DRUNK GIRLS towards the toilet room. He needs to go real bad, bristles as he shoves through them, they give him an up and down glance.

INT. TOILET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter BURSTS into the room, doing the pee dance as he locks the door to the small, single toilet room. Not bothering to unzip, he drunkenly drops trow and pulls his penis out over his tighty whities.

CUT TO:

BLACK

TITLE

PISSER

INT. TOILET - CONTINUOUS

From black the lid to the toilet opens - we see in WORMS VIEW from inside the toilet as Peter takes aim and starts to urinate.

INT. TOILET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

AHHHH ... relief as Peter starts peeing. He leans with a hand against the wall as he lets it flow.

His eyes closed, he soon opens them and with his free hand pulls his phone out.

Scrolling past names of contacts - some with pictures - he stops at contact named -

"MELISSA DONTCALLHERYOUIDIOT"

Peter's thumb hovers over the contact for a moment. He hesitates. He presses the contact and initiates the call.

BRRRRRR (PHONE TONE )

He presses the phone to his head as his PEEING continues.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - SAME

MELISSA (27), alert and composed, wears a surgical mask over her face and sits in the waiting room of emergency care.

A few SICKLY LOOKING PEOPLE sit nearby.

TRAP MUSIC RINGTONE

Melissa looks at her phone and sees that it's Peter.

UGH - Not happy - *he is bad news to her*. She think about it and then answers.

MELISSA  
(through mask)  
Yes, Peter?

She pulls off the mask.

In the bathroom Peter is still PEEING.

PETER  
(playfully, ET voice)  
Mel-liot...  
(normal)  
Hey. Did I wake you?

MELISSA  
Yeah. It's almost two, dude.

KNOCK KNOCK on the bathroom door.

PETER  
(to door)  
One second! Occupied!  
(to phone)  
Sorry, I had news to give you.

MELISSA  
Are you pissing?

PETER

Celebrating. I got that job, I'm not pissing away my life anymore.

MELISSA

That's not what I-

PETER

Told you I was turning a corner, had a plan... not just a scumbag.

MELISSA

I didn't say you were a scumbag.

BANG BANG BANG on the door.

LUKE (O.S.)

C'mon! The Uber's here!

PETER

(door)

One second! Fuck!

(phone)

No. You were right. What good could I have been to you? Video games, walks to 7-11 at three A.M., never calling my mom? I was so shitty.

MELISSA

Okay. You're drunk. Congrats on the job, just be happy okay?

Peter frowns, the conversation not going as he wished.

PETER

Wait.

The line holds as he tries to think of something to say.

With the audible pause, Melissa notices the sound of URINATING.

MELISSA

That's a long ass piss, dude?!

PETER

Maybe something else is wrong with me.

MELISSA

Whatever. I gotta go.

Peter holds the phone out and looks at Melissa's image, hearing the sound of the open line.

PETER  
You stuck up cunt.

He instantly grimaces with regret. Melissa isn't too shocked and takes the opportunity to dish out her own vitriol.

MELISSA  
Tiny cock little trick bitch. Go put on a suit and tie and you'll still be a scared, man-boy punk ass loser.

PETER  
(tearful)  
I'm sorry-I-I-

BANG BANG BANG BANG On the bathroom door.

MELISSA  
Scum bag.

PETER  
My first day's tomorrow. I'll make you dinner tomorrow night. Friends... just friends. Please.

MELISSA  
Fine, asshole.

Melissa hangs up. A HISPANIC MAN sitting nearby holds his SLEEPING BABY and shoots Melissa a curious eye.

END INTERCUT

PETER  
Bye.

Peter mournfully CLICKS off the phone. He is still PEEING a full and strong stream.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Damn. This is a record.

BANG BANG BANG

INT. DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Luke bangs on the door to the bathroom. Regina sulks.

REGINA  
Just leave his ass here.

The door opens and Peter swiftly exits the bathroom.

PETER

C'mon.

EXT. DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter hustles out the door past SMOKERS, with Luke and Regina right behind him, their UBER CAR awaits. Movements are quick and chaotic, but we might catch sight of Peter's wet pants.

LUKE

You get the front.

PETER

Nope!

Peter quickly gets into the back seat, Luke piles in the front and Regina also gets into the back seat.

EXT. UBER CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car gets about twenty feet down the street and abruptly stops. The engine RUNS. Break lights glow. We stay outside the vehicle but hear the passengers voices.

REGINA

Ew. That smell!

UBER DRIVER

Hey! Okay okay. What is it!?

LUKE

The fuck you doing man?!

REGINA

He's pissing himself!

UBER DRIVER

You fuck! Get outta my car! Get out!

The door opens and Peter staggers out of the car. His jeans are soaked through and piss dribbles out his pants leg.

The passenger side window rolls down and Luke sticks his head out, LAUGHING.

LUKE

You drunk ass! Walk home now, dude!

The Uber begins to drive away.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
I'll call you tomorrow, buddy.

Peter is left alone in the street. He worriedly glances around and pats his soggy pants.

He makes a break for it and starts running away towards home.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PETER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Peter's pants are heaped in a puddle on the floor of his tiny, messy apartment. We track a stream of urine along the hardwood floor right into the open door of:

PETER'S BATHROOM

We hear PEEING in the toilet and arrive at Peter asleep on the toilet with his head against the wall.

The ALARM CLOCK begins to sound off from the main room causing him wake and bolt upright.

He stands up off the toilet groggily and PEES all over the floor as he does so.

PETER  
Shit!

He attempts to cup his hand over his penis to plug the urine, but the stream just back-splashes on him.

EEE EEE EEE - The alarm wails.

PETER (CONT'D)  
The fuck is going on!?

He reaches to the counter, dumps his toothbrush out of a cup and begins to pee into the cup.

He runs into the -

MAIN ROOM

- while holding the cup over his groin.

He trips on his underwear! Collapsing to the floor, spilling the cup and peeing everywhere as he goes down.

Peter slides and claws his way across the hardwood floor to his bedside and SLAM, crushes the WAILING alarm to silence it.

He collapses on his back to the floor, shooting a stream of pee up into the air as he does so.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Peter is showering, with urine streaming down the drain along with the water.

Peter looks at the stream of pee mingling with the water running off his body.

PETER

It has to stop, it has to stop, it has to stop...

INT. MAIN ROOM -LATER

Peter has a dress shirt on now, he is peeing into an empty fish tank as he ties his neck tie.

He looks at his bed where his work slacks are laid out, then turns his gaze back upon his full stream of pee slowly filling the tank.

TIME CUT

With one hand on his penis, Peter pulls his underwear up with the other. Still peeing, he doesn't tuck himself in but grabs his slacks.

Very careful to keep his urine stream going in the tank he puts one leg at a time through. He slowly pulls them up, careful not to spill.

He gets them up to his waist and buttons them, leaving his genitals still hanging out of the zipper while peeing.

A quick smirk of satisfaction, but he accidentally hits the lip of the fish tank and gets some splash-back.

PETER

Shit!

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

The toilet is filled with bubbles as Peter pee's into it. He is on his cellphone, listening.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Luke is laying in bed, leaned on his elbow with phone to ear.

LUKE

I've never seen any shit like that.  
You're a fuckin' nut. Legendary.

Peter chews his lip, hesitating.

PETER

It's still going.

LUKE

What?

PETER

It hasn't stopped.

Luke furls his brows with confusion.

PETER (CONT'D)

Listen.

Peter moves his phone towards the toilet to capture the PEEING sound. Then returns the phone to his ear.

LUKE

Okay. Funny.

Peter sighs with resignation - *who could believe this?*

INT. PETER'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

IN PETER'S POV like a first person shooter game.

While peeing, Peter dumps coffee out of its tin onto the table to empty the container.

PETER (V.O.)

I dunno what to do? It's my first  
day at work, this has to stop  
right?

While peeing, Peter pulls a wide lipped bottle of V-8 out of the fridge and pours its contents down the drain.

LUKE (V.O.)

You have to go see a Doctor!

While peeing, Peter yanks a camping thermos out of a cupboard.

PETER (V.O.)  
I would just love to see a Doctor,  
but first I need health insurance  
so first I need a job!

LUKE (V.O.)  
Fuck you. Get to work then asshole.

CLICK - TONE- The call is disengaged.

EXT. PETER'S APARTMENT - DAY

In a quick motion Peter bursts out his door to his second floor apartment and SLAMS it behind him.

He hauls ass - pressing the thermos to his groin to contain his pee and shield his penis from the world.

Under his arms are the extra bottle and the coffee tin.

He runs down the stairs, passing ELDERLY WOMAN, who shocks at the sight.

PETER  
Good morning.

Hitting the street level, Peter amps up his speed.

He runs out the driveway and into the middle of the street.

Pushing pavement, building a sweat, he runs several yards to his parked car.

He presses his groin against the car to keep the thermos against him. He wrestles with himself for his keys and pulls them from his pocket. He looks around fearfully, unlocks then carefully enters his car.

INT/EXT. PETERS CAR - LATER

Peter sits in his parked car in the parking lot outside of his new office.

As he pees into the coffee tin he looks down at his legs which are wet from having pissed himself on the drive over.

Peter strokes his temple. Sweating profusely, he just might start crying.

TIME CUT

Peter's on his cellphone.

PETER

Yes. I can't believe the luck, sick  
on my first day. I imagine I'll be  
in fine shape tomo--

WRAP WRAP WRAP

BOSSMAN knocks on the car window. He pulls his phone away  
from his ear and clicks it off. Peter flinches then rolls  
down the window. Bossman starts to lean in.

BOSSMAN

That is you, Peter? Are you sick or  
what-- Oh my God!

BOSSMAN'S POV - He can see Peter peeing into the coffee tin.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Water BOILS in a pot on top of a stove range. A hand dumps in  
a clump of uncooked noodles.

BOSSMAN (V.O.)

Sick pervert! You damned pervert!

Peter looks down at the noodles, then stirs them. His face is  
drenched in sweat or maybe steam fromt he boiling water.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK from the front door.

PETER

Come in.

The door creaks open, Melissa walks in. She sees Peter at the  
stove in the adjoined kitchen. His back is to her.

As she approaches, it is clear that the kitchen trash can is  
wedged between him and the stove.

MELISSA

Peter? ...How was your first day?

He stirs and stirs and stirs.

WATER BOILS

PETER

I can't stop...It won't stop...

Peter begins to turn around slowly.

MELISSA

What won't--

His penis comes into view, pulled out over his shorts -  
PEEING.

Melissa shocks as Peter locks his pleading eyes on her.

He pees all over the floor and shuffles towards her.

PETER

I can't stop peeing! I can't stop  
fucking peeing! I'm peeing all  
over myself!

Peter and Melissa lock into expressions of frantic amazement.

Tears begin to stream down Peter's face.

Melissa's expression grows into cries of LAUGHTER. She  
buckles over, LAUGHING her ass off as Peter WAILS and pee's  
all over the floor.

She doesn't stop - pointing as she laughs at Peter.

Peter looks at her pleadingly - *how can she be so cruel?*

A stream begins to run out of Melissa's shorts and down her  
leg. A patch of wetness develops on the groin area of her  
shorts.

She still LAUGHS.

CUT TO BLACK

MELISSA

(through LAUGHTER)

Oh shit! I can't stop laughing! You  
made me piss myself! I'm laughing  
so hard I'm peeing myself!

THE END