

SHITS AND GIGGLES: A SHORT SHORT BY EVERLEIGH BRENNER

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A busy central London bar is busy for a Tuesday night. A lounge version of classic pop tune is playing overhead. Two bartenders are busy mixing old fashions and negronis whilst waitresses dressed all in black scurry along from bar to table serving drinks. The one taller Bartender, SIMEON, trips and drops a glass behind the bar.

SIMEON

Fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. UNDER THAT BAR - STICKY

A 25 year old turnip of a woman, GLEN, dressed in her all back waitress uniform, sits snuggled under the bar sipping gin from the bottle with a straw. At the crash of the glass Simeon bends down to meet her.

SIMEON

You're bleeding.

Glen leans over herself to see that the broken glass has cut her shin. She sighs, looks back up to him and instead of speaking, simply exhales.

EXT. BAR - 2 AM

Glen is stood outside the bar, still in her waitress blacks and carrying her now empty gin bottle. The bar door shuts in front of her.

GLEN

One door closes-

INT. GLENS BEDROOM - MORNING

Glen opens her bedroom window and vomits right out through it onto her garden. Her flatmate, ROSA, a woman dressed in scrubs. Steps out the garden door and can be seen by Glen through the window.

EXT. GARDEN - MORNING

Rosa looks up at a wretched Glen.

ROSA

Again?! Use the fucking loo Glen!
Clean this before it stains!

Rosa turns and heads back into the house slamming the door.

INT. GLENS BEDROOM - DAY

Glen closes her window, bends down and grabs the antibacterial spray she keeps under her bed and leaves out her bedroom door.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR BAR - MIDDAY

Glen, wearing her waitress blacks struts to the bar.

INT/EXT. BAR - MIDDAY

Glen leans against the glass to look into who is working today. Simeon stares back at her.

Simeon shakes his head "no" to Glen who stares from the other side of the glass.

Glen makes prayer hands at Simeon.

Simeon shakes his head "No" again.

Glen bangs her fist against the glass.

Simeon leaves Glen's eye line and heads into the back room.

Glen kicks the glass.

GLEN

Who ya'll gonna find to replace me
anyway?

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Glen continues walking away from the bar towards the corner shop.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Glen picks up 6 cans of pink gin since she notices a three for two deal going and three wouldn't quite cut it. She cradles the six cans in her arms like an infant and waddles to the cashier.

CASHIER

Five twenty.

Glen pulls out a rolled up fiver from her back pocket and places it on the counter.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Five twenty.

GLEN

Can I borrow twenty p?

CASHIER

No.

GLEN

Do you have a tip jar.

CASHIER

No.

GLEN

How about a pennies for patients thing, like a Macmillan fund bucket or whatever.

The cashier stares in disbelief.

GLEN (CONT'D)

What? Like that change actually cures cancer?

The cashier continues to stare. Glen stares back. She looks around searching for change, on the floor, or somewhere. On the wall next to the cashier is a number of different ads for guitar lessons, gardener services, and someone looking for a dog walker. Glen looks back at the cashier.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I like dogs.

The cashier nods.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Do you have a pen?

The cashier hands Glen a pen. She write down the number of the dog owner on her hand and hands the pen back to the cashier.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

The cashier nods.

GLEN (CONT'D)

You really don't have twenty p for me?

EXT. CURBSIDE - DAY

Glen sits on a curb as cars drive past and honk because she is almost in their way. She sips one of her pink gin cans and chats on the phone.

GLEN

Yeah I grew up with a dog... yeah a black one... No she died when I was five but really good vibes you know... great bark if I'm remembering right... yeah okay... four... good for me

Glen stands up and gathers her tinnies into her jean jacket.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Four yup I got it

Glen scurries down the street.

EXT. BUSY LONDON PAVEMENT - DAY

Glen walks a small dog, GINGER, down a busy London street. Ginger then stops in the middle of a large crowd and takes a poo.

GLEN

(to Ginger)

What am I supposed to do with that?

Glen looks around and sees many pedestrians staring at her and the shit in front of her. Glen ponders for a moment. She looks at her hands, shivers and looks away from them. She looks at Ginger and just starts walking away from her indiscretions. A pedestrian calls after her.

PEDISTRRAIN

Ma'am! Excuse me!

Glen walks faster, almost dragging ginger behind her.

EXT. GINGERS HOUSE - SUNSET

Glen knocks on the blue painted door. No answer. She knocks again.

GLEN
(to Ginger)
Where's your mommy?

A 30 year old man with broad shoulders and a great jaw line opens the door.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Daddy.

The man tilts his head.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Not mine, hers.

Glen points at the dog.

GLEN (CONT'D)
I have a dad, we don't really talk anymore though. I'm single. Not in like a daddy issues way. Not that you were thinking that. I mean you're married right. And this is your dog. Ginger. She is really sweet. He took a shit on the side walk and I didn't know what to do about it. Do I get paid daily for this or is this a weekly thing? Was I supposed to pick up the shit, just because I haven't before so if you wouldn't mind showing me how i'd really appreciate - never-mind I can probably find a youtube tutorial on that. Sorry here is your dog.

Glen hands the leash to the man.

GLEN (CONT'D)
But I get paid yeah?

THE MAN
Janet!

A well put together woman wearing all purple, JANET comes to the door as the man slips back into the house.

JANET
How was she?

GLEN
Yeah great dog, well done.

JANET
Amazing. Same time tomorrow then.

Janet hands Glen a tener and shuts the door without giving her a chance to say.

GLEN
Thanks.

INT. SOMETHING SOMTHING

EXT. GINGERS HOUSE - NEXT DAY - SUNSET

Glen approaches the blue door with Ginger in one hand and a plastic bag of dog shit in the other. She knocks on the door with the hand with the shit in it and accidentally knocks the bag hard enough for it to break causing the dog shit to slide down the blue painted door. The man then opens the door to Glen's red shocked face. The man looks down and sees the shit at his feet. Glen hands the man the leash.

THE MAN
Janet!

Janet appears at the door, wearing all yellow today, as the man again slips back into the safety of his home.

GLEN
I am so sorry.

JANET
Dogs will be dogs won't they.

Glen laughs nervously. The man comes back to the door with a bucket and sponge and begins cleaning his blue door. Janet hands Glen another tener and heads back inside before Glen can say.

GLEN
Thanks.

THE MAN
She's my sister.

GLEN

Okay.

THE MAN

She's dying.

GLEN

Really?

THE MAN

Why would I joke about that?

GLEN

I would.

THE MAN

Really?

Correcting herself.

GLEN

No.

The man continues cleaning the shit. Glen is at a loss for words. She stands for a few moments. A few moments too long and then.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Bye

THE MAN

(without looking up)

Bye

EXT. BUSY LONDON PAVEMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Glen walks ginger down the street. Ginger poops in the middle of a large crowd. Glen takes a plastic baggy from her pocket and picks up the poo efficiently whist saying to herself

GLEN

Ew ew ew ew ew ew ew ew

EXT. GINGERS HOUSE - SUNSET

Glen places the bag of dog shit down on the ground and then goes to knock on the door. The man opens and Gingers runs inside causing Glen to trip up stepping straight onto the bag of dog shit.

GLEN

Shit. Literally.

THE MAN
Take off your shoe.

INT. GINGERS HOUSE - SUNSET

Glen with one shoe on, follows the man, who is carrying her other shoe through ginger house into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - SUNSET

The man kneels next to the loo and drops Glens shoe into the toilet.

THE MAN
Should I flush it?

GLEN
If you must.

The man flushes Glens shoe down the toilet.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Where is Janet?

THE MAN
She died last night.

GLEN
I'm so sorry.

The man still kneeling turns to look up at Glen.

THE MAN
Will you marry me?

Ginger trots into the bathroom and begins drinking from the toilet bowl.

Fade to black.

SAMPLE