

THE DOOR!

Written by

Greg P. Gleason

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. FRED (20s) stands at the sink with his shirt off. BRYNN (20s) stares at him shocked.

BRYNN
Oh sorry, I didn't mean to --

She steps back her hand on the doorknob.

FRED
No don't shut the --

BRYNN
I'll just leave and give you some --

She slips, Fred catches her. The door slams shut.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
Thanks.

FRED
Why'd you do that?

BRYNN
The floors wet, I slipped.

FRED
Not that. The door?

BRYNN
You didn't lock it.

FRED
Yes I did.

BRYNN
No you didn't.

FRED
It locks the other way.

BRYNN
What?

FRED
Try it, we're stuck.

Brynn turns and grabs furiously at the door.

BRYNN
It won't open.

FRED
It's locked.

BRYNN
Why's that?

FRED
It's not my house.

BRYNN
This is the worst party.

FRED
Tell me about it, who doesn't go to
the bathroom? I've been in here for
over an hour.

BRYNN
An hour, really?

FRED
Why would I make that up?

She stares at him shirtless leaning on the sink.

BRYNN
Where's your shirt?

FRED
Oh that, it's outside.

BRYNN
Outside! Why's it outside?

FRED
I was trying to signal someone. I
threw it out.

BRYNN
And?

FRED
You came.

BRYNN
Not because of the shirt.

FRED
Well you're here now.

BRYNN
Yes, now I'm stuck too, how does
that help?

FRED
Hug me.

BRYNN
What?

FRED
Come on I'm cold.

He walks toward her open arms.

BRYNN
Oh no. I'm not doing that.

FRED
But I could catch a cold.

BRYNN
You should of thought of that
before you threw your shirt.

FRED
I thought the bathroom would have a
heater.

BRYNN
Well it doesn't.

FRED
I can see that.

Brynn starts squirming.

FRED (CONT'D)
You looking to dance?

BRYNN
No, why would I do that?

FRED
You're grooving there.

BRYNN
I'm not grooving, I'm holding it
tight.

FRED
Holding it tight?

BRYNN
It's a bathroom.

FRED
Oh, right. It's over there.

BRYNN
I can't do that.

FRED
I mean it's not the cleanest
toilet.

BRYNN
Not with you in here.

FRED
I can't really leave.

BRYNN
Sure you can, out the window.

HE gazes over at the tiny window the size of a piece of
paper.

FRED
I can't fit through that.

BRYNN
Maybe if you try.

FRED
It's not even half as big as me.

BRYNN
I'm about to burst.

FRED
So go. Here I'll help.

He turns on the sink.

FRED (CONT'D)
Sound of water always helps me.

BRYNN
Stop that.

She shuts the water off.

FRED
I don't know what else I can.

BRYNN
Stick your head out.

FRED
My head out?

BRYNN
Of the window.

FRED
You want me to stick my head out of
the window?

BRYNN
Then I can go.

He looks over at the tiny window, the toilet right below.

FRED
I don't know if we can both be
there at the same time.

BRYNN
It's the only way.

FRED
It doesn't sound comfortable.

BRYNN
You'll figure it out.

She pushes him to the window.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
And hum while your heads out.

FRED
Hum?

BRYNN
I can't have you listening.

FRED
I don't know about --

She shoves his head out the window.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Fred's head sticks awkwardly out the window.

FRED
I don't like this, can I come back
in?

BRYNN (O.S.)
No, I'm about to sit down.

FRED

Sit down?

Fred's pushed against the window painfully.

FRED (CONT'D)

You're not going to take long are
you?

BRYNN

I don't hear humming.