

Dumped
by
Paul Nash

pauldavidnash@gmail.com

54 Howson Road
London SE4 2AT

07957 548052

www.paul-nash.com

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Silence.

The taps glistening in the morning light. The sparkling bath. Toothbrush holder with two toothbrushes. The soap in the soap dish. Neatly folded towels. The pristine toilet.

TITLE CARD: DUMPED

BATHROOM/LANDING

INTERTITLE: DAY 621

The closed bathroom door from inside the bathroom. The GIRLFRIEND, a young blonde woman in a smart dressing gown, opens the door. Outside in the hallway stands a bleary-eyed GRANT, also wearing a dressing gown. He forces a smile. She angrily brushes past him. Downtrodden and bemused, Grant enters the bathroom, closes the door and sighs.

BATHROOM

The Routine...

Grant stands in front of the mirror - pulls his face around a bit and slaps his belly semi-appreciatively. He reaches for the blue toothbrush, and then swiftly for the toothpaste. He squeezes the tube from the bottom, carefully rolling it as he does so. It is almost empty.

Grant clenches his teeth and brushes his teeth systematically with a steady rhythm, humming an unrecognisable tune. Rinses. Spits. Rinses. Spits. Rinses. Spits.

He fills the sink with hot water and washes his face briskly. He makes a perfect shaving foam beard. Grant carefully but quickly shaves under his chin; then the left side; then the right; then around the mouth. He washes off the foam, suddenly enlivened. He washes out the sink.

The majestic toilet.

He looks back to the mirror and smiles for the first time. He walks over to the toilet, and pulls down his trousers and sits down relaxed on the throne. Black.

LATER

Grant gets up from the toilet while pulling up his trousers. He turns around to inspect his work.

We look up at his innocently proud face.

He flushes the toilet.

He shuts the door on the way out.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Silence. The toilet.

BATHROOM/LANDING

INTERTITLE: DAY 655

The closed bathroom door from inside the bathroom. The sound of Grant trying to open the door. The Girlfriend suddenly opens the door, and a flash of blonde hair storms out of the bathroom. The two pass without even looking at each other. The downtrodden and bemused Grant closes the door safely behind him and sighs.

BATHROOM

The Routine continues...

Grant stands in front of the mirror - pulls his face around a bit and slaps his belly semi-appreciatively. He reaches for the blue toothbrush, and then swiftly for the toothpaste. He squeezes the tube from the bottom, carefully rolling it as he does so. It is almost empty.

Grant clenches his teeth and brushes his teeth systematically with a steady rhythm, humming an unrecognisable tune. Rinses. Spits. Rinses. Spits. Rinses. Spits.

He fills the sink with hot water and washes his face briskly. He makes a perfect shaving foam beard. Grant carefully but quickly shaves firstly under his chin; then the left side; then the right; then around the mouth. He washes off the foam, suddenly enlivened. He washes out the sink.

The majestic toilet.

He looks back to the mirror and smiles. He walks over to the toilet, and pulls down his trousers and sits down relaxed on the throne. Black.

LATER

Grant gets up from the toilet while pulling up his trousers. He turns around to inspect his work.

We look up at his innocently proud face.

He flushes the toilet.

He shuts the door on the way out, quickly followed by a muffled but loud argument.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Silence. The slightly grimy bath. The empty soap dish.

BATHROOM/LANDING

INTERTITLE: DAY 669

The bathroom door from inside the bathroom. The sound of Grant mumbling angrily (but incoherently) from the other side. The door swings open. A tired and frustrated Grant pushes past the Girlfriend. To counter this she angrily slams the door after herself, barely missing Grant. He clearly has not slept at all as he leans against the door sullenly.

BATHROOM

The Routine starts to fail...

Grant stands in front of the mirror and stares blankly at himself - pulls his face around a bit and slaps his belly gloomily. He reaches for the blue toothbrush, and then for the toothpaste, dropping it to the floor before angrily picking out the dirt and hair. He squeezes the tube from the bottom, carefully rolling it as he does so. There is barely any left.

Grant clenches his teeth and brushes his teeth systematically with an increasingly frantic rhythm, humming angrily an unrecognisable tune. Rinses. Spits. Rinses. Spits. Rinses. Spits.

He fills the sink with hot water and washes his face briskly. He tries to make a perfect shaving foam beard, but accidentally pokes shaving foam in his eye. He is becoming increasingly agitated.

Grant less-than-carefully shaves under his chin; then the left side; then the right; then around the mouth. Each time he knicks himself with the razor. He washes off the foam and places tiny pieces of tissue on the cuts. He washes out the sink.

The majestic toilet.

He looks back to the mirror and finally smiles. He walks over to the toilet, and pulls down his trousers and sits down relaxed on the throne. Black.

LATER

Grant gets up from the toilet while pulling up his trousers. He turns around to inspect his work.

We look up at his innocently proud face.

He flushes the toilet.

Grant pauses by the closed door, obviously reluctant to leave. He timidly opens the door to sneak out. The quiet is quickly followed by muffled shouting.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Towels strewn across the floor.

BATHROOM/LANDING

INTERTITLE: DAY 679

The bathroom door from inside the bathroom. We hear Grant and the Girlfriend having another, much louder argument. The door swings open; a tired, hung over and broken Grant timidly enters. He seems almost confused that he does not have to wait his turn as before. He closes the door behind him, and takes a deep, deep breath.

BATHROOM

The Routine falls apart...

Grant blankly stands in front of the mirror and simply stares morosely back at himself.

He reaches for the blue toothbrush, and then for the toothpaste, dropping it once again to the floor before again angrily picking out the dirt and hair. He squeezes the tube from the bottom, carefully rolling it as he does so. There is none left. He throws the useless tube to the floor.

Grant pauses before reluctantly starting his routine again. He grimly clenches his teeth and tries to brush his teeth without toothpaste. Rinses. Spits. Rinses. Spits. Rinses. Spits. But there is nothing to spit. Instead he coughs. A lot.

He fills the sink with hot water (burning himself on his first attempt) and washes his face briskly. There's barely enough shaving foam for even half a shaving foam beard. He is a picture of bizarrely comical stress. Grant angrily washes off the foam and does not shave. He does not wash out the sink.

Grant turns to the toilet - he looks back to the mirror and tries fitfully to smile. He walks over to the toilet, and pulls down his trousers and sits down on the throne. As he does so we can hear in the background the Girlfriend shouting something that sounds like a tearful and muffled goodbye. The door slams, followed by the sound of a Taxi pulling away.
Black.

LATER

Grant gets up from the toilet slowly while pulling up his trousers. He turns around expectantly to inspect his work.

We look of Grant's perplexed, worried face.

The empty toilet bowl.

Dejected, he goes to flush the toilet... but realises there is no need.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Silence. The toothbrush holder with only one toothbrush.

INTERTITLE: DAY 680

The Routine has stopped...

The dirty mirror. The blue toothbrush. The empty discarded toothpaste tube on the floor. The dulled taps. The scummy sink. The shaving foam canister on the floor. The toilet.

Black.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Silence. The taps glistening in the morning light. The sparkling bath. Toothbrush holder with just one toothbrush. The soap in the soap dish. Neatly folded towels. The pristine toilet.

BATHROOM/LANDING

INTERTITLE: Three months later... Day 1

The bathroom door from inside the bathroom. Silence. Beat. From inside the bathroom Grant abruptly opens the door. Outside in the hallway stands a bleary-eyed young woman, EMMA. She is dark haired and wrapped in Grant's dressing gown. She grins happily and kisses him playfully on the cheek as they pass in the doorway. She closes the door and looks around the bathroom appreciatively.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The Routine starts anew...

Emma stands in front of the mirror - pulls her face around a bit and slaps her belly semi-appreciatively. She takes out her own toothbrush from the gown's pocket, and swiftly picks up the new toothpaste. She squeezes the tube from the bottom, carefully rolling just like Grant.

Emma clenches her teeth and brushes them teeth systematically with a steady rhythm, humming an unrecognisable tune. Rinses. Spits. Rinses. Spits. Rinses. Spits. She places her toothbrush next to his.

CREDITS ROLL.

LATER

The sound of Emma's routine as it continues rhythmically in the background.

We look up at Emma's innocently proud face.

The sound of the toilet flushing, then the bathroom door being closed.

FADE OUT.