

THANKSHITTING

Written by

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EXT. RICH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The smooth fall winds brush leaves across the road. The world is quiet. Calm for a moment.

Prokofiev's "Montagues and Capulets" takes over as a boisterous beater appears over the horizon. Spills its exhaust onto God's green earth. Crushes leaves in its wake.

EXT. ARTHUR'S HOME - DAY

A beautiful home. The yard is well kept. The car whirls into the driveway, ruining the aesthetic.

ERIC, late 20s, a slightly overweight man with shoulder length hair, exits. The prodigal son if there ever was one.

He glares up at his childhood home with disdain. Hacks a loogie and spits it into the yard.

TITLE: "Thankshitting"

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Well decorated. Fine China lines the walls.

The table is set for a fantastic Thanksgiving meal. A SERVANT take care of the families every whim.

Beside Eric is his stepmother AMELIA, early 30s. Eric's Father, ARTHUR, early 50s, sits at the head of the table. His brother ROLAND, mid 20s, sits across from him.

They enjoy the meal in tense silence. Eric BURPS, interrupting. The family reacts, disgusted.

Clearly the black sheep. His family all prim and proper, quietly enjoy their meals. He chews his food obnoxiously.

ROLAND

Any more business ventures, Eric?
Last time we spoke you were looking
into franchising, I believe.

ERIC

Yeah I uh - I experimented.

INT. FRY STATION - DAY - FLASHBACK

Eric wears a fast food uniform. Attempts to put out a fire.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Eric takes a bite of his food. Amelia is filling up on wine. Her plate hasn't even been touched.

ERIC
(mouth full)
But I couldn't find the right
location, you know? So I scrapped
it. Location is everything.
(swallows)
You still at the bank?

His Dad watches him, repulsed.

ROLAND
Yes, Morgan Stanley is wonderful. I
can see if we have any positions
open, if you're interested?

ERIC
Eh I got a lot going on at the
moment but I uh - I appreciate it.

Roland nods his understanding. They go back to eating.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Eric stares at the pictures on the mantle. He's excluded of course, but the family poodle is not.

He turns his attention to the television, which plays a recorded college football game. Arthur leans in, excited.

ARTHUR
This is the play.

Arthur, Roland and Amelia watch intensely. Eric glares at the TV, having seen this a million times.

The rest of the family jump with joy when Roland scores. Arthur slaps him on the back, filled with pride.

ARTHUR
You carried our Westwood name to
victory.

ERIC
And then two plays later, got
injured and never played again.

Silence. Everyone turns their attention to Eric. Arthur struggles to suppress his fury.

ARTHUR
A grand accomplishment nonetheless.

ERIC
Sure.

ARTHUR
Eric, watch your tone.

ERIC
It's just another way for you to
jerk him off.

ARTHUR
You're not in any position to judge
others' accomplishments, Eric.

Eric has had enough. He lays it all out.

ERIC
I get it. I'm the red headed step
child. The inbred boy in the
basement. The fucking black sheep!

No one knows how to respond. Roland tries to step in.

ROLAND
That's not true.

ERIC
Shut up Roland. You kiss dad's ass
as much as he sucks your dick.

ARTHUR
Enough with the language.

ERIC
Oh what? Is my STEP-mother, who's
drunk as a frat boy on Christmas,
offended?

Amelia doesn't seem to register any of this. She's on her
second bottle.

ARTHUR
I will not allow you to disrespect -

ERIC
You're one to talk about respect.
With how you treated Mom. Just
kicked her to curb when you found a
young piece of ass. Fine example.

Arthur stands now, showing his dominance.

ARTHUR
I think you should leave.

Eric steps into his father's face.

ERIC
Or what?

Roland steps in.

ROLAND
Father. No. He's -

ARTHUR
I will not be disrespected in my
own home.

ERIC
Fuck your home. I'm out.

Eric starts to leave the room. Stops in his tracks. His
stomach GRUMBLES. The family reacts. This is bad news.

ERIC
But I do need to drop a -
(glances at Amelia)
Use the restroom before I go.

AMELIA
Common bathroom's down the hall.

Eric waddles off. Arthur glares after him.

ARTHUR
I don't understand how you two
could be so different.

Roland takes this in. Looks off to Eric, sympathetic.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Modern and homey. A strange painting hangs on the wall above
the toilet.

ERIC
(mocking)
I will not be disrespected.

He strains. His business interrupting him.

The toilet FLUSHES. The contents start to go down but stop.
Stuck. The water rises. It RUNS.

Eric washes his hands and whistles to himself. He turns back to see his turd floating in the bowl.

He tries to flush again. The water rises. It's reaching the edge of the bowl.

ERIC

Ah shit.

A KNOCK at the door. Eric reacts, concerned.

ROLAND (O.S.)

You okay in there?

Eric searches the bathroom. There's no plunger. He swings open the linen closet. A cheap plunger leans in the corner. He sighs, relieved.

ERIC

Yeah man. All good.

He goes to town on the clogged toilet. Giving it his all. STRANGE GURGLING SOUNDS come from below.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Roland shrugs to his father. Arthur has had enough.

ARTHUR

I know what he's up to.

Arthur stomps down the hall. The others follow.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Eric continues plunging. He wipes the sweat from his brow. His Father BANGS on the door.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Open up!

ERIC

Just need a minute.

Eric goes back to plunging, treating it like a jackhammer.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Open this door! I will not allow
drug use in my home.

Eric continues plunging but it won't release.

ARTHUR (O.S.)
That's it! I'm calling the police.

Eric leaves the plunger and reluctantly opens the door.
Arthur steps in. Immediately reacts to the smell.

ARTHUR
What's going on in -

Arthur notices the toilet. The turd has been decimated. It's melded with the water.

Arthur gags and rushes out of the room. Amelia enters.

AMELIA
What's wrong?

Amelia notices the toilet. She's surprisingly calm about it.
Eric reacts. He's lost his edge now, embarrassed.

ERIC
I'm - I'm sorry.

AMELIA
Nothing to worry about dear. I've done worse.

Eric isn't sure how to take this.

AMELIA
We'll call the help.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Arthur takes a moment, reeling from the sight. The Servant walks past with a new plunger. Heavy duty. He carries it like a piece of royal treasure.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The Servant enters the bathroom. Moves everyone out of the way, as if it were a quarantined zone. Covers his nose from the smell.

He inserts the plunger. Starts the motions. His technique is slow at first. Then machine like fast. Then back to slow.

The shitty brown water sloshes around the bowl.

The Servant flushes. It still won't go. Frustration sets in.

Eric leaves the bathroom. He can't take it anymore.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Arthur glares at Eric as he enters. A tense beat.

ERIC

Dad I'm -

ARTHUR

Of all the shit you've ever pulled,
this - this is just too far. On
Thanksgiving, of all days. You
should be ashamed.

Eric nods his shame. Mopes off. Roland looks after his
brother as he leaves. The door SLAMS SHUT.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

As Eric heads off to his car, he removes a cigarette from his
pocket. Roland exits behind him.

ROLAND

Eric, wait.

Eric lights his smoke.

ERIC

I think I finally broke him.

ROLAND

Give it time. It'll all blow over.

ERIC

It blows over for you because
you're the favorite. You can never
do anything wrong in his eyes.

(beat)

But me. I'm just a fuck up. Every
time he looks at me he's reminded
of what I should've been.

Eric takes a long drag of his smoke.

ROLAND

You're not a fuck up.

ERIC

Yes I am. I'm a piece of shit, just
like that turd in the commode.

A moment of silence. Roland turns to Eric, serious.

ROLAND
You know something? I've always
looked up to you.

Eric is shocked by this revelation.

ROLAND
And not just because you're my big
bro. It's because everything we
were ever taught, everything
society deems normal, you naturally
rebel against. You just say "fuck
the rules." Never gave a hoot about
what anyone thinks.
(beat)
I admire that. I don't know how you
do it.

Eric holds back tears.

ERIC
That... that means a lot.

ROLAND
Now get back in there.

ERIC
I can't go back in there.

ROLAND
This is your chance. Your chance to
show them what you're made of.

Eric takes a long drag as the words wash over him. He nods,
determined.

ERIC
You're right. This is my chance.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The shitty water is darker in color. The Servant is still
hard at work. He's desperate now. His technique has failed.

Amelia turns to Arthur in the doorway, who plugs his nose.

AMELIA
Maybe we should call someone?

ARTHUR
On Thanksgiving?

Eric bursts in. Moves them out of the way. He rolls up his sleeves. Raises his hand to the Servant, as if "I got this."

He grabs hold of the plunger.

SERVANT

Be my guest.

Eric stares into the murky depths below.

ERIC

I brought this bastard into the
world. I gotta be the one to take
him out.

Amelia and Arthur share a look. Eric starts plunging, slowly at first.

He increases speed. The shitty water sloshes around the bowl.

ARTHUR

Watch the -

It splashes onto the back of the toilet.

Eric changes his technique. He moves with the motion of the plunger. Almost like he's dancing with it.

Arthur and Amelia react to this bizarre sight.

Water splashes onto Eric, but it doesn't slow him down. He's a man on a mission.

Water sprays everywhere. All over the walls. The painting.

Eric plunges like a bat out of hell. He's a madman. Gives the toilet the fucking business.

Roland watches from the doorway, impressed.

Water splashes onto Amelia. She screams.

Eric doesn't let up. He gives it one last good plunge.

Suddenly the toilet makes a LOUD SUCKING SOUND. The water and contents are instantly pulled below. Another GURGLE.

Eric turns to his family. A look of pride on his face. He's covered in shit, but he's achieved greatness.

ERIC

It's finished.

CUT TO BLACK.