

**Water**

by  
Paul Nash

[pauldavidnash@gmail.com](mailto:pauldavidnash@gmail.com)

54 Howson Road  
London SE4 2AT

07957 548052

[www.paul-nash.com](http://www.paul-nash.com)

FADE IN:

BLACK.

The sound of drunken, haphazard FOOTSTEPS walking up a footpath.

BRIAN  
(drunken; tired; barely  
audible muttering)  
...Kittens, silly, silly...  
kittens... on a nightbus... what  
was that about? ... frippery!

The sound of a key CLINKING against the door lock. On the third attempt the door unlocks.

The sounds of FUMBLING in the dark.

The sounds of a tap being turned on, WATER running and filling up a glass.

TITLE CARD: WATER

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The closed door of the moon-lit bedroom. Beat.

Slowly, and not very surely, the door opens. The very drunk BRIAN (late-twenties; over-grown student) creeps into the room, a pint glass of water in hand. He struggles to keep his balance.

BRIAN steadies himself, grins and puts a finger to his mouth.

BRIAN  
(to himself)  
Sssoosh...  
(silent giggle)

Across the room is the bed with the sleeping figure of his GIRLFRIEND.

BRIAN exaggeratedly tiptoes over towards the bed - silently GIGGLING to himself as he goes.

He puts the pint glass down on the bedside table.

Forgetting to take off his trainers first, he drops his jeans to the floor. The sound of CHANGE hitting the floor.

He looks up fearfully as he struggles to free himself from his entangled trainers and jeans.

Miraculously, the GIRLFRIEND is still sleeping.

BRIAN gets into bed still wearing the rest of his clothes.

The bed CREAKS. The GIRLFRIEND stirs slightly.

BRIAN stops dead, he doesn't even breathe.

She stops moving.

He victoriously grins to himself, and gives a little mock-bow and wave of the hand to his appreciative, imaginary audience. He reaches for the pint glass of water.

Finally fully in bed, he sleepily raises the glass to his lips, struggling to stay awake.

BLACK.

LATER

BRIAN sleeps uneasily, shifting from side to side - something is bothering him. He's dreaming.

BRIAN  
(asleep; muttering)  
Pools! Pools of lovely... warm,  
warm water... oceans of...

He wakes up abruptly - eyes wide open.

At first he's fairly content. He shifts from side to side. Frowns. His hands descend under the duvet.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
(mouthed)  
Fuuucck.

We focus on BRIAN, his suspicions and fears grow as he starts to feel the damp bed around him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
(quietly; to himself)  
I can't have. Not, not again...  
Twice in one calendar year? No.  
Yes... I've pissed myself!

He nervously looks over towards the sleeping GIRLFRIEND.

He starts to feel under his back/arse. Sudden relief comes over his face.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
(sigh of relief)  
Oh, wait a minute...

From under himself he pulls out the bloody shattered shards that remain of the pint glass. The deep red glistens in the moonlight.

He stares at it, confused and transfixed. Beat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 (happily)  
 Phew! Thank god!

Careful to not wake his girlfriend BRIAN calmly places the bloody remains of the glass on the bedside table. He cheerfully goes back to sleep in a pool of his own blood.

MOMENTS LATER

BRIAN suddenly jolts back up right in bed - eyes wide open in terrible realisation.

BRIAN  
 Oh God!

His breathing is erratic as he reaches over towards the bedside table... but his hand passes the bloody remains of the pint glass, and picks up his digital alarm clock instead.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 You idiot fool, you only went and nearly forgot to set the alarm...

BRIAN cheerfully sets the alarm, shaking his head at his own stupidity. He places it back down on the bedside table next to the bloody shards of glass.

He contentedly goes back to sleep. A big grin on his face, despite the ever growing pool of blood around him.

CREDITS.

BLACK - MORNING

The alarm clock BLARES out. We hear SHIFTING in the bed and the alarm clock being switched off.

GIRLFRIEND  
 Morning dar-  
 (blood-curdling scream)

BRIAN  
 Wha-  
 (wail)

FADE OUT.