

Le Merde (Shit!)

by
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Based on a True Story

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Le Merde

FADE IN:

INT: STUDIO FLAT - DAY

A stylish, elegant flat, with a masculine vibe to it. Clean and tidy. The person who lives here has a bit of money.

A digital clock on the bedside table reads 08:59.

RACHEL, 27, is asleep in bed. Curled up in the white duvet, her look of contentment is evident despite having last night's make-up still smeared across her face.

Rachel stretches, reaching over to other side of the bed, her outstretched fingers finding a note on the pillow.

Rachel takes the note, unfolds it, rubs the sleep from her eyes.

Reading the note, she smiles, and hugs the note to her heart.

Rachel swings her legs out of bed, sits, places the note on the pillow and stretches once more.

CLOSE-UP - THE NOTE

'Good Morning beautiful. Thank you for another wonderful date. I didn't want to wake you, seeing as you have a day off! Coffee in the pot should still be hot. Brendan XXX P.S Just pull the door too if you have to leave!

Rachel reaches for Brendan's bed robe which is lying on the edge of the bed, throws it around her shoulders. She sniffs the collar and nods approvingly at the smell.

She inspects the room. It's evident this is the first time she's been here. Rachel eyes the collection of photographs of Brendan with family and friends that adorn the flat. Brendan, 29, is handsome, athletic, a real catch.

She stops at a picture of Brendan with a young pretty girl. It ruffles her feathers till she spots the same girl in another photo with what are clearly parents. She realises there is a family resemblance and smiles. Her catch is still hers.

She takes the note and puts it into the pocket of Brendan's robe.

Rachel collects the rest of her clothes from the floor trailing from the bed to the sofa in the living room. She notices a couple of Polaroid pictures also on the floor - showing Brendan and herself in a variety of playful, silly poses. She gathers these up too and smiles to herself at the memory of the night before.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Rachel places her clothes on the sofa, where her handbag is and puts that on top and then heads to the kitchen at the far end of the flat, adjacent to the front door.

INT. KITCHEN

Rachel puts the two Polaroid photos she found on the bedroom floor and adds them to a small collection on the fridge, held up by fridge magnets.

Rachel turns around to the side and sees the coffee machine.

CLOSE-UP - PHOTOGRAPH LEANING AGAINST COFFEE MACHINE

Polaroid photo of Brendan, dishevelled, sat up in bed, smiling, with Rachel still asleep in the background. A penned note on the bottom of the photo reads 'Brendan, 7AM, never happier'

Rachel takes the photo smiles, glances at the Polaroid camera on the breakfast bar, the felt pen beside it.

Rachel takes Brendan's note from her pocket, glances at it, smiles again, and places the note on the breakfast bar.

Rachel then looks through some cupboard looking for a coffee cup. Finding one she pours a coffee, finds some milk, takes a mouthful, and then grabs the camera.

INT. BEDROOM

She moves to the full-length mirror, looks at her dishevelled reflection through the lens and thinks better of taking the photo.

Rachel then pushes her cleavage up and takes a picture of that.

INT. KITCHEN

Rachel heads back to the breakfast bar and grabs the pen.

CLOSE-UP - PHOTO OF RACHEL

Rachel writes 'Rachel, 9AM, never hornier'

She leaves the photo and pen next to the coffee machine.

Rachel then has a drink of her coffee and leans against the side.

Rachel stops suddenly and puts her hand on her stomach looking uncomfortable - she lets out a little fart and looks embarrassed because of it.

INT: BATHROOM

Rachel is sat on the toilet.

A couple of LOUD SPLASHES in the toilet bowl confirm her reason for being there.

Rachel turns her nose up, grabs the air freshener, and sprays.

She then wipes, pulls her knickers up, and turns to flush the toilet.

The flush handle drops with a dull THUD, no flush.

Rachel flushes the handle again, another dull THUD.

Rachel looks down in the toilet to see what's left (possible P.O.V shot from inside the toilet looking up at Rachel's concerned face).

Panicked, Rachel flushes the handle repeatedly until the handle breaks off in her hand.

RACHEL

Shit.

Rachel grabs the toilet brush and prods her stool, as if hoping that somehow this thing will just disappear down the pipe. She works the brush trying to push it up inside the toilet but it just keeps popping back to the surface.

Looking into the toilet bowl, Rachel shakes her head.

RACHEL

Fuuuuuuuck.

INT: KITCHEN

Rachel, increasingly frantic, BANGS around in the kitchen cabinets, she doesn't know where anything is and her panic is exasperating the situation and she finds little of use.

She finds rubber gloves, a plastic food bag and then spots a bin inside the door. Inside are a dozen or so notes that Brendan started and then discarded for one reason or another. She stops seeing her name and pulls a few out and reads them. It's clear Brendan wanted to make a good impression and had discarded these notes for one reason or another. Each note is a lovely message varying from a bit overkill to trying to be more cool about the situation.

These notes briefly interrupt Rachel's panic as she smiles at the knowledge this young man really likes her.

Suddenly she snaps back to the problem she has in hand and throws the notes back in the bin and heads out of the kitchen.

INT: BATHROOM

Rachel puts on the rubber gloves with a snap, kneels down over the toilet bowl, stops, takes a breath and squirms at the thought of what's she's just about to do, then begins fishing.

Suddenly she hears something at the door. She freezes, literally holding her breath.

Then a sound clarifies what it is.

It post being put through the letter box.

Rachel breaths again and then returns to her task with renewed determination on not being caught in this situation.

INT: KITCHEN

Holding the plastic bag (with two moist brown logs inside) at arms length, Rachel heads for the bin.

She's about to drop the bag in the bin, but then thinks better of it.

INT. BATHROOM

Rachel places the plastic bag in the sink and washes her hands thoroughly.

INT. BEDROOM

Rachel gets dressed quickly and tidies the bed.

INT: BATHROOM

Rachel grabs the plastic bag from the sink.

INT. KITCHEN

Rachel grabs a bag from a drawer.

CLOSE-UP - BAG WITH A SMILING FACE ON IT

Rachel places the bag of shit inside the smiling face bag.

As she is about to leave, Rachel glances at Brendan's note, which is still on the breakfast bar.

She places the smiling face bag on the breakfast bar, and then puts her hand bag down in front of that. She grabs the pen and then hesitates.

She can't think of anything.

She looks around the kitchen for some sort of inspiration.

Seeing the Polaroids on the fridge she has an idea and picks up the Polaroid of her breasts taken earlier.

INT. BEDROOM

Rachel runs in and places the Polaroid of her breast on the pillow.

INT. KITCHEN

Rachel then quickly scribbles a note, with a smile. She grabs her handbag and exits the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY

Rachel twists the front door open and steps outside.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

The front door SLAMS behind her

CLOSE UP OF RACHEL STARING INTO CAMERA (HER EXPRESSION SAYS IT ALL)

INT. KITCHEN

CLOSE-UP - THE NOTE NEXT TO THE SMILEY FACED BAG

'I've left you a little something as I'm not always good with words'

The front door then RATTLES as Rachel tries to get back in.

RACHEL (O.S.)
SHIIIIIIIIITTTT!

FADE OUT:

CREDITS