

Shanks

written by

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INT. PUBLIC TOILET - DAY

THREE URINALS hang from a GROTTY USED-TO-BE-WHITE TILED WALL. Behind them are TWO CUBICLES; a HAND-WRITTEN "OUT OF ORDER" SIGN sellotaped to one of the doors. Scrunched up BALLS OF TISSUE litter the unwashed floor.

RUSTY, a casually-dressed man in his early 20s enters through the MAIN DOOR. He looks flustered. He rushes to the central urinal, unzips and stands for some time, clearly agitated.

RUSTY  
(To himself)  
Come on. COME ON! For fuck's sake.

Rusty looks up and then seems to notice us. He does notice us. He looks directly at us.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
(To CAMERA)  
Oh, hi!

He looks down again in shame, as though trying to pretend we aren't there. He looks at us again.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
(To CAMERA)  
What are you staring at? So I can't do it, okay? Look, I know what you're thinking. It's just like... a mental thing. I tell myself you can. You CAN! But I can't. And the worst thing is you can guarantee just as I feel something happening some twat is gonna walk in and...

DYLAN - a giant of a man wearing a RUGBY SHIRT enters the toilet.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
(To CAMERA)  
...oh! Right on time!

Rusty resumes looking down at the urinal, trying to avoid any eye contact with Dylan.

DYLAN  
You alright, mate?

RUSTY  
Yep.

Dylan takes his position at the left urinal, unzips, and immediately begins peeing. Rusty looks over his shoulder to find us.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
 (to CAMERA)  
 What are you doing over there?

Rusty gestures with his head for us to return to his side so he can continue the conversation with us. We do so.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
 (to CAMERA)  
 That's better. Check this out, right. I've never met this guy before. We're standing here, side by side, cocks in hands and any money he'll start talking to me. Just watch.

Dylan looks directly down at Rusty's penis and smirks to himself.

DYLAN  
 Having a little trouble there, mate?

RUSTY throws us a knowing glance.

RUSTY  
 (to Dylan)  
 Yeah, maybe a little.

RUSTY turns back to us for solace.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
 (to CAMERA)  
 Great. What did I tell you. Always the same.  
 (putting on a sarcastic, silly voice)  
 Don't worry mate. My Granddad's the same.  
 (returning to his actual voice)  
 Well I'm not you're fucking Granddad am I?

DYLAN  
 I didn't say anything about my Granddad?!

RUSTY  
I'm talking to them...  
(gestures to us)  
not you!

Dylan finishes and zips up.

DYLAN  
Oh. Right. Sorry!

He ruffles Rusty's hair.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
You can do it mate. I believe in  
you. You got this.

Dylan exits. Rusty looks disgusted. He stands there  
bewildered before returning to us.

RUSTY  
(to CAMERA)  
Fucking great. Not only did he  
completely humiliate me but then he  
went and touched my hair with his  
GREASY UNWASHED HANDS.  
(under his breath)  
Cock.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - DAY

Some time has passed. We don't know how much. Rusty continues  
to stand at the urinal.

MALICK - a man in his 30s, DRESSED IN ALL BLACK and wearing  
GLASSES enters the toilet. Everything about Malick is odd.  
The way he looks, the way he walks. His face is  
expressionless.

Rusty sighs and looks directly at us as Malick slides up to  
the left urinal like a legless ghost. He turns to Rusty.

MALICK  
Hey.

Rusty looks uncomfortable; even more so than before.

RUSTY  
(nervously)  
Hey.

MALICK  
Are you sure you've got any?

RUSTY  
Yep.

Rusty looks at us in utter disbelief.

MALICK  
It seems you're running empty  
there?

RUSTY  
Nope.

MALICK  
Word of advice. Try applying  
pressure... to your balls.

Malick makes a cupping, squeezing motion with his hand. Rusty looks terrified.

MALICK (CONT'D)  
Just a suggestion.

Malick zips up and glides out of the toilet. Rusty slowly turns to us; almost cowering. As the door shuts Rusty breathes a huge sigh of relief.

RUSTY  
Wait. YOU DIDN'T WASH YOUR HANDS.  
(to CAMERA)  
What was *that*? Did I just receive  
advice on how to piss from a  
fucking serial killer. Fuck my  
life.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - DAY

More time has passed. Rusty remains.

Rusty flinches at the sound of THE DOOR OPENING WITH A BANG AGAINST THE WALL.

GREYDON - a man in his early 20s wearing FUNKY CLOTHES and chomping on a CORNISH PASTY enters the toilet. He lets out a LOUD BELCH as he makes his way over to the urinals. He takes the right urinal and unzips.

Greydon continues chomping away on the pasty, open-mouthed, as he starts peeing. Rusty can't hide his disgust.

Greydon BELCHES again. Rusty can't take his eyes off of this vile specimen and eventually Greydon notices.

GREYDON  
Is there a problem?

RUSTY  
You're eating a pasty in a public toilet?

GREYDON  
Yeah?

RUSTY  
You might as well drink your own piss? Or eat a cock?

Greydon turn aggressive.

GREYDON  
Are you a fucking homophobe or something?

RUSTY  
(quickly realising what he just said)  
No!

GREYDON  
No? No? You just fucking hate gays, is that it?

Rusty splutters.

GREYDON (CONT'D)  
You're the one stood in a public toilet with your dick out doing nowt. And you hate gays? Pfft. Such a latent.

Greydon takes another massive bite of his pasty unfazed by Rusty's disgust.

RUSTY  
Latent? What? What the fuck is a latent?

GREYDON  
You. You're a latent homosexual. You come in here to check out other guys cocks.

RUSTY  
I... I... I don't, alright?

GREYDON

Well why aren't you pissing then?

RUSTY

(losing it)

I CAN'T!

GREYDON

Yeah! A likely story. You're young.

You're handsome.

(pauses)

Gorgeous really.

RUSTY

What the fuck?

GREYDON

I mean I would. You know you want  
the cock. I know you want the cock.

But your attitude is toxic so no  
can do my friend.

Greydon steps away from the urinal and heads for the door, zipping with one hand and precariously clutching the remains of the pasty in the other. He turn back to Rusty to give him one last piece of his mind. He aggressively points at Rusty.

GREYDON (CONT'D)

You need your head examined.

And with that he exits. Rusty looks hurt and angry following this exchange. He looks at us.

RUSTY

(to CAMERA)

What the fucking hell was that  
about?

(shouting at the door)

AND YOU DIDN'T WASH YOUR HANDS!  
COCK.

He spits at the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - DAY

Time has passed, again. Rusty remains. He looks as though all hope has left him.

JONESY a man his late 20s wearing a HOODED TOP and JEANS enters the toilet. He takes the left urinal, unzips and starts peeing.

A long period of silence.

Rusty cautiously turns to us.

RUSTY  
 (to CAMERA)  
 Wow. Silence. Somebody who gets it.  
 Just because we're in the same  
 place at the same time doesn't mean  
 we need to make mindless  
 conversation.  
 (looking to ceiling)  
 Thank you God!

Jonesy finishes peeing, zips up and makes his way to the sink.

He whistles as he washes his hands, taking his time to fix his hair in the mirror. He finishes and then turns to Rusty.

JONESY  
 (politely)  
 Excuse me?

RUSTY  
 (disappointed)  
 What?

JONESY  
 I'm gonna make this quick...

Jonesy pulls a knife from his hooded top and holds it out menacingly but calmly in front of him.

JONESY (CONT'D)  
 Give me your wallet. Now.

RUSTY  
 What?

Jonesy moves towards Rusty and Rusty steps back from urinal towards the wall.

RUSTY (CONT'D)  
 You're fucking joking?

JONESY  
 Do I look like I'm fucking joking?  
 Wallet. Now.

He grabs Rusty and pushes him against the wall holding the knife to his neck.



The SOUND OF URINE is suddenly heard. Both Rusty and Jonesy look at each other confused. Then they both look down. Rusty is urinating all over Jonesy's EXPENSIVE TRAINERS.

They both stand unable to fully comprehend what has just happened. Rusty's expression turns from fear to elation.

RUSTY  
You've made my day!

He punches Jonesy in the stomach, doubling him over and causing him to drop the knife. He then grabs Jonesy's hair pulling him back up and bundles him through the door of the out-of-order cubicle. Rusty lands two massive punches of Jonesy's face, knocking him out cold. Jonesy sits, slumped and unconscious on the toilet.

Rusty turns to us. His expression is pure joy. He straightens up his jacket and turns to the exit. He stops and turns back to us, raising a finger. He has remembered something.

He goes to the sink and washes his hands.

When he's done he pulls two paper towels from the dispenser and dries his hands before scrunching them up in to a ball and tossing them over the top of the cubicle wall, presumably landing somewhere on Jonesy's limp body.

Rusty exits the toilet; a slight skip in his step.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - DAY

Rusty is gone. All is quiet.

A scruffy looking JANITOR enters the toilet and begins mopping the floor. He looks over to the scrunched up balls of tissue on the floor and shakes his head.

He moves towards the far end of the toilet and begins picking up the balls of tissue when he glances to his left and sees Jonesy, still slumped over sat on the toilet cubicle. A black eye has formed and his nose is bleeding.

The Janitor pauses but seems unfazed, shrugs and then continues picking up the balls of tissue. Once he's done he continues mopping, completely ignoring Jonesy.

FADE TO BLACK.

END.