

Confessional

A short film by Andrea Blythe

INT. CLUB BATHROOM - EVENING

The bathroom is small and dingy, with two urinals and two toilets -- and no stall walls in sight.

THUMPING DANCE MUSIC BURSTS into the room as --

JERRY, 30s, drunk and exhausted, stumbles through the door and angles over to the urinal.

Just as he's unzipping his pants --

the door opens and in strides ALICE, 30s, in a flowy dress.

Shocked, Jerry squeezes tighter to the urinal.

JERRY

Uh, this is the men's room.

ALICE

Yeah, but the chick's line is crazy long.

She plops onto the furthest toilet and starts to pee.

ALICE (cont'd)

Why isn't there a stall wall?

JERRY

I don't know. It's a shitty club?

She wipes, stands, flushes the toilet, and heads to the sink to wash her hands.

Watching her head for the door, Jerry is relieved and starts to pee.

But then she stops.

ALICE

God. I don't want to go back out there.

She leans against the sink.

ALICE (cont'd)
I mean, seriously, my friend drags me out to these shit holes, expecting me to party and meet some dude-guy, or whatever, but this is not even my fucking scene --

JERRY
Uh huh.

He angles his back to her as much as possible without peeing on the wall.

ALICE
(continued)
-- and at the end of the day, she's *always* the one who picks up some guy, leaving me at the bar, *by myself*, and I'm just like, What the hell? You know what I mean?

The flow of pee comes to a stop, just as she stops speaking.

Jerry zips up -- and YELPS, having caught himself in the zipper. Whimpering in pain, he leans his forehead on the tile in front of him.

JERRY
I hate everything.

ALICE
Right. Exactly. You get it
(beat)
Anyway, how's your night going?

JERRY
Fine.

ALICE
Well, you're leaning your head against a filthy bathroom wall, so you can't be all that fine.

He pushes away from the urinal, frustrated.

JERRY
You really want to know?

ALICE
I mean, I just dumped all my shit on you, so sure. Spill.

JERRY
Everything's fucked.

ALICE
Elaborate.

He looks her in the eyes -- sees she's listening.

JERRY
Okay, fine. My girlfriend dumped me.

ALICE
That sucks.

JERRY
Yeah, except I can't even blame her,
because for the past few months, I've
been... I don't know, a mess or whatever.
I've just been moping around the house
after I lost my job --

ALICE
Wait, you lost your job, too?

JERRY
Yeah, and now with Claire gone, I'm not
even sure I can afford my apartment.

ALICE
Damn. You're like two-thirds of your way
through a country song right now. All you
need now is for your dog to die.

His shoulders slump.

She panics.

ALICE (cont'd)
Oh, my god. Please tell me your dog hasn't
died.

He smiles, wan.

JERRY
Cat, actually. And no, he's fine.

ALICE
Oh, thank god.

JERRY

It's just... Never mind.

He moves around her to the sink and washes his hands.

ALICE

No. C'mon.

JERRY

Forget it.

He grabs a paper towel and starts drying.

ALICE

No way. We've come this far. You might as well spill the rest.

She gently touches his shoulder.

He sucks in and releases a deep breath.

JERRY

My sister..., she lives out in Texas, and she, uh, called me.

ALICE

Okay.

JERRY

Yeah, I guess, uh..., my mom's health is worsening, and they're..., I guess they're talking about hospice, and...

His voice cracks on the last word. He covers his eyes.

ALICE

Oh, hey...

Music THUDS into the room, as the door opens. A TWENTY-SOMETHING MAN jerks to a halt.

MAN

Um. Am I in the right place?

ALICE

Do you mind? We're having a moment here.

MAN

I just want to piss.

ALICE

So, piss. No one's stopping you.

The man notices Jerry wiping his eyes.

MAN

Yeah, I'll just...come back later.

He backs out of the door.

Alice turns her full attention on Jerry.

ALICE

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry about your mom,
and your girlfriend, and all the shitty
things that are happening to you right now
-- but *you're going to be okay.*

He scoffs.

ALICE (cont'd)

I'm serious. Look, sometimes... sometimes
everything just strikes at once, you know?
And it..., and it *fucking sucks.*

He almost laughs.

ALICE (cont'd)

You're going to survive. This.

JERRY

(shaking his head)

I just don't know how to make it to the
other side.

ALICE

You don't have to. Let's... I don't know.
Grab a coffee or something and keep
talking it out, okay?

He nods.

She holds the door open for him. They leave.

FADE OUT