

GOTTA GO!

Written by

Heath Houseman

FADE IN:

INT. BLADDER

Cystoscopy procedure - the interior of a MAN'S BLADDER as seen from a fiber-optic bladder camera, a fish-eyed lens/tunnel-like image that reveals throbbing veins and live human tissue encircled by internal darkness.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(muffled)

No sign, not a bite. Slow fishing,
Oswald, that's all there is to
it...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Standard medical charts adorn the walls, but a large painting of a river and fly fisherman dominates.

DR. RICHARDSON (65), wearing a white coat, stares into a medical device straight out of 1960s "Star Trek."

The device emits a blue, pulsating light that illuminates and blurs-out his features. He could be Spock at his Science Station on the bridge of the U.S.S. Enterprise.

DR. RICHARDSON

...either we can change the bait
and see what happens or call it a
day. And I don't want to get cocky,
so... unloading the rod...

A NURSE (female, 20s) - latex gloves, protective goggles, bright white teeth - guides the bladder camera cable coming out of the PATIENT'S urethra.

The patient is OSWALD CHAMBERS (35), balding, overweight, a big angelic cherub that is not aging well.

He is naked below the waist, his green hospital gown folded back on his belly. His face is turned away as the nurse fiddles with his penis. His eyes are closed.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Yes, let's retrieve the line,
nurse... but slowly, slowly reel in
the fly...

The nurse pulls the fiber-optic cable, reeling it in.

Dr. Richardson speaks to Oswald without taking his eyes off the device.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Because you never know when you're going to get a strike, eh, Oswald? Even on a slow fishing day like today.

Holds a beat - then gives the device a gentle corrective smack with his hand.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Nurse...? Please...?

She tugs on the fiber-optic cable.

NURSE
 I'm sorry, doctor.

She speaks directly to Oswald's penis.

NURSE (CONT'D)
 Come on, little fella...

Oswald grimaces.

INT. COLON

Bladder camera in Oswald's colon - the interior walls. The internal image jerks a few times but does not move.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The nurse tugs at the bladder camera again.

NURSE
 (struggling)
 ...work with me.

INT. COLON

The bladder camera's internal image jerks again.

DR. RICHARDSON (V.O.)
 (muffled)
 Nurse...?

NURSE (V.O.)
 (muffled)
 I'm sorry, Dr. Richardson.
 (MORE)

NURSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He keeps flopping over. Whoops,
 there he goes again.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Oswald covers his face with his hands.

Dr. Richardson pulls away from the device. He does look like Spock, minus the pointed ears.

DR. RICHARDSON
 A pinch at the superficial perineal
 pouch should keep him erect, at the
 bottom of the shaft. That should
 free the line.

NURSE
 Yes, doctor.
 (beat)
 Dr. Richardson. He's flopped to the
 other side.

DR. RICHARDSON
 Fish flop, nurse. What we have here
 is a flaccid penis that won't
 cooperate.

Dr. Richardson crosses to the nurse and gives her a hand.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Oh my, he is a little fella, isn't
 he? Guess you didn't get your cup
 of coffee this morning, did you?
 Time to rise and shine.

Dr. Richardson directs the nurse, adjusting the cable/penis.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 There. Like that. Good.

NURSE
 But he's leaning to the left,
 doctor. Won't that...?

DR. RICHARDSON
 (a joke between medical
 colleagues)
 The Leaning Tower of Pisa, eh? Only
 in miniature.

Dr. Richardson and the nurse LAUGH.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
He is a cutie, though.

The doctor and nurse lean over Oswald's penis as if its a newborn baby and shower it with BABY TALK. The doctor tickles it, like scratching under a baby's chin.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Coochie coochie choochie coo.
(beat)
Ah, there we go. It's alive. Now pull.

The nurse tugs on the fiber-optic cable.

INT. COLON

The bladder camera jerks violently in Oswald's colon.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Dr. Richardson leans in close to Oswald and winks.

DR. RICHARDSON
If we were fly fishing, I'd suggest
a Surgeon's Knot to keep that
little fella of yours erect.

The nurse pulls again.

INT. COLON

It's a smooth ride now for the bladder camera as the nurse withdraws it from Oswald's urethra, the interior walls passing by.

DR. RICHARDSON (V.O.)
(muffled)
See? A pinch and a tickle is all it
takes. Excellent. Excellent.
Reeling it in just fine.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The nurse continues to pull the fiber-optic cable.

DR. RICHARDSON
OK, so Oswald, I know you love your
coffee. But no more, understand?
Not another caffeinated drop.

Oswald grits his teeth, gives Dr. Richardson a nod.

The nurse prepares to yank the bladder camera out of Oswald's urethra.

NURSE

This might sting a little, Mr.
Chambers.

She pulls the camera out of Oswald's urethra with an AUDIBLE
POP!

Oswald's eyes GO WIDE.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Richardson sits behind a desk encircled by doctorate
degrees, fly fishing paintings/paraphernalia, a trophy of a
30 inch rainbow trout.

Oswald crouches in the chair opposite, legs crossed, hands
over his genitals.

DR. RICHARDSON

Adult Overactive Bladder.

OSWALD

AOB, of course. But what about the
bladder canc - ?

DR. RICHARDSON

No.

OSWALD

The bowel-to-bladder fist - ?

DR. RICHARDSON

No.

OSWALD

Crohns disea - ?

DR. RICHARDSON

No.

OSWALD

Divert - ?

DR. RICHARDSON

No.

OSWALD

Inter - ?

DR. RICHARDSON
No.

OSWALD
Ur - ?

DR. RICHARDSON
No.

OSWALD
What have I got then?

DR. RICHARDSON
Adult Overactive Bladder.

OSWALD
AOB.

DR. RICHARDSON
Of course.

OSWALD
But, Dr. Richardson, sometimes it
feels like my bladder is going to
explode.

DR. RICHARDSON
Your bladder is not going to
explode, Oswald.

While sitting in the chair, Oswald's bladder and body
EXPLODES, sending bloody chunks of Oswald across the room.

Drenched in gore, the doctor continues as if nothing
happened.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
It simply thinks it's full when
it's not, or in other words, your
bladder's float isn't going all the
way to the top.
(beat)
Hello? Oswald? Oswald Chambers?

Oswald sits in the chair, day-dreaming about his exploding
bladder.

The doctor snaps his fingers to get Oswald's attention. There
is no gore on the walls or on Dr. Richardson.

OSWALD
I have an overactive -

DR. RICHARDSON

Imagination. As well as an overactive bladder. Look. You're going to have to pull up your waders and take your medication, Oswald. As I have told you more times than I care to admit, the feeling of an explosive bladder will abate, if not entirely vanish - if you take your medicine. Conjointly, you will have the urge to go less often.

OSWALD

But the medication, I can't...

The doctor raises a hand like a street cop stopping traffic.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

No. No, listen, it's the swallowing, swallowing the pills, the way they feel - like furry caterpillars crawling down my throat - makes me gag, makes my gag reflex... you know... gag.

DR. RICHARDSON

Oswald, here's what we're going to do. It's Friday and I'm going fly fishing. You are going to take your medication and remember what I said: Not another flop of coffee.

(beat)

Drop. Drop of coffee, I meant.

(beat)

Fish flop.

Oswald cringes.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Oswald pushes a shopping cart/groceries toward a restored pastel yellow and green 1980 FORD PINTO CRUISING WAGON with round side panel bubble windows.

The driver's side window of the Pinto is rolled down.

He opens the hatchback and loads the wagon. When he puts the last bag inside, there's a pound of gourmet GROUND COFFEE on top.

Oswald stares at it.

He suddenly digs into his pants pocket and yanks out his bottle of AOB medication.

A frazzled WOMAN (35) appears in the background, pushing a shopping cart with a little GIRL sitting in it, rolling toward Oswald.

The woman SHOUTS at the girl, an unintelligible barrage of EXPLETIVES, wagging a finger in her face like a gun, threatening to use it.

As she passes, she SLAPS the girl in the back of the head. Oswald visibly reacts, catching the woman's attention. She stops and glares at him - daring him to say something.

He drops his gaze and it's back to his coffee dilemma. He puts the AOB bottle in his pocket.

CRAZED WOMAN

(to the girl)

You do that again I'm gonna put you
in a chokehold, you little turd.

The girl CRIES.

The woman pushes the cart toward her beat-up car. It's parked next to the Pinto, passenger side.

Oswald removes the coffee from the grocery bag and walks to a nearby DUMPSTER.

Before he throws the coffee away, he SNIFFS the bag like a strung-out addict.

Finally, he opens the dumpster lid, tosses the coffee inside, whirls around and almost runs back to the wagon.

The woman is unloading groceries into her car, the girl still in the shopping cart, whimpering.

Oswald opens the driver's door, squeezes himself behind the wheel, keys the ignition.

The woman SLAPS the back of the girl's head again, drawing Oswald's attention.

When it appears as if she's going to do again, Oswald pulls himself out of the wagon and addresses the woman over the roof of his car.

OSWALD

Hey...!

The woman freezes, then slowly turns her head and stares at Oswald in stunned silence. The child stops crying. Stunned too.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

I mean... ex-ex-excuse me. But don't you think that's, uh, that your behavior is, uh, isn't that a little...

Her GLARE is so POWERFUL Oswald has to take a step back.

Without taking her eyes off Oswald, the woman SLAPS the girl in the back of the head again.

CRAZED WOMAN

And what's a big fat fuck like you gonna do about it?

(beat)

That's what I thought.

She yanks the girl out of the cart, throws her into the front seat, gets in, starts the car.

A short, bubbly COFFEE BARISTA (25), wearing a uniform and apron for work, walks by in the background.

She is covered in fish tattoos. Her earrings look like fish hooks. She has a fish hook in her nose, a fish hook in her lower lip, hair buzzed and dyed white.

She stops walking, looks at Oswald with concern. She gives him a little wave, a wiggle of fingers.

Oswald waves back, smiles, nods - got it under control, nothing to worry about.

CRAZED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Assholes like you ruin it for everybody.

The woman flips Oswald off, then hits the gas and pulls away, SCREECHING the tires.

Relieved, but aware the Barista is watching, Oswald returns the gesture: He flips the woman off.

OSWALD

Yeah, that's right, bee-otch. Kiss my ass.

The woman HITS THE BRAKES. Oswald and the Barista share an oh shit look.

The woman reverses quickly toward Oswald.

Oswald jumps into the Pinto, slams the door.

She stops the car, gets out, leaving the engine running and the driver's door open. She walks toward Oswald with a CARTON OF EGGS. The girl in the car CRIES.

CRAZED WOMAN

You wanna play, motherfucker?

Oswald tries to start the Pinto. CHUGGA, CHUGGA, CHUGGA!
Won't start.

The Barista takes an anxious step toward Oswald.

BARISTA

(calling out)

Oswald...?

Oswald shows the Barista that everything's A-OK by sticking his arm out the window and giving her the THUMBS UP sign.

The woman throws eggs at the Pinto like a baseball pitcher, one after the other, splat, splat, splat!

Oswald SHRIEKS every time an egg splatters on the windshield.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

Leave him alone, you bitch!

CRAZED WOMAN

Stay outta this, honey. 'Less you want my foot up your ass.

The Barista dials her cell phone.

BARISTA

I'm calling 911!

Out of eggs, the woman runs to the Pinto. Oswald panics, rolls up the driver's side window, locks the doors. She THROWS HERSELF onto the hood of the car. She bends the windshield wipers.

OSWALD

Please don't kill me...! Please
don't kill me...! Please don't kill
me...!

The woman plasters her face against the windshield and the raw, running eggs, GROWLING like a crazed animal. She claws at the windshield, then shakes the Pinto from side to side.

OSWALD (CONT'D)
Aaaaaaaah! Aaaaaaaah! Aaaaaaaah!

A GARBAGE TRUCK pulls into the parking lot. It's driving toward the dumpster and Oswald's bag of coffee.

BARISTA
The police are coming! You hear me?
They're coming, you horrible, sick
excuse for a human being!

The woman slides off the Pinto, turns to the Barista and points a threatening finger at her.

CRAZED WOMAN
Fuck with me and I'll fuck with
you, fish face.

Then she jumps into her car and speeds away, LAUGHING like a maniac, the girl CRYING.

INT. PINTO - DAY

Oswald holds the steering wheel in a death grip. He lays his forehead against it, breathing hard and fast.

The Barista runs to the wagon, taps on the window.

BARISTA
Oswald? Oswald? Are you OK? Oh my
god! Oswald?

An empty coffee cup on the passenger floorboard catches Oswald's eye. He stares at it, licks his lips, salivating, reaches for the cup... Stops himself.

He does a frantic search for his AOB medication. Finds it in his pants pocket, pulls the bottle out, pops the lid, fingers a pill, opens his mouth... GAGS...

He can't put the pill in his mouth.

The garbage truck hydraulics WHIR and STRAIN as the forks raise the dumpster.

Oswald looks up. His gourmet coffee is dumped into the back of the garbage truck. His eyes GO WIDE.

He tosses the medication aside and pulls the door handle. The door won't open. He slams his shoulder against it. No luck. Using both hands, he pulls on the handle.

OSWALD

Open! Open! Damn you, open! Aaaah!
Aaaah! Aaaah!

The Barista steps away from the Pinto.

Oswald unlocks the door, leaps from the Pinto, pushing the Barista aside, but... too late. The garbage truck is driving away.

Oswald chases the truck and his coffee.

INT. LOCAL COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Oswald is second in line at the coffee counter, eyes bulging, body shaking, oozing sweat.

The CUSTOMER ahead of him pays for her coffee in cash and change, counting it out. She slides the coins with a fingertip - one quarter, dime, nickel, penny at a time.

Oswald ogles each one, moving his head with the customer's finger as she slides the coins to the Barista.

Finally, the customer picks up her coffee. As she leaves, Oswald rushes to the counter, pushing the customer out of his way.

The Barista reaches across the counter and caresses his hand.

BARISTA

Whoa, whoa there, Oswald. Slow it down... How you holdin' up?

Oswald is unable to respond - must have coffee now!

BARISTA (CONT'D)

(whisper)

You were so brave. I'm so proud of you... The usual?

Oswald nods.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

(yelling)

One 32 oz., fat free, sugar free, lactose free, double café mocha without whip, extra hot quad shot with a shot of sugar free vanilla for Oswald!

INT. TABLE - DAY

Calmer now, Oswald sits at a table waiting for his coffee, a pocket notebook and pen laid out in front of him. He opens the notebook and prepares to write.

He scribbles three words in the notebook: "DOCTOR," "SUPERMARKET," "BANK." He scratches a line through "Doctor" and "Supermarket."

The Barista delivers his coffee.

BARISTA

Here you go, puddin'.

OSWALD

Thank you - for what you did. You were brave. You were the brave one. Braver than me.

BARISTA

(whispers)

I didn't really call the police.

She winks, squeezes his shoulder, then it's back to work.

Oswald removes the plastic coffee lid, raises it to his nose - a deep inhalation. He peers into his coffee cup and we see...

...HIS COLON INSIDE THE CUP, as if he is looking through Dr. Richardson's fiber-optic bladder camera.

Dr. Richardson is INSIDE OSWALD'S COLON, fly fishing.

DR. RICHARDSON

Don't drink that coffee, Oswald.

Oswald reacts, nearly dropping his coffee. He takes a beat to steady himself and then sets the coffee down, but something catches his attention underneath the table.

He takes a look and sees the CRAZED WOMAN'S SHOES and the GIRL'S FEET kicking back and forth. Oswald looks up in horror. The crazed woman and girl SIT AT THE TABLE WITH HIM.

CRAZED WOMAN

Don't drink that, you big fat fuck, or you'll be sorry.

Oswald covers his eyes with his hands and...

...now he's standing on an INFINITE SHORELINE among MILLIONS OF FLOPPING RAINBOW TROUT gasping for breath as Dr. Richardson says:

DR. RICHARDSON (V.O.)
Fish flop, Oswald. Fish flop.

Oswald uncovers his eyes, grabs the coffee and gulps it down.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Oswald slams the coffee cup on the table, empty.

-- Oswald drinks a second coffee.

-- Slams the coffee cup on the table, empty.

-- Oswald drinks a third coffee.

-- Slams the coffee cup on the table, empty.

END MONTAGE

Oswald reclines at the table with THREE empty 32 oz. coffee cups in front of him, satiated, buzzing on caffeine.

He glances at his notebook, reaches for it, knocks a cup over, spilling the leftover coffee inside. It trickles to the edge of the table and falls over.

TIME SLOWS DOWN and a SINGLE DROP of coffee falls toward the floor. It hits with a splash, SOUNDING like a NUCLEAR EXPLOSION. KA-BOOM!

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

BACK TO NORMAL TIME:

Oswald's driving his Pinto. He SQUIRMS behind the wheel, looks down and PINCHES his groin, looks up and...

...there are hundreds of RED TAIL LIGHTS in front of him - miles of traffic ahead. He hits the brakes, tires SQUEALING.

Stopped dead on the road, bumper-to-bumper, not going anywhere, Oswald hangs his head, shoulders slumped forward, shifts in the seat, crosses his legs, squeezes, and GROANS.

FSSSH! FSSSH! FSSSH! A sound coming from outside his car.

Oswald raises his head and looks out the window: it's a golf course on the opposite side of the road with an active SPRINKLER SYSTEM soaking the grass, the SOUND of the sprinklers ticking out a relentless watery beat.

Staring at the golf course, Oswald rocks back and forth, in sync with the sprinkler system, hands between his legs, squeezing.

FSSSH! FSSSH! FSSSH!

Oswald closes his eyes, face covered in fine beads of sweat, and then...

...an ANIMATED MEDICAL CHART appears, the words "OSWALD'S ANATOMY" written above an outline of his body. There are no organs, bones or veins inside the body. It's free of detail, a simple black outline on white paper.

The POCKET NOTEBOOK is held in the hand of the anatomical drawing, the book open and the three words displayed inside: "Doctor," "Supermarket," "Bank."

The words "Doctor" and "Supermarket" have lines drawn through them. "Bank" is CIRCLED in RED.

Dr. Richardson (non-animated) stands next to the outline of Oswald's body like a professor giving a lecture. He is small compared to it. He holds a closed UMBRELLA.

FSSSH! FSSSH! FSSSH! in the background.

YELLOW URINE fills Oswald's anatomy, starting at the feet, then going up. Dr. Richardson follows the rising urine with the tip of his umbrella. It fills the legs, belly, throat, and finally the head, and then the body springs a 1000 LEAKS.

Dr. Richardson opens the umbrella as the pee rains down.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The Pinto rockets into a parking space on a downtown city street. Oswald kicks the door open, almost falls out, stumbles to the parking meter.

He digs for change in a pocket. The AOB bottle falls out and coins spill to the sidewalk. He GROANS as they JINGLE like DROPS OF WATER. He picks up the coins, feeds the meter.

He looks for the BANK: Two blocks away. Runs - kicking the AOB bottle away - runs, runs, then passes a CHINESE RESTAURANT, entrance door open. Stops! Looks inside and there's a direct, unobstructed line to a BATHROOM.

He looks to the bank, the restaurant, the bank, the restaurant.

Two FOUNTAINS on either side of the restaurant's entrance spray jets of water and the longer he vacillates, the stronger the jets become. Oswald rushes into the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

He goes straight for the bathroom, a FISH TANK filled with koi carp and goldfish catching his eye. Tank water pumps through a water filter, SPLUTTERING.

A GIANT MAN (20s, Chinese) appears, blocking his way. Oswald all but runs into him. The giant man points to a sign: "Bathrooms for customers. Only!"

The sound of the fish tank's spluttering water filter increases in volume.

Oswald holds a beat, then makes a sudden fake to the right, then left, but the giant man mirrors every move. Oswald rushes him.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The giant man THROWS Oswald out of the restaurant.

He picks himself up and runs toward the bank, pinching his groin as he goes, passes a CONSTRUCTION work zone with orange traffic cones, heavy equipment, and CONSTRUCTION WORKERS in hard hats. Repairing a PIPE that's SPRUNG a LEAK.

The leak SPRAYS WATER like Old Faithful.

Oswald sees a single BLUE PORT-A-POTTY. Sprints for it. A CONSTRUCTION WORKER (40s) blocks his way.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
Sorry, pal. Teamsters only. Gotta go? Go someplace else.

Another underground pipe BURSTS, sending up an enormous STREAM of water.

INT. BANK - DAY

Oswald CRASHES against the glass door, pushes it open with a BANG! The sound ECHOES. The bank is quiet, bathed in a cool twilight, BLINDS DRAWN.

CUSTOMERS stand shoulder-to-shoulder near BANK TELLERS. No one moves or talks. All eyes are on Oswald.

One of the customers is a PREGNANT WOMAN (20s), holding her belly and breathing as if she's about to go into labor.

With one hand in a pocket, legs pinched, Oswald limps into the bank like the hunchback Quisimodo. He GRUNTS, one arm swinging crazily as he walks.

His bladder is about to burst. He is in agonizing pain. His feet CLACK on the polished tile floor.

He reaches the center of the bank, spins in a frenzy trying to locate the BATHROOM and... there it is! He's got it!

A giant LEPRECHAUN (30s) steps from the windows, out of the twilight, aiming a PISTOL at Oswald.

LEPRECHAUN
(muffled)
Stop! You! Stop...!

It's a BANK ROBBER wearing a HALLOWEEN COSTUME: an oversized foam hat-headpiece with a smiling LEPRECHAUN face, hair, and beard.

The hat-headpiece conceals his entire head so that he looks like a bobblehead toy - oversized head, small body. He's wearing a green tunic, green tights, and pointy elf shoes.

Oswald remains bent over like Quisimodo, breathing hard, sweat dripping, hand squeezing groin.

LEPRECHAUN (CONT'D)
(muffled)
You... What...? What the fuck...?

Another BANK ROBBER (30s) stands by the line of customers, holding a bag.

He's in COSTUME too: an oversized foam ELVIS hat-headpiece with attached Elvis sunglasses and hair. It conceals his entire head just like the leprechaun costume. He's wearing a gold jumpsuit.

ELVIS
(muffled)
What? What'd you say?

LEPRECHAUN
(muffled)
I said, what the fuck? What the fucky fucky fuck! How the fuck you get in here?

ELVIS
 (muffled)
 What?

LEPRECHAUN
 (muffled)
 Just walk through the front fuckin'
 door like Casper the Friendly
 Fuckin' Ghost...? You idiot. You
 dumbfuck, fuckin' idiot, fuck!

OSWALD
 I... have... to... go... to...
 the... bath... room.

ELVIS
 (muffled)
 What? What'd he say?

LEPRECHAUN
 (muffled)
 Bathroom! He said he's gotta go to
 the fuckin' bathroom! Can you
 believe that? Do you fuckin'
 believe that? I can't! I can't
 fuckin' believe it! Don't you move,
 mister.
 (to Elvis)
 Go on. Finish it!

Elvis shrugs his shoulders: What?

Leprechaun gestures with his pistol: Go down the line,
 collect cash, fill bag.

LEPRECHAUN (CONT'D)
 Under-fuckin'-stand?

Elvis nods, starts moving down the line, taking money.

Still bent like Quisimodo, Oswald twists himself to watch. He
 sees a water cooler near the line of customers. It bubbles,
 GLUG, GLUG, GLUG. Oswald shudders.

LEPRECHAUN (CONT'D)
 (muffled)
 Hurry up. Cops'll be here any
 minute.

Elvis continues at a slow but steady pace.

A frightened CUSTOMER drops an open WATER BOTTLE. It spills
 onto the tile floor, DRIBBLE, DRIBBLE, DRIBBLE.

LEPRECHAUN (CONT'D)

Hurry up!

Elvis stops collecting, taps his foam hat-headpiece.

ELVIS

(muffled)

What? What? I can't hear a single thing you're sayin' in this thing.

LEPRECHAUN

(muffled)

I said the cops'll be here any minute, you fuckin' idiot, you dumb fuckin' dumbfuck -

The pregnant woman looks down, in shock.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Oh... my... goodness...

She standing in a PUDDLE gathering around her feet.

Everyone stares, including Oswald who focuses on the amniotic fluid dripping into the puddle.

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP.

Oswald snaps.

OSWALD

Oh, for Pete's sake!

He limp/runs like Quisimodo, grabs the bag from Elvis' hand, and goes down the line.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Wallets, purses, watches, jewelry, smartphones, put it in the bag. Come on. Do it. I've gotta go!

Oswald faces Leprechaun and Elvis, offering the bag.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Take it!

ELVIS

(to Oswald, muffled)

Thank you. Thank you very much.

Leprechaun aims his pistol at Oswald.

LEPRECHAUN
 (muffled)
 Stop! Just fuckin' stop already!

Leprechaun gestures to Elvis, using the pistol: Grab the bag, get over here.

ELVIS
 (muffled)
 What?

LEPRECHAUN
 (muffled)
 Get the bag and get your ass over here!

Elvis grabs the bag, crosses to Leprechaun so that both of them are shoulder to shoulder, standing in front of Oswald, BACKS TO THE WINDOWS.

ELVIS
 (muffled)
 Geez, I can't see a darn thing in this thing, either. I can't hear anything. I can't see anything. Who's idea was this anyway, these things? 'Cause I can't -

LEPRECHAUN
 (muffled, very calm)
 Don't. Don't you start. Don't you even do that. You hear me? Don't.

The pregnant woman is hit with a massive CONTRACTION. She cradles her belly, reaching for support.

PREGNANT WOMAN
 Ooooo!

OSWALD
 (in agony)
 You need to help that woman. You need to let me go to the bathroom. Please...

LEPRECHAUN
 (muffled)
 I don't need to let you do fuckin' nothing, fuck-face. You need to...

OSWALD
 (warning)
 If. You. Don't. I'm. Going. To. Let. It. All. Go.

LEPRECHAUN
 (muffled)
 You're what?

ELVIS
 (muffled)
 He said he's going to...

LEPRECHAUN
 (muffled)
 What?

Elvis turns his foam hat-headpiece and SHOUTS in Leprechaun's foam ear.

ELVIS
 (muffled)
 He said he's going to let it all go!

Oswald unzips his fly and PEES on Leprechaun, a stream so powerful it hits Leprechaun like a FIREHOSE.

Oswald GROANS, eyes rolling back in his head, back arching.

Leprechaun is so STUNNED he just stands there, getting drenched.

In a state of relieved ecstasy, Oswald turns the powerful stream on Elvis, drenching him, then it's back to Leprechaun.

An enormous PUDDLE OF PEE forms around the feet of the bank robbers.

SHADOWS move across the blinds behind them: A SWAT TEAM.

Oswald's stream begins to lose power, dribbling away from Leprechaun.

He gives his midsection a good squeeze and a sudden jet of pee arches at Leprechaun, splashing his midsection. It dribbles away again.

OSWALD
 Ooooooh...

The SWAT Team creeps up behind the robbers, weapons drawn.

Eyes closed, Oswald squeezes once more, emptying his bladder, releasing a final, small arch that spatters at the feet of Leprechaun, splish, splash.

Leprechaun rips off his foam headpiece.

LEPRECHAUN

Oh my god! Oh! My! God! This is so
fucked up! I just stood there and
let you piss all over me!

OFFICER

Freeze!

Leprechaun and Elvis spin at the Officer's command, causing
them to SLIP in the puddle of pee.

Leprechaun flies high in the air, landing on his back with a
bone crushing WHOMP!

Elvis does the perfect Elvis impersonation as his feet slip
and slide in the pee and then he goes down, SLAM!

The SWAT Team is on them in seconds. The Officer steps
forward, holding his weapon on Oswald.

A beat, then...

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Zip up your fly.

Arms above his head, Oswald is too scared to do it.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Sir. I need you to zip up your fly
and step away from the puddle of
pee.

INT. LOCAL COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

The Barista works behind the counter, taking orders. Oswald
enters, crosses to the counter, pushing through the line of
CUSTOMERS until he's face to face with her.

BARISTA

Oswald...? Oswald, wait... Please.
Sweetie-pie...

(beat)

The usual?

OSWALD

Not today.

He leans across the counter, gently pulls the Barista to him
and KISSES HER, a deep, loving, and long kiss. The customers
break out in SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE.

The kiss ends and they pull away, but the hook in the Barista's lip hooks Oswald's lip. They struggle to unhook one another.

When they unhook, she reaches up and caresses his big face with a tiny hand.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

The Pinto is packed with camping and fishing gear. Oswald and the Barista load the wagon with groceries.

BARISTA
(singsongy)
I love fish, I love fish, but you
are my favorite dish.

The Barista stands on her toes, cranes her neck, puckers her lips. They KISS, a quick, cautious peck.

She puts a REVERSIBLE BUCKET FISHING HAT with fishing flies hooked into it on his head, straightens it out.

BARISTA (CONT'D)
There. You were born to wear that
hat.

They get into the Pinto, Oswald squeezing behind the wheel.

INT. PINTO - DAY

BARISTA
You take your medication, puddin'?

A beat, then Oswald pulls out his AOB bottle, opens it, fingers a pill, grimaces, gags.

BARISTA (CONT'D)
No, no, no, loosen up, sweetie-pie.
Come on, relax. Massage your jaw
muscles. That's it. Use your thumbs
and soften 'em up. Yeah, that's it,
gently rub 'em, good. Gooood - no,
no. Honey. Unclench your jaw.
You're clenching your jaw. Just...
You don't want to clench your jaw.
Just... that's it. Open and
breathe, breathe in and out of your
mouth. Good. Now shake your head
side to side. You wanna keep your
mouth open, let your jaw flop
around, loosey-goosey.

(MORE)

BARISTA (CONT'D)

Pretend you're a fish, breaking the surface of the water. Yeah, loosen up those jaw muscles, baby. That's it. Let the saliva flow. It helps lube it up. The more lube you have, the easier it is to do. Stay calm. Breathe slowly. Focus, and now... noow... put it in your mouth and... swallow.

He swallows the pill.

BARISTA (CONT'D)

That's it. Easypeasyfishywishy. Geez, you're getting so good.

OSWALD

I love it when you do that to me.

She caresses his face, leans into him and cuddles.

BARISTA

I love doing it for you, lover.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

The Pinto pulls away.

OSWALD (V.O.)

Uh... Did we forget something, honey?

BARISTA (V.O.)

No, babe, we didn't forget a thing. No more coffee for you. Now, come on, big boy. Let's go! You protect me from the bears and I'll catch you some fish.

FADE OUT.