

THE EXCRETE

Written by  
CJ Friedlander

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY - DAY

With a damp towel, a HAND slowly wipes down the side of a bright red car door. Sweat drips off TIM (44, male) as he makes one last pass, then steps back.

A shiny, polished 1977 FORD MUSTANG gleams in the sunlight. Soap bubbles leisurely slide down its metal doors. It's a majestic-looking car.

Tim squints. He leans in and wipes a tiny missed smudge near the car's left headlight.

He steps back again and smiles - tears welling up.

PLOP!

A large wad of BIRD SHIT slaps onto the once-spotless windshield.

Tim freezes. His eyes go wide and his mouth drops.

He slowly looks up.

Up in a tree, a small BLUE BIRD stares back down at him.

Tim's face turns beet red. A fuse ignites.

TIM  
(shouting)  
YOU LITTLE JACKASS!! I SPENT ALL  
MORNING CLEANING THAT CAR!!

The small bird just cocks its head before flying off into a nearby forest.

Tim watches, his eyes glaring.

TIM (cont'd)  
It's not over yet...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY

Pine trees stretch for miles - an endless sea of green.

Along the forest floor, the same blue bird as before lands beside a conveniently placed pile of BIRD SEED.

The blue bird cocks its head before feasting.

EXT. FOREST CANOPY - DAY

High up in the trees, Tim - disguised in a cartoonishly ridiculous BLUE BIRD COSTUME - peers down at the small bird through the branches.

TIM  
(smiling)  
That's right... go to town on that  
you little blue demon.

Slowly, Tim begins to unzip his feathery bird pants.

Soon, his bare bottom is fully exposed as he carefully leans out over the edge of a thick branch - positioned directly above the unsuspecting bird below.

He begins to sweat as he attempts to aim himself.

TIM (cont'd)  
Almost ready...

SNAP!

Tim looks up.

A massive COUGAR snarls just inches from his face.

Tim's eyes go wide.

TIM (cont'd)  
(whimpers)  
Mommy...

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY

The small bird continues to peck at the bird seed.

Up above, we hear-

TIM (O.C.)  
AaaaaaaaAHAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

SMACK!!!

Tim - no longer wearing pants - falls directly into a nearby bush as the cougar jumps down from the trees.

Discombobulated, Tim slowly steps out of the bush as the cougar spots him. It snarls once more.

TIM  
OH SHIT!

The cougar gives chase as Tim begins running in frantic circles, screaming.

The small blue bird pauses its frenzy and just watches.

EXT. POND - DAY

Tim crashes through the bushes and dives head first into a small pond.

After a few seconds, he surfaces, gasping for breath.

Back at the shore, the cougar stops and stares at Tim. It snarls - then slowly retreats back into the forest.

Tim breaks into hysterical laughter.

TIM  
(laughing)  
HA! That's right! Stay away you  
little jackass!

Something SNAPS behind him.

Tim stop and slowly turns around.

Out from a nearby pond cave, A massive BEAR towers over him.

The bear ROARS.

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY

From a distance, the blue bird watches as Tim frantically runs back into the clearing, fleeing the bear behind him. He trips on a log and smacks into a large wad of DEER SHIT.

Tim can only watch as the bear climbs on top of him. It's about to bite before it sniffs Tim, sneers, then slowly rumbles away.

Tim - still without pants - is just silent, unable to move.

Soon, the little blue bird flutters down beside him. Tim looks at it angrily. The bird just cocks its head before flying away.

SPLAT!

A final splash of BIRD SHIT lands squarely on Tim.

CUT TO BLACK