

Performance Anxiety

By

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EXT. CLUB FRICTION – EVENING

FRANK, EARL and CYAN, all in their early twenties, approach a LONG LINE leading from the entrance to Club Friction.

Music spills out of the open doors as the line slowly moves towards the immense BOUNCER.

Frank is clearly agitated as they take their place at the end of the line.

FRANK

Come on, look at this line. Let's go somewhere else.

EARL

No.

FRANK

It's gonna take forever to get a drink, the dance floor is gonna be all packed and you can forget-

CYAN

You're driving me nuts, Frank, what the fuck?

FRANK

Nothing, I just think it'd be better, you know, somewhere else.

EARL

Okay, where do you want to go.

FRANK

How about Ravens?

EARL

No. There, problem solved.

FRANK

What's wrong with Ravens?

EARL

It's way the hell at the other end of Seventh and we're already halfway to the door.

CYAN

Ravens charges a cover.

EARL

Yes, and Ravens charges a cover. We're not going.

FRANK

I'll pay the cover.

CYAN

You'll pay? Okay, now you're  
freaking me out.

FRANK

What, I can't pay the cover?

EARL

Historically? No.

CYAN

Besides, what's the point? Ravens  
plays the same music, it's pretty  
much the same crowd, it'll  
probably be just as packed...

EARL

And the drinks are more expensive.

Earl shrugs.

FRANK

There are other differences.

Cyan lights up. She turns to Frank.

CYAN

Oh my God, is this about a girl?

FRANK

Would that make a difference?

CYAN

Yes.

EARL

No.

FRANK

Yes, I met this girl and she's  
going to be there. I'd really like  
to go, okay? So can we?

Earl looks Frank dead in the eyes.

EARL

What's her name.

FRANK

I'm sorry?

EARL

Don't stall, what's her name?

Frank looks into Earls' taunting eyes for a moment as his brain works overtime.

FRANK  
Her name...

EARL  
Quick...

FRANK  
Is...

EARL  
You suck at this...

FRANK  
Francine.

EARL  
That's your mother's name.

FRANK  
Okay, so...

EARL  
You can't lie. ID's out guys,  
we're almost there.

FRANK  
Look if I tell you, you'll just  
harass me all night?

EARL  
Sure, but we do that anyway. This  
will at least give us a focus.

CYAN  
Lay it on us, big guy.

FRANK  
I like the...facilities at Ravens  
better.

CYAN  
The facilities?

FRANK  
You know, the bathrooms.

EARL  
Because they, what, have a better  
mint selection?

FRANK  
They offer more privacy. I like  
privacy when I'm doing my thing.

EARL

Oh, when you make pee pee?

Cyan tries to hold in her laughter.

FRANK

Yes, dick. I get like performance anxiety or something. It's hard to concentrate to begin with since they have no partitions. Then you got all these guys in line watching you. Or you get some guy next to you who wants to have a conversation or he's trying to check out your junk. It's not funny.

EARL

Well, actually...

FRANK

If I can't relax, I can't pee. I'll usually just fake it..

CYAN

Fake it?

FRANK

Yeah, you know shake and flush and leave. But I still have to go.

Frank looks into each of their faces hoping for the best.

Unable to contain no more, their laughter is released.

Frank, looking disgusted, relents.

EARL

I just can't believe you've put that much thought and effort into this little defect of yours.

FRANK

That's all right, we'll go here. I see how you guys are. Just know that I'm going to be dreading it all night.

EARL

Duly noted.

CYAN

What if Earl goes with you and stands behind you with his arms out and announces "nothing to see here." Would that help?

EARL

No way. He's on his own.

They reach the bouncer and offer their ID's one by one.

Frank looks up at him after the bouncer nods him in.

FRANK

Thanks.

They enter the club.

INT. CLUB FRICTION - LATER

Frank is seated at the bar. Earl and Cyan approach.

EARL

Did your water break yet?

Frank gives him the finger.

Cyan sidles up to Frank.

She puts an arm around him and lays her head on his shoulder.

CYAN

Hang in there, big guy. We can beat this thing together.

FRANK

Okay, don't patronize me.

CYAN

I'm not. I'm being condescending.

Frank pushes her off.

FRANK

Will you two stop? I'm fine. I'm having fun and I've already pissed twice so let it go.

Earl eyes him suspiciously.

EARL

No you haven't.

Frank looks back indignantly.

FRANK

Wha- yes I have. We've been here two hours, you think I haven't gone yet?

EARL  
I know you haven't.

FRANK  
Well, you...know wrong.

CYAN  
I believe you.

FRANK  
Thank you.

EARL  
Sucker.

FRANK  
Tell you what...

Frank gulps the rest of his beer and slams it on the bar.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I'm going to go take a piss.

EARL  
Don't you mean another piss.

FRANK  
Another piss...

CYAN  
You can do it.

EARL  
More power to you, brother.

Frank stands up.

FRANK  
And afterward, will you idiots let this go?

They both nod their heads positively.

CYAN  
Absolutely.

EARL  
Not a chance.

Frank turns and sees the bathroom door across the crowded dance floor.

He steels himself and begins pushing his way toward his fate.

Earl raises a fist in solidarity.

INT. MEN'S ROOM — NIGHT

Frank is standing in line behind four guys.

There are four urinals lining the wall to his right. On his left are two stalls, both closed.

Frank looks pleading at the stall doors as the line dwindles to three.

FRANK  
(to himself)  
Come on...

The line moves forward another spot, he is now third in line.

He looks back toward the stall doors when he hears a flush from the urinals. His attention turns as he sees two guys head for the sinks.

Frank is next.

He sidesteps slightly to angle his body towards the stall doors.

He sees the feet under the first one begin to stir.

FRANK  
(to himself)  
Come on...

He looks back to the urinals and sees the guy in the middle doing a little post-piss shake.

He snaps his attention back to the stall. The feet below have turned.

Suddenly a hand taps his shoulder.

Frank turns around and sees the GUY BEHIND HIM motioning towards the newly opened urinal.

FRANK  
Oh...yeah...

Frank begins to step forward when he hears the distinctive snap of a stall door unlatching.

Frank whirls to see the door creaking open.

Relief washes his face as he quickly steps in front of ANOTHER GUY already angling for the open stall.

FRANK  
Whoa, first in line, I'm next.



The guy backs off and Frank triumphantly steps forward.

A DRUNK GUY, looking like absolute hell, stumbles out and the door BANGS shut behind him.

Frank reaches for the door after the drunk has passed and swings it open.

STALL

Frank steps forward and immediately stops as if he'd walked into a wall. He looks on in horror at the sight before him.

The toilet is filled to the top with a swirling mix of putrid refuse from every body function imaginable. Some may not even be human.

The water, and whatever is floating in it, has slowly begun flowing down the sides of the bowl.

Frank looks on in horror and disgust followed by disappointment.

He looks over his shoulder at the line for the urinals before returning his attention to the horrific sight in front of him.

He considers the bowl one final time before relenting.

He backs out of the stall and heads back to the line.

Frank moves to get in line behind a YOUNG GUY who is looking into the open stall door.

YOUNG GUY

That is messed up, man. Hey bro, you can go next. You were ahead of me anyway.

FRANK

Thanks.

Frank steps back to the front of the line.

He watches as EACH GUY at all FIVE URINALS finishes up simultaneously and steps away.

He moves toward them and takes his place at the closest one.

Unzipping his pants, he closes his eyes and exhales.

An unsettling feeling overcomes him and he opens his eyes again. He is suddenly aware that room has gone completely silent.

Glancing to his left he notices the other four stalls are still unoccupied.

He looks over his shoulder to see every OCCUPANT in the men's room watching him with hushed intensity.

No one moves. No one speaks. All stand in wait.

Frank slowly turns his head back the other direction and looks down.

The valet is seated maybe a foot away looking up at him with a mix of excitement and impatience.

VALET

Well? We're waiting...

Frank's head snaps back to the front.

SPOTLIGHT

Frank is suddenly bathed in bright light from in front of him.

He puts one arm up to shield his eyes and get a better look.

AUDITORIUM

Frank's eyes adjust and he realizes he is standing at a urinal on a large stage.

The crowd is murmuring excitedly as they await Frank's performance.

Frank looks petrified and confused as he surveys the faceless crowd.

He looks down and sees that the valet is with him on stage, still seated in the same chair.

He munches excitedly on some POPCORN.

VALET

This is gonna be great.

Frank closes his eyes and tries to focus on the task at hand.

The murmurs grow louder as the anticipation from the crowd intensifies. Calls of support from ANONYMOUS STRANGERS can be heard.

The valet continues to chow down as a smile cracks his face.

The first trickles of water can be heard coming from

the urinal basin.

VALET

What technique...

The crowd gets excited as the flow of water slowly picks up. They begin to chant in unison.

CROWD

Frank...Frank...Frank...Frank...

He steadies himself as the flow of water runs ever stronger.

The chants continue but the wording begins to change.

CROWD (CONT'D)

frank...frank...dude...dude...dude

MEN'S ROOM

YOUNG GUY

Dude...

Frank feels someone tapping his shoulder and snaps out of his daydream.

He is back in the men's room at Friction and there is an open urinal waiting for him.

He turns to see the now impatient Young Guy.

YOUNG GUY

Bro, you're spacing. Let's go.

Frank looks at the urinal and back at the crowded bathroom.

He slumps in resignation of defeat.

FRANK

(to Young Guy)

That's all right. It went away.

Frank turns and slips out of the bathroom.

DANCE FLOOR

Frank pushes his way back though the dance floor towards the bar.

He spots Earl and Cyan sitting at the bar.

Suddenly his posture straightens and a smile beams

across his face. One so powerful it could actually be real.

He saunters towards his friends.

BAR

Cyan spots Frank bouncing towards them.

CYAN  
Someone looks happy.

FRANK  
Relieved is the word.

EARL  
You did it, huh. Faced down the old porcelain demon.

FRANK  
Made it my bitch, I did.

EARL  
That's my boy. Well now that you're all emptied out, how about I buy you a beer?

Frank, still feeling pressure from his bladder fights to keep the word 'no' from emerging.

FRANK  
Sure...

Earl turns to the BARTENDER.

EARL  
Two tall drafts on my tab.

INT. FRICTION – BAR – LATER

Seated alone, Frank has his head down on the bar.

Over the din, he hears the sound of a steady stream of liquid flowing.

He slowly picks up his head and notices the bartender is letting the tap run.

He watches the steady stream of golden beer with pained eyes.

The bartender notices his expression and smiles.

BARTENDER  
I know what you're thinking.

Startled, Frank looks up at the bartender.

FRANK

Huh?

BARTENDER

This is painful to watch, right?

FRANK

Uh, yeah, but, huh?

BARTENDER

I hate to see all that beer go to waste, too. We gotta bleed the lines when we tap a new keg. Gets all of the air out.

FRANK

Oh, yeah. Well, it has to be done.

BARTENDER

That should about do it though.

The bartender grabs a nearby MUG and fills it to the top. He slides it in front of Frank with a smile.

BARTENDER

I'm sorry you had to see that, you seem to be taking it pretty hard. This one's on me.

Frank stares at the foamy fluid in front of him.

FRANK

Thanks...

BARTENDER

Enjoy.

He gives Frank a good-natured wink and moves off.

Frank is staring at the beer, oblivious to the CHEERS from the crowd as the DJ changes songs.

People begin streaming onto the dance floor leaving the bar deserted.

Cyan comes up behind Frank and spins him around.

CYAN

Are you just going to sit there all night?

FRANK

I'm comfortable.

CYAN

Come and dance with us.

FRANK

Maybe later.

CYAN

Come on, this is a great song.  
Look around, everyone but you is  
on the dance floor.

FRANK

Nah, I'm gonna sit it out.

CYAN

You suck.

Cyan dances off into the sea of undulating bodies.

Frank surveys the club and notices that everything but  
the dance floor is indeed pretty much empty.

As he scans the room, something begins to don on him.

A slow smile creeps across his face. Cyan's words echo  
in his head.

CYAN (VO)

Everyone but you is on the dance  
floor.

FRANK

(to himself)

Everyone but me..

He looks over towards the bathroom door in time to see  
the Valet peeking out of the door.

Slowly the valet slides out and hits the dance floor.

Frank's eyes bulge with joy.

He bolts away from the bar.

MEN'S ROOM

Frank shoots into the empty room and immediately  
throws up his arms in triumph.

Just as quickly, he slips on the wet tile and goes  
down hard.

He looks up from the dirty floor still smiling broadly  
— nothing can ruin this moment.

He gets back on his feet and exhales with

satisfaction.

He moves toward the first available urinal and places a hand on it gently.

He looks down the row at the other four.

Doing a little dance move, he slides from one urinal to the next relishing his moment.

He holds out his hand towards the middle one and offers it to himself.

He sidesteps and graciously accepts his own offer.

He centers himself at the urinal and slides his zipper down.

He shakes out his hands and pops his neck before settling down to the business at hand.

He exhales deeply and waits for the waterworks to erupt.

A trickle begins and slowly picks up steam.

SUDDENLY

The door creaks open on its hinge and the stream of water abruptly cuts off.

Frank's eyes open wide in pure terror.

He looks down and tries to focus on getting things going again.

A TALL GUY slides in the urinal right next to Frank and unzips.

Within seconds, you can hear the water hitting the bowl.

TALL GUY

Ahhhhhh. God damn, I had to piss.

Frank's eyes are closed in tight concentration.

TALL GUY (CONT'D)

Wooo. I'm gonna be ten pounds lighter after this, huh?

As Frank intensifies his concentration, the veins in his neck begin to bulge and his face reddens.

Other GUYS begin streaming back into the men's room.

TALL GUY (CONT'D)

Know what I mean, brother?

He gives Frank a nudge with his elbow.

Frank's red eyes burst open and he slowly turns to face the eager stranger looking for validation.

He stares angrily at the annoyance and speaks through gritted teeth.

FRANK

Yeah, I hear you.

Satisfied the Tall Guy returns to his own pleasure in relieving himself.

As Frank's zipper begins its ascent, his shoulders slump in total defeat.

The Tall Guy gives him one more glance as Frank begins to back away.

TALL GUY

Hey, dude...

Frank looks back at him with murderous eyes.

FRANK

What.

TALL GUY

You forgot to flush.

Frank steps back up to the urinal eyes still locked with the stranger.

He turns his attention to the shiny brass flusher.

He begins slamming it down repeatedly and intensely as his frustrations surface.

After a few moments he stops and pushes his way out of the now crowded bathroom.

EXT. CLUB FRICTION – NIGHT

Frank bursts through the front doors of the club looking wildly side to side.

He scans the area as panicked beads of sweat run off his forehead.

He spots a massive parking lot and moves gingerly toward it.



## PARKING LOT

Frank moves deep into the rows of cars trying to avoid the few PEOPLE scattered about entering and exiting their cars.

He finds a place that seems fairly secluded and slides in between and SUV and a sportscar.

With one last look around, he slowly drops his zipper.

He exhales deeply and tries to focus on the task at hand.

Before he can even begin he hears the distinctive sound of an electric car window dropping.

Frank, flush with horrible realization, slowly turns to look.

The heavily tinted window of the sportscar gives way to a thick wall of smoke.

Frank waves the air with one hand, keeping the other firmly gripped on his manhood.

Through the thinning smoke, Frank can begin to make out the DRIVER'S face. Looking at Frank with a Cheshire grin, the Driver disapprovingly shakes his head slowly.

Frank looks back with a guilty smile as he slowly tucks himself away.

The driver nods approvingly.

In unison, Frank's zipper and the car window begin to rise.

## ALLEY

Frank quickly rounds the corner of a dirty alleyway.

With a great sense of urgency, he moves towards a dumpster and looks all around for any signs of life.

After dropping to his knees for a quick scan under the dumpster, Frank stands and moves close to the wall.

With one more look behind him, Frank drops his zipper and assumes the position.

FRANK

(to himself)

All alone. No worries.

Frank exhales and tries to relax.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Just me. All alone.

A slow trickle begins to issue forth.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah, that's it. All-

Suddenly, blue and red flashing lights fill the alley and white beam illuminates him.

The trickle stops just as suddenly.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
-alone.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

The heavy cell door slides shut in front of Frank, who now appears to be on the verge of tears.

Frank turns to check out his surroundings.

On either side of the room are bunk beds graced by five other CONVICTS.

His cellmates look at him with casual disinterest.

Centered against the far wall is a single toilet.

Frank slowly turns back to the cell door and lowers his head to the bars.

As he looks through the bars with pain and frustration, something begins to change. Slowly a look of grim determination overtakes him.

His posture straightens and he lifts his head off the bars as this new determination reaches its zenith.

He turns and faces the toilet at the other side of the cell.

He begins moving towards it with a purposeful stride, eyes firmly fixed on his goal.

He reaches the toilet and looks down into the dingy bowl.

He gives himself a nod and prepares for victory. His feet planted wide, he stands dominantly over the toilet and drops his zipper.

FRANK  
 (to himself)  
 All alone.

He inhales/exhales again to further the relaxation.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 There's no one here but me. Only  
 me...

As he breathes in deeply a Zen-like calm consumes him.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Only me...only me...

Frank opens his eyes and a triumphant smile transforms his face.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Frank is on a beach right at the water's edge.

He looks down to see the dirty prison toilet nestled in the pristine white sand.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (reverently)  
 ...only me.

The ocean stretches out endlessly before him.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Woo hoo! Yeah! Ha ha! I did it! I  
 did it! I did-

He looks off to his right and all of the color leaves his face.

Lying in the sand, staring quietly but threateningly, is one of the cellmates.

CELLMATE #1  
 What're you lookin' at?

Frank's head snaps forward.

JAIL CELL

The beach is gone and Frank is staring again at the faded walls of his cell.

He looks down and an odd giggle slips out of him that seems to surprise him.

He chokes it back but another soon follows.

FRANK

I can't. I just can't...can't be  
alone, I, uh...no privacy...  
nothing...won't come out...

Frank's giggles blossom into a near maniacal laugh.

FRANK

...can't do it...I...

Frank's cellmates exchange confused glances.

CELLMATE #2

What's your problem, freak?

Frank looks at his questioner in silence for a moment  
before bursting into mad laughter and tears.

FRANK

What's my problem?! I'm going to  
fucking explode!

Frank moves menacingly towards the convict.

FRANK

I can't do it! Do you understand?

Frank reaches down and grabs the man by the collar of  
his shirt and yanks him off the bed.

FRANK

I can't do it! I can't be alone  
and I can't do it! DO YOU HEAR ME?

CELLMATE #2

Get off'a me! Hey, get this guy  
off me!

Frank begins shaking the man as the other cellmates  
converge to separate them.

Frank's mix of crazed laughter and tears now includes  
pained screams.

FRANK

I'm never alone!

CELLMATE #3

Guard!

Frank continues ranting as TWO GUARDS rush in.

EXT. HALL — NIGHT

Being dragged by his armpits, Frank is pulled kicking  
and screaming down the row of cells.

They arrive at a solid cell door and drag Frank in.

The guards exit and close the heavy door to solitary confinement.

Frank's hysterical emanations can still be heard from the other side of the closed door.

They slowly begin to fade until a complete silence falls.

After a moment, the faint sound of trickling water can be detected.

The stream quickly begins to intensify to a pounding deluge.

Joining the sound of flowing water are cries of pure ecstasy and relief.

FADE OUT

THE END