

TWISTED

Two awkward strangers with anxiety and OCD find ways to cope together through a tornado.

FADE IN

INT BASEMENT HALLWAY OF A MIDWEST HOUSE EVENING

A tornado siren can be heard in the distance.

HILARY, a terribly nervous woman in her late 30's, clutching a large purse, and PETER, an awkward uncomfortable man in his mid-30's, both approach a doorway simultaneously.

HILARY

Ugh. Are you going to be quick? Can you be quick?

PETER

Uh, no, please. You go ahead.

HILARY

Just go. Please. Hurry.

PETER

I'm not... uh... well, fine. Look. I don't have to go to the bathroom. The bathroom is just one of the safest places to be during a tornado, after the basement, so...

HILARY

So the bathroom in the basement is the safest spot. I know, why do you think I'm here? Well,... whatever.

Hilary enters the bathroom and slams the door behind her.

Peter knocks frantically on the door, breathing heavily.

PETER

Look, you can't leave me out here. I... I'm prone to panic attacks, I-can't- Please, you can't do this-to me....

Hilary cracks the door open.

HILARY

Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no, no. Don't you do that. If you do that I'm... going to... start to...

Hilary also starts breathing hard.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Fine. You can come in.

INT BATHROOM SECONDS LATER

Hilary and Peter lean against the door trying to catch their breath and calm down.

Peter bends over, wheezing.

Hilary pulls a bottle out of her purse.

HILARY (CONT'D)

All right. Okay. Here. Here's some water. I haven't opened it yet.

PETER

Thank you.

Hilary takes a deeper breath, calming herself. She lights a candle on the sink with matches from the top of the toilet and washes her hands three times.

PETER (CONT'D)

What are you- are you trying to get romantic with me right now? I'm not-

HILARY

The electricity could go out any minute.

PETER

Oh. Right. Good thinking.

Peter washes his hands three times as well.

Hilary pulls a half-used roll of paper towel from her enormous purse and begins to line the bathtub with it.

PETER (CONT'D)

So I take it you have some OCD tendencies too.

Peter pulls a tiny spray bottle from his pocket and starts spraying the air.

PETER (CONT'D)

It's just an air purifying tonic, peppermint oil, it's all natural, organic...

Hilary and Peter both step into the tub simultaneously, awkwardly trying to get into the tornado tucking position, first feet to feet, which they soon realize is more intimate than any other position.

HILARY  
Head to head.

They tuck down and put their hands behind their necks.

HILARY (CONT'D)  
(desperately) Just please... don't  
breathe on me...

PETER  
I would never.

HILARY  
Thank you.

PETER  
You're welcome.

(Beat)

HILARY  
So... how do you know the birthday  
boy? I'm Hilary, by the way.

PETER  
Peter. We grew up together. You?

HILARY  
He's my cousin.

Hilary sits up and pulls a brand new sleep mask from her  
purse and puts it on.

PETER  
What are you-

HILARY  
It calms me down. Reduces my  
sensory overload.

PETER  
I can see why the candles were so  
important.

HILARY  
Can you please not-

PETER  
Look, I get it. I'm sorry. I  
usually sing a song to help me calm  
down.

HILARY  
I do that sometimes.

PETER  
We Are the Champions.

HILARY  
I- oh. Interesting. I have an extra sleep mask if you want one. I keep a backup in case something happens to the first one.

PETER  
Oh, that's... nice. Um, sure...

Peter puts the sleep mask on.

The house starts to rattle and shake, they dive back to their positions. Peter grabs Hilary's hand.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(singing loudly) We are the champions, my friends. We'll keep on fighting till the end.

PETER AND HILARY  
We are the champions. We are the champions. No time for losers 'cause we are the champions of the world.

The rattling stops and the electricity goes out. They continue to hold hands.

HILARY  
(beat) Can I tell you something?

PETER  
Sure. Yup.

HILARY  
I've never held hands with anyone before.

Peter quickly retracts his hand.

PETER  
Can I tell you something? (beat) I'm afraid to die without having kissed someone.

HILARY  
You've never kissed anyone?

PETER  
You have!?

HILARY

Once.

(beat)

HILARY (CONT'D)

Okay, you can do it.

PETER

Do what?

HILARY

Weren't you just asking if you  
could kiss me?

PETER

Oh, no. I... well,... OK, yeah!  
Yeah, OK. We could...

They sit up and slowly find each others faces very cautiously with their hands. They lean in and kiss very gently and cautiously for a few seconds. It's very sweet.

They sit side by side, processing.

The tornado siren stops.

PETER (CONT'D)

I think the tornado has passed.

HILARY

I think I need to sit here for  
awhile.

PETER

OO. Yeah.

Hilary peers out from under her sleeping mask at Peter, studying him. She puts her mask back on and takes his hand in both of hers. She nervously smiles.

Peter lifts his mask, shocked at what has just happened, in awe of Hilary, then puts it back on. A huge smile spreads across his face.

The electricity comes back on.

FADE OUT.