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THE STAIN

Bathroom. Indoors. Morning.

We are in an impeccably clean, average-sized bathroom, with a shower, a sink, a mirror, and the usual shelves with the usual products.

Suddenly, the door opens and a man – about twenty years old, of average height, not particularly ugly, nor particularly handsome – enters.

He looks drawn, is wearing pyjamas, a dressing gown over them and a ridiculous-looking night cap, which he takes off while looking in the mirror.

He starts to arrange his hair with great care, and then begins a meticulous inspection of his whole face, before nodding his head in a satisfied manner and hanging up his bonnet on a hook.

He then takes his toothbrush and his tube of toothpaste, and starts to brush his teeth with great application using precise gestures, indicating a fanatical personality.

Suddenly, his whole body goes rigid! His toothbrush stops in his mouth. He has seen something.

He moves right up close to the wall, next to the mirror and we see A SMALL STAIN – on the white wall – a stain no bigger than a pound coin.

He takes his toothbrush slowly out of his mouth and sticks it onto the stain. He starts to scrub with vigour, checking from time to time to see that the stain is going. After a few moments, the stain does disappear.

Content, the man nods his head, rinses out his mouth, takes off his dressing gown and pyjamas, then puts on a ridiculous swimming cap and steps into the shower.

Jump cut to several minutes later.

The man steps out of the shower, grabs a towel and starts to rub himself dry.

Suddenly HE STOPS DEAD – the stain has come back, on the wall next to the mirror! Or rather, it is still there.

It is taunting him!

Irritated, he throws his towel on the floor and leaves the bathroom – ANNOYED.

We hear WORRYING NOISES of commotion in the kitchen and the other rooms.

Then the man comes back, carrying a large collection of DETERGENTS, washing-up liquid, buckets, floor cloths etc.

And he works vigorously on the stain. But the stain refuses to disappear!

But the man does not give up there, and he leaves the bathroom and comes back a few minutes later with a BUCKET OF PAINT AND A BRUSH and starts to paint his wall white, layer after layer after layer.

When the wall is perfectly white all over, he throws his paintbrush into the sink, with a PROUD SMILE on his face. He has won! He fixes his hair and finishes getting ready. Then he goes out.

Jump cut to a few minutes later.

A little bit later, the man goes into the bathroom. This time he is nearly dressed. He is wearing an ELEGANT BLACK SUIT and stands in front of the mirror whistling while he ties his tie.

But the tie falls from his hands when he sees that the stain has come back. It has come back! In the same spot, on top of the coat of white paint!

The man tears his tie and shouts. ANGER deforms his sweat-covered face.

He runs out of the bathroom and comes back very quickly with A HAMMER AND A CHISEL and starts to attack the stain with mighty blows.

He literally starts digging a hole in the wall to dislodge the stain. The plaster stains his smart black suit and powders his sweat-covered face, and ends up forming a sort of paste on his face, like the paste with which clowns disguise their sad faces.

But he pays no attention to that. He carries on! And on!

After a few minutes, the wall has a hole in it, the size of his fist. Exhausted, the man sits down and GETS HIS BREATH BACK, then he throws down his hammer and chisel and gets up.

He seems to have regained his composure somewhat. He looks at the hole, then bends down and looks "in" the hole.

There is no more stain. But the hole leads into ANOTHER ROOM and ANOTHER WALL on which – right in front of him – he can see still THE SAME STAIN, which is taunting him!

THE END