

OCCUPIED

Written by

David Olson

Dolson1014@gmail.com
Los Angeles, CA

FADE IN:

INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - DAY

JOHN, late 20s, looks about as earnest as earnest gets. He's on one knee wearing a crisp white t-shirt and a pair of gym shorts, reading from what appears to be an office memo.

JOHN

"Ever since the day we met in that coffee shop, when I attempted to rent you a two bed, one-and-a-half-bath unit, and you offered me a once-in-a-lifetime promo code--"

Wrinkled tank tops and stale bras litter the hardwood floors.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

--and we discovered that we share a favorite song from our favorite band, I knew you were the one--"

On a messy desk is a book, 'APP BUILDING FOR LAZY PEOPLE'.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

--who could understand my desire to find companionship, happiness, and a combined credit score of sixteen hundred."

Alt-rock band posters cover the walls.

JOHN (CONT'D)

"We've known each other for eight months, two weeks and four days, and I think you'll agree that this relationship is one which we would both like to see continue for the remainder of our respective lives. So with that information in mind--"

John looks up off of the piece of paper.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

MAGGIE, late 20s, slurps a spoonful of cereal from her bed.

MAGGIE

That is the worst marriage proposal that I've ever heard.

John absorbs the blow.

JOHN
How many other marriage proposals
have you heard--?

Maggie climbs out of bed and finds her slippers.

MAGGIE
You probably signed it like, 'Warm
Regards, John McKeever'.

John pushes himself off of his knee.

JOHN
Warm regards? Who do I look like,
Maggie? My dad? I obviously signed
it 'sincerely'.

MAGGIE
Now I'm leaning towards 'deepest
sympathies'.

Maggie picks up her cereal bowl.

JOHN
'Sincerely' expresses a genuine
intent that, while still
maintaining formality, has a hint
of casualness. I think Brianna's
gonna love it.

Maggie scuffs into the hallway.

MAGGIE
The sad thing is, you're right.

John flips open a small notepad and pulls out a pencil.

CLOSE ON: SATURDAY'S TO-DO LIST

Zumba
Proofread Proposal w/ Maggie
Select Festival Outfit
Grape Nuts
Engagement Ring
Summerfest Tickets
Arrive to Wilcox Concert @ 12:00
Propose to Brianna (Y / N)

John crosses off ~~'Proofread Proposal w/ Maggie'~~.

Next up: **Select Festival Outfit**

INT. BRIANNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

'Select Festival Outfit' tops a similar CHECKLIST.

BRIANNA, mid 20s, examines herself in the mirror. She debates a black jacket. Casual? Or *business* casual--

HER PHONE RINGS

Brianna unplugs her half-charged phone and answers it.

BRIANNA

I was just thinking about you--

INT. GREEN-GO HEADQUARTERS - CORNER OFFICE - DAY

PETER, 40, leans against his ergonomical standing desk decorated with Green-Go Nutritional Systems merch - a stress ball, a paper weight. He shouts into a headset.

PETER

Well of course you were, Breezy!
You don't know a Saturday from a
Monday from a Wednesday! Everyday
is Green-Go Day with you. And
that's why you're my number one
sales girl of the month!

The window behind him looks over an endless parking lot.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

BRIANNA

I am? Peter! That's great!

PETER

You're darn right it is. Now hang
on, I'm supposed to read this
official thing from corporate--
(reading official thing)
"On behalf of Green-Go Nutritional
Systems we would like to extend our
healthiest congratulations--

Brianna beams with pride.

PETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

--to Brianna Borgen for reaching
Double Green status. But wait,
there more! For the next twenty-
four hours you'll earn bonus points
for every new Green-Go customer you
register--

Brianna checks her posture in the mirror.

PETER (CONT'D)

--as well as an additional discount
on Green-Go body wraps and blah
blah blah--

(dropping the script)

Breezy, today could be a big day.
For *both* of us. Since I collect two
percent on every sale you make. You
didn't have plans, did you?

BRIANNA

(actually...)

My boyfriend got us Summerfest
tickets. There's this band--

PETER

Oh! Oh. Boyfriend. Of course you
have a... well, no worries.

(beat)

Do you guys still say that? 'No
worries'?

Brianna holds up one of her personalized BUSINESS CARDS.

BRIANNA

Wait. Peter, this is perfect.

PETER

What. Our relationship?

BRIANNA

Summerfest is our target demo!

Peter catches up.

PETER

Hey, you're right. A buncha college
kids hopped up on grass and student
loans. Fish in a crowded, sweaty
barrel! Breezy, you're a pro.

Brianna makes a decision. The jacket stays.

BRIANNA

Everyday is Green-Go Day.

She hangs up and tosses the phone on the bed by the charger.

A GREEN-GO PEN crosses out ~~'Select Festival Outfit'~~.

INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

Maggie pours herself another bowl of Apple Jacks.

John walks into the kitchen wearing a pair of skinny jeans, mismatched with a pressed button-down shirt.

Maggie stifles a laugh.

JOHN

What? What's up?

MAGGIE

Nothing. You just look... killer.

JOHN

You bought me these jeans!

MAGGIE

No, I stole them from the hamper of that guy downstairs after I caught him taking pictures of my underwear with his phone.

JOHN

That was you? You know he sends me an email every day complaining about thieves in the laundry room.

MAGGIE

Well, you should do a better job of vetting these weirdos before you let them move into your building.

Maggie takes a long, loud sip of her cereal milk.

JOHN

(considering Maggie)
You're right. I should.
(the jeans)
I'm taking them off--

MAGGIE

No! You can't wear pleated khakis to a summer music festival. Here--

Maggie pours John his bowl of Grape Nuts.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You just need to break them in.

John tries, unsuccessfully, to casually stroll across the kitchen.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You look like Joey Ramone on the bottom and Mitt Romney on the top.

John finally reaches the cereal bowl.

JOHN

I will have you know that Brianna gave me this shirt, so I doubt she'll feel the same--

MAGGIE

(looking down)

Joey, please! You're killing yourself with booze!

(looking up)

Why hello Governor. Thank you for visiting my humble grocery store here in the generic Upper Midwest.

John grins through a spoonful of Grape Nuts.

JOHN

You can do better than that.

Maggie smirks.

MAGGIE

(looking down)

Okay, you look like a wishbone from a Thanksgiving turkey--

(looking up)

And a waiter at a two star bistro, but they were out of medium shirts when you got hired so they just gave you an extra-large and then the other servers made you their bitch and you got stuck rolling their silverware all night.

JOHN

I'm taking off the jeans.

MAGGIE

All of your other pants are at the dry cleaners!

John balks.

JOHN

But you picked them up like you said you would, right? To make up for not paying the rent again this month, right?

MAGGIE

The thing is, I got a call from the designer of my mobile pedicab app, then a Walking Dead marathon came on, and then I forgot.

JOHN

Maggie--

MAGGIE

Hey, who was the charming barista that introduced you to your soon-to-be fiancée in the first place?

JOHN

That was your excuse *last* month.

MAGGIE

And I'd say true love is worth at least two months rent.

John chews his cereal.

JOHN

So I'm stuck in the jeans?

MAGGIE

Let me microwave your Grape Nuts. You'll feel better.

John notes the clock on the microwave: 10:04.

JOHN

No time! We need to stick to the schedule. Gates open at noon. Do me a favor and wash those bowls.

Maggie raises an eyebrow as she digs her spoon in the cereal.

John crosses ~~Grape Nuts~~ off of his list.

Next up: **Engagement Ring**

INT. CONDO - JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

THE RING is plucked out of its box and held under the light. The diamond isn't too big. It's not too small. Just right.

John uses a felt cloth to massage the ring...

...when Maggie pops up in the doorway.

MAGGIE
DON'T FORGET THE TICKETS!

The ring jumps out of John's hand.

JOHN
Jesus.

MAGGIE
Easy, butterfingers!

It lands by Maggie's foot. She picks it up.

JOHN
Can I have that back please?

Maggie gets a good look at the ring.

MAGGIE
You're actually doing this today,
aren't you? Until right now I half-
expected you to get a call about
showing an empty unit and then just
cancel the whole thing.

Maggie hands John the ring back.

JOHN
When Wilcox plays our favorite
song, I'm going to ask Brianna to
be my wife.

Maggie's face drops ever so slightly.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

MAGGIE
No, it's just-- how do you know
they'll play your song for sure?

JOHN
I guess I just have faith.
(a beat)
Plus I looked up the setlists for
every Wilcox show in the past three
years. They end every show with
'Unexpected Love'. It's a staple.

John produces a thin stack of documents as proof.

MAGGIE

You're a robot. I'm surprised you guys don't have a schedule for your sex life, too.

JOHN

Friday nights at eight. Turn on a little Shark Tank, kick back half an O'Douls, and--

MAGGIE

--aaand I am sorry I brought it up.

John works the ring box into the pocket of his skinny jeans.

JOHN

Can you see the ring in my pocket?

Yes.

MAGGIE

Nope.

John starts to cross **Engagement Ring** off of his list.

JOHN

When Brianna says yes, I'll be one step closer to completing the Great Checklist of Life--

Maggie snatches the notepad out of John's hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey!

MAGGIE

Love isn't just another thing you over-think. It's something you feel.

Maggie tears the page out of the notepad.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I want you to rip this up.

JOHN

I can't.

MAGGIE

You can. And you will.

John musters up the strenth to make the first tear. Then another. And another. Wincing with every rip. He sprinkles the scraps on the floor. And exhales. That was rough.

Maggie gives John a loving jab to the shoulder.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
That'a'boy. Let's go get Brianna.

John takes a deep breath and starts to follow Maggie.

JOHN
Hang on, let me just clean this up--

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Leave it!

John darts out of the room, the TICKETS still on the dresser.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - GRANT PARK - DAY

The skyline of Chicago rises over the treeline.

STAGE HANDS assemble equipment on a raised platform.

A TECH GUY performs a loud, grating sound check that reverberates throughout the park.

A pair of noise-cancelling EARMUFFS wrap around the smooth head of a stone-faced man. He wears an 'ON THE SPOT' company uniform, with his name patched on the shirt: LOCKE.

Locke sits inside the rigid confines of a forklift.

He's chewing on a fried turkey leg.

FOREMAN (O.S.)
Locke.

Locke stares straight ahead, unresponsive.

FOREMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Locke!

The hefty FOREMAN climbs up the side of the forklift.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
LOCKE!

Locke's head rotates to face the Foreman.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
Health inspector says this here row's full. Gotta get rid of 'em.
(MORE)

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
 It'll take you all day to run each
 one back to the trailer hitch, so
 I'd g'head and get started.

The turkey leg hits the dirt.

Locke drags a tangled PILE OF CHAINS out of the forklift and
 throws them over his shoulder.

A JUMBLE OF KEYS cling and clang off of Locke's belt as he
 hulks towards A ROW OF 'ON-THE-SPOT' PORT-A-POTTIES.

Locke uses his brute strength to lasso the Port-a-Potty.

But there's a KNOCKING from inside.

UNLUCKY GUY (O.S.)
 (inside the Port-a-Potty)
Hey. Hey! Somebody's in here!

Earmuffs securely fastened, Locke doesn't flinch as he
 continues to perform his task. He wraps a second layer of
 metal around the the Port-a-Potty.

The knocking grows into a DESPERATE POUNDING.

UNLUCKY GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey! Can you hear me?

Locke pulls a padlock off of his belt and threads it through
 the links of the chains.

UNLUCKY GUY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
SOMEONE'S IN HERE, GOD DAMN IT!

The Foreman grabs Locke's wrist just in time.

FOREMAN
Locke! Stop!

Locke looks up at the Foreman.

The Foreman strips the chains off of the Port-a-Potty.

The door is kicked open by the unlucky guy, a suit jacket
 hanging over his arm and a badge dangling from his breast
 pocket: CHICAGO DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE HEALTH INSPECTOR puts his jacket back on, clears his
 throat and runs his fingers through his hair.

HEALTH INSPECTOR
 There. Now it's full.

The Health Inspector walks away.

The Foreman gives Locke a nod of approval.

FOREMAN

Okay, Locke. Get 'em all.

Locke restarts the process of wrapping the chains around the Port-a-Potty, the first in a seemingly endless row...

Port-a-Potty after Port-a-Potty... Two dozen in all, until...

The last Port-a-Potty in the row is underscored by...

...THE BEEP BEEP BEEPING OF LOCKE'S FORKLIFT BACKING UP.

EXT. CHICAGO - STREETS - DAY

John and Maggie push their way through a mob of kids. Maggie is in her element. John flips through his phone.

MAGGIE

I love summer in Chicago.

JOHN

(angling the phone)

It's too bright. I can't see anything--

They stop at the crosswalk to wait for the light.

MAGGIE

I appreciate you getting me a ticket, but I can hang by myself.

JOHN

You expect me to trust some kid on mushrooms with taking our photo when Brianna says 'yes'?

MAGGIE

And you trust me.

JOHN

Of course I trust you. You took a photography class at the community center last fall.

MAGGIE

Nah, I never actually finished it.

John looks... concerned.

JOHN
How far'd you get?

The light changes and the crowd pushes across the street.

EXT. BRIANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SIDEWALK - DAY

John and Maggie climb the stairs leading to a front porch.

MAGGIE
I can't believe Brianna would want to live here. This building is surrounded by hot dog stands.

JOHN
Yeah. About that. Don't you think it's a little weird that you still live with me and Brianna still lives *here*? Like, her former roommate shares an apartment with her current boyfriend.

MAGGIE
Yeah, well, Brianna always has valued her space.

JOHN
It's just that once Brianna and I are engaged--

John gives Maggie a sec to fill in the blank. She doesn't.

MAGGIE
--you're going to finish that sentence?

JOHN
Maggie, you have to move out.

Maggie's hurt, but she's pretty good at hiding it.

MAGGIE
Hey, once my pedicab app is up and running I'll be ready for a little more space myself.

JOHN
You'll have until the end of the month, obviously.

MAGGIE

You know, it's funny, Brianna did the same thing to me in college when Giovanni followed her back from her study abroad in Venice.

Maggie bangs her palm on the door. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

JOHN

Giovanni? Who's *Giovanni*?

John straightens his shoulders and checks his armpits.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You really can't see the ring?

MAGGIE

What ring.

John grins, satisfied. But only for a second.

JOHN

Brianna never told me she studied abroad in Venice--

The lock turns. The door opens.

Brianna glows in the doorway...

...her face illuminated by her phone screen.

Maggie and John stand there in silence for a beat while Brianna finishes typing a text.

BRIANNA

Aaaand. Sent.

She smiles as she adjusts the GREEN-GO TOTE BAG on her shoulder.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Hi sweetie!

JOHN

Hey babe!

John and Brianna kiss. It's light, but there's a spark.

MAGGIE

Hey sweetie babe!

BRIANNA

Hi Maggie.

(remembering)

Oh! Here's your Green-Go, John.

Brianna hands him a GREEN SMOOTHIE. He takes it. Reluctantly.

JOHN

Ah. A smoothie. So glad you didn't forget it. It's. Just so delicious.

BRIANNA

That's the new formula.

Brianna waits for John to take a sip. He barely swallows it.

JOHN

I can taste all of the vitamins. And the minerals. What's in this one that makes it so... *tangy*?

BRIANNA

It's a patented tarot root boost for an additional fiber kick.

MAGGIE

Whatever you do, don't pour it out into that bush right there.

A nearby BUSH is painted bright green with old smoothies.

Brianna's phone DINGS. She starts texting again.

JOHN

Let's get a move on. We've got a train to catch. Gates open at noon.

They step off of the porch. Brianna texts. Maggie takes in the sunlight. John forces down another gulp of Green-Go.

EXT. CHICAGO - 'L' TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Maggie practices her phantom karate moves on John.

John struggles to drink the smoothie and deflect Maggie.

Brianna texts.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Attention Customers: trains will run on a delay during the festival weekend. Weapologizeforanyinconven--

The Announcer falls asleep mid-sentence.

JOHN

Great. Today of all days.
 (blocking Maggie's kick)
 This smoothie's amazing. Want some?

MAGGIE

Hmm, no thanks. I'm pretty sure
 that's a single serving for one
 person, right Brianna?

Brianna's completely out of it.

BRIANNA

I know. This festival is a great
 opportunity to interact directly
 with our ideal consumer base.

MAGGIE

Alternative rock band members--

BRIANNA

18-to-35 year olds with money to
 burn. You don't exactly fit the
 profile.

JOHN

But you want to see the show, too,
 right? Wilcox is sort of our band--

Maggie shoots Brianna a look. Brianna beams at John.

BRIANNA

That, and I get to spend the day
 with you.

John basks in Brianna's warmth as he takes another sip of
 smoothie... and barely forces it down his throat.

MAGGIE

Hey, John, where are the tickets?

JOHN

I've got 'em right--

John pulls out what he thinks are the tickets, but is
 actually his copy of the marriage proposal.

BRIANNA

What was that?

MAGGIE
My grandma's birth control
prescription.

JOHN
A memo. From work.

BRIANNA
You forgot the tickets?

JOHN
That's impossible. I wrote down
'Summerfest Tickets' on my--
(at Maggie)
--checklist.

The train charges past as John races off the platform.

INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - DAY

John whirls through the condo like a tornado.

JOHN
We're gonna be late! And we won't
have the perfect view of the stage!
And the whole plan is in jeep--!

John spots the UNWASHED CEREAL BOWLS in the sink.

JOHN (CONT'D)
MAGGIE!

He can't help himself. He rinses them at lightspeed.

EXT. CONDO - SIDEWALK - DAY

Maggie passes the time improvising origami with a leaf.

MAGGIE
Remember when you were fun?

Brianna still has her face in her phone.

BRIANNA
No.

MAGGIE
Like that time you got drunk
Sophomore year and rode that
mechanical bull topless. For like
an hour. *Topless.*

BRIANNA
I don't remember that.

MAGGIE

I guess you wouldn't. Don't worry,
I think I still have the pictures
somewhere--

BRIANNA

I burned them.

Maggie tosses the tattered leaf at Brianna.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

This is what cell phones are for,
Maggie. To occupy life's
uncomfortable silences.

MAGGIE

I didn't bring mine.

BRIANNA

What? Couldn't pay the bill?

Brianna grins, until she realizes she's right.

MAGGIE

I had to quit the coffee shop to
focus full time on Rickshare.

BRIANNA

Your mobile app that's supposed to
revolutionize the way people use
outdated modes of transportation?

MAGGIE

Normal humans with emotions happen
to find pedicabs romantic, okay?

BRIANNA

Fine, but you do understand that to
develop an app for a mobile device,
you should have a *mobile device*.

INT. CONDO - JOHN'S BEDROOM - DAY

John explodes into his room and turns the place upside down.

JOHN

'Tear up your checklist!' she said.
'It's something you *feel*--!

John finds the tickets on top of the dresser.

He's about to leave, but he gives into the urge to pick up
those damn scraps of checklist on the floor.

EXT. CONDO - SIDEWALK - DAY

Brianna fires off another text.

MAGGIE

I told John about Giovanni.

BRIANNA

Giovanni? From Italy?

MAGGIE

(horrible Italian accent)

Giovanni rides a gondala in Genova!

BRIANNA

Did you mention Giovanni was a gay man on the run from his abusive father in the hopes of making a better life for himself?

MAGGIE

Guess I kinda forgot the details.

Brianna's eyes somersault in her head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Relax. I'm sure he didn't care. You know John. He's cool--

JOHN (O.S.)

WE NEED TO MOVE OUR ASSES NOW!

John bursts out of the building, running awkwardly in his skinny jeans.

JOHN (CONT'D)

LET'S GO!

Maggie and Brianna just stand there.

BRIANNA

Go where? The next train isn't coming for twenty minutes.

John's stomach rumbles. He bends over. Today of all days.

MAGGIE

I could drive--

John looks up at Maggie.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

--but I need the bolt cutters.

EXT. CHICAGO - SIDEWALK - DAY

A PEDICAB is locked to a lamppost on the sidewalk.

Maggie fondles the lock.

MAGGIE

I lose the key like once a week.

A small pile of clipped locks has accumulated by the curb.

BRIANNA

How responsible. You should consider starting a business.

John speedwalks up the sidewalk with a pair of BOLT CUTTERS.

JOHN

Had to oil the hinge real quick.

Maggie tries to take the bolt cutters from John.

MAGGIE

Let me give it a whirl.

JOHN

Oh, no. Time is of the essence.

MAGGIE

You don't think I can do it?

BRIANNA

We know you can't.

John aligns the bolt cutters on the lock.

JOHN

Hey, I didn't say that. It's just--

He squeezes down on the handles until he turns red.

JOHN (CONT'D)

--better left to someone who follows through with things.

SNAP.

John tosses the bolt cutters into the pedicab and hops in.

MAGGIE

You're so welcome for the ride.

Maggie climbs behind the handlebars.

Brianna hesitates. But John extends his hand.

JOHN
Brianna. Trust me.

Brianna takes his hand and climbs aboard.

BRIANNA
Okay, just don't go too fast. When dry air hits my eyes, they tend to water a lot and, like--

EXT. CHICAGO - STREETS - DAY

Brianna's eyes are flowing with makeup-tinted tears.

John checks the time on his phone: 11:53.

JOHN
We've got seven minutes to get there before the gates open!

Maggie weaves the pedicab through traffic.

THE 'RICKSHARE' GPS fixed to the handlebars BEEPS as she approaches a gridlocked intersection.

MAGGIE
Hold on! It's about to get bumpy!

Maggie kicks the pedicab onto the sidewalk.

The impact causes John to drop his phone in the seat.

The pedicab fast approaches a six-way intersection.

The light goes from green to yellow--

BRIANNA
You're going to slow down, right?

Maggie has no intention of slowing down.

Brianna looks terrified. John braces himself.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
Maggie... MAGGIE--!

The light goes from yellow to red.

Brianna screams. She drops her phone and covers her eyes.

Maggie's pedicab blows through the red light. She dodges a barrage of cars approaching from three different directions.

JOHN
HOLY SHIT.

Maggie grins with confidence. John starts to laugh, but it's stifled by another GROAN from his gut.

Maggie swerves the pedicab around the 'Summerfest' banner.

The identical cell phones slip and slide in the back seat.

EXT. CHICAGO - GRANT PARK - SIDE STREET - DAY

Maggie slows the pedicab to a stop.

Brianna's face is stained with makeup.

John clutches his stomach.

MAGGIE
You okay back there?

JOHN
I'm fine.

BRIANNA
He's nauseous!

MAGGIE
Yeah, from your smoothie.

BRIANNA
From *your* driving!

John and Brianna each grab a phone and climb out.

MAGGIE
How am I supposed to lock it up?

BRIANNA
I still don't understand who would ever want to steal this thing.

MAGGIE
Mostly wealthy industrialists and hedge fund managers.

JOHN
Can we just go, please?

Brianna rubs John's back as he lurches towards the entrance.

Maggie picks up a branch and props it up against the tire. She glances over each shoulder. It'll have to do.

A moment after she's gone, a THIEF strolls by the pedicab. He tosses the branch aside, climbs aboard and rides away.

He gets about ten feet before he nearly swerves into a pair of BIKE COPS eating turkey legs. They exchange a glance.

BIKE COP 1
 (into her radio)
 All units, be advised, we've got a
 pedicab on the loose. I repeat--

EXT. GRANT PARK - FESTIVAL ENTRANCE - DAY

A COMPACT MIRROR reflects Brianna's face as she reapplies her eyeliner. She snaps it shut and drops it into her bag.

A HIPPIE DRUM CIRCLE holds up the line to the entrance.

John is doing a pee-pee-dance in his skinny jeans to the DRONING BEAT of the drum circle. Maggie watches with glee.

MAGGIE
 You gonna make it, buddy?

JOHN
 I'm a twenty-nine year old man. Of
 course I'm going to make it--

John's stomach rumbles again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 ASSUMING THE UNWASHED INDIVIDUALS
 STANDING IN FRONT OF US REALIZE
 THAT THERE ARE FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS
 WAITING IN A LINE BEHIND THEM!

Brianna pulls a stack of business cards from her bag.

BRIANNA
 Sweetie, can you hold this--?

Brianna hands John her Green-Go tote bag, endangering his fragile concentration.

JOHN
 What? I--

BRIANNA

My research shows that I market
thirty-four percent more
effectively without the
interference of a purse or handbag
hanging from my shoulder.

Brianna turns to a COUPLE standing in line behind them.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Hi! How would you two like to try a
free sample of Green-Go Nutritional
System's newly formulated--

Maggie watches Brianna in awe.

MAGGIE

She's a machine.

John is in pain. Every word is a struggle.

JOHN

She's committed... to her work.
See, Maggie... Brianna and I...
share a similar... world view...
that a relationship is about more
than... romantic love--

MAGGIE

It's about diarrhetic smoothies.

JOHN

No! It's about... financial...
stability... and earning potential.

MAGGIE

Sounds great. Are you gonna name
your first child 'Spreadsheet'?

JOHN

Well, now that's just ridicul--

TICKET DUDE (O.S.)

Tickets.

The TICKET DUDE holds out his hand.

JOHN

Oh, thank Christ.

It's an effort for John to produce the tickets.

The Ticket Dude nods them through the gates.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I never thought I'd say this, but I
am seriously looking forward to
using a public bathroom.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
Excuse me, sir!

A SECURITY GUARD blocks their path like a boulder.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Sir, I'm going to need for you to
step over here right now so I can
inspect the contents of your bag!

MAGGIE
Um, he really needs to go, ya know,
el numero dos, so--

SECURITY GUARD
Ma'am, my role at this festival is
to secure these grounds from all
potential terrorist threats, *both
foreign and domestic!*

(beat)
As well as any outside food or
beverage.

JOHN
Maggie, just, let him do his job.

The Security Guard digs the eyeliner out of the bag.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir, I can't say I approve of this
particular brand of eyeliner, as
it's not waterproof and tends to
run when moisture is introduced.

JOHN
Is it a security threat?

SECURITY GUARD
That it is not, sir!

The Security Guard shoves the tote back into John's chest.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
You're free to go.

Maggie slides a SUMMERFEST MAP out of the Security Guard's
back pocket. He doesn't notice in the least.

BEEP BEEP BEEP--

EXT. GRANT PARK - FESTIVAL - DAY

--Locke's forklift rolls by carrying a Port-a-Potty.

Brianna hands a business card to everyone she passes.

John pushes through the crowd. He sees a sign: RESTROOMS.

JOHN

Restrooms! This way!

(aside to Maggie)

I need you to take Brianna to the perfect spot. Just head towards the stage. You'll know when you see it.

MAGGIE

Yeah, yeah. Perfect spot. Got it--

JOHN

DO YOU?!

Maggie's eyes go wide. John means business.

JOHN (CONT'D)

For once in your life, please follow through with something.

Oh no he didn't.

MAGGIE

Hey John? Remember the day you came into The Mean Bean to ask your cute but sarcastic tenant out on a date?

BEEP BEEP BEEP. Behind Maggie, Locke's forklift churns up the lawn to pick up another Port-a-Potty.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Well that tenant is really happy she let her old college roommate loiter around the coffee shop and dish out promo codes to every sad sack who looked like he had an iron deficiency. Really. *Happy.*

John feels horrible. But he still needs to 'go'.

JOHN

Maggie, I--

BRIANNA (O.S.)

Hi! How would you two like to try a free sample of Green-Go Nutritional System's newly formulated smoothie?

John turns around. Brianna is standing there offering him a business card, her bright white teeth radiating.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

It has a patented tarot root boost
for an additional fiber kick.

JOHN

I know. I can feel it working.

Brianna is still offering him the card. Staring. Smiling.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Honey. I'm going to run to the
bathroom. You follow Maggie.

BRIANNA

Sure. But first do me a favor and
take the card? Appearances sake.

John takes the card. Brianna moves on to Maggie.

MAGGIE

If you offer me one of those I will
use it as tinder to burn down the
corporate offices of Green-Go.

Brianna frowns. Maggie grabs her by the arm.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

C'mon. I'm gonna get us the worst
view of the stage I can find.

Maggie leads Brianna through the crowd. John watches them go.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Like the polar opposite of perfect!

John turns his attention back to finding a bathroom.

The forklift carries away another Port-a-Potty. BEEP BEEP--

EXT. GRANT PARK - RESTROOM AREA - DAY

John makes his way down the row of Port-a-Potties. There's a line at every single one. He stumbles up to a GUY.

JOHN

Excuse me, I hate to do this, but--

GUY

Get lost!

He pleads with a GIRL.

JOHN
I will pay you to let me cut--

GIRL
Sorry pal, I've got drugs to do.

He begs a CREEPY GUY.

JOHN
If there's any way I could jump in--

CREEPY GUY
Hell yeah, brother!

Creepy Guy opens the door--

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)
Join the party!

--revealing a PORT-A-POTTY ORGY underway.

EXT. GRANT PARK - FESTIVAL - DAY

John wanders hopelessly through the crowd when he sees it.

A single Port-a-Potty, set apart from all of the others.

As if it was placed on this Earth just for him.

He floats towards it. One foot in front of the other. His vision tunneled. The world isolated to the four golden walls of an 'On the Spot' Portable Toilet.

He reaches for the handle. He swings the door open, falls inside, and slams the door shut behind him.

The green 'VACANT' disappears behind a red 'OCCUPIED'.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John starts to unbuckle his belt, but then he stops himself.

JOHN
You've got time.

He paws at the toilet paper roll, ripping off a handful.

He pumps sanitizer from a dispenser onto the paper.

He wipes down the toilet seat.

He nearly keels over as his stomach grumbles again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Almost there--

John pulls off long sheets of paper to cover the seat.
He undoes his belt and starts to squirm out of the jeans.

JOHN (CONT'D)
COME! ON!

But the jeans aren't moving.

John grits his teeth. The veins in his neck bulge.

JOHN (CONT'D)
GET. OFF. OF. ME!

His legs flail. He KICKS the door, denting the plastic near the lock. But the jeans finally slip below his waist.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Yes!

John drops to the seat, braces his hands on either side of the Port-a-Potty, and shuts his eyes as--

EXT. GRANT PARK - STAGE - DAY

--THE SCREECHING OF AUDIO FEEDBACK echoes over the crowd.

LEAD SINGER
(into microphone)
Hello, Chicago!

ON THE LAWN

Locke's forklift cruises by yet again, absent a Port-a-Potty.

Brianna hands out cards with one arm. Maggie drags Brianna through the sea of festival-goers by the other arm.

BRIANNA
OW! Where exactly are we going?

MAGGIE
According to your boyfriend, I need to find, quote, 'the perfect spot'.

BRIANNA

I need you to let go of my arm so I can check my texts. Peter wants a count of every card I hand out.

Brianna winks at a couple of unsuspecting HIPSTERS as she slips cards into the brims of their fedoras.

MAGGIE

You seriously need to stop pushing that shit on every person you see.

BRIANNA

It's called 'Napalm Marketing'.

MAGGIE

Why? Because it should be banned by international law?

Maggie spots a clearing up ahead.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. There it is.

The clearing is marked off with an ORANGE CONE and a SIGN:
This area reserved for John McKeever & Co. until 12:00 pm.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

That's why he was so hell bent on getting here at twel--

THROUGH THE CLEARING

The Thief rides the pedicab, with the Bike Cops in pursuit.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Did you see that?

BRIANNA

I see a bunch of health-conscious trust fund babies.

Maybe it was her imagination.

MAGGIE

Nevermind. C'mon, let's go.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

Jeans still around his ankles, John let's out a deep breath. He skims his proposal/memo.

JOHN

*"Together, we will create a minimum
of two and a maximum of three
beautiful children--"*

SHADOWS DESCEND ON THE WALLS OF THE PORT-A-POTTY.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Uh, hello?

THE SOUND OF METAL CHAINS AGAINST PLASTIC.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Excuse me! Someone's in here!

MORE HULKING SHADOWS. MORE METAL AGAINST PLASTIC.

John pounds against the door.

The silhouette from the outside draws back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'M IN HERE!

John tries to pull up his jeans, but falls over himself in the process. He butts at the door with his head. No use.

Amid his shoeprint, the sliding mechanism is bent.

The DISTINCT SHADOW of a PADLOCK rises.

JOHN (CONT'D)

HEEY!

And is followed by AN UNMISTAKABLE **CLICK**.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

Locke, his earmuffs still intact, wipes his hands clean.

His head rotates 43 degrees and he stalks towards a turkey leg vendor.

John's silhouette bangs against the door from the inside, the sound lost amongst the clamor of the festival.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John thrashes his legs against the door.

The movement causes the Port-a-Potty to rock.

The soupy contents of its holding tank slosh with it.
John freezes. The Port-a-Potty chills. The contents settle.

JOHN
Don't tip it over. Just stay calm.

John attempts to compose himself...

DRUMSTICKS CLICK: ONE. TWO.

...but it's no use.

JOHN (CONT'D)
HEEEEELLLLLLLLP!

ONE. TWO. THREE. FOUR--

EXT. GRANT PARK - STAGE - DAY

THE WILCOX DECAL on the bass drum throbs as THE BAND rips into their opening song.

IN THE PERFECT SPOT

The crowd goes wild.

Except for Maggie, who crosses her arms as Brianna passes out more cards. Brianna steps back and clasps her hands.

BRIANNA
One hundred Green-Go cards in less than an hour. I've just increased my net reach by sixty-two percent.

MAGGIE
That's fascinating. Now can you move out so I can see the stage?

BRIANNA
I don't understand you. No ambition. No work ethic.

MAGGIE
People here want to enjoy themselves, not have some stranger shove snake oil down their throats.

BRIANNA

All I'm saying is that whether you're selling a *legitimate nutritional supplement* or creating a mobile rickshaw app, it requires putting in the work. I think John's right. You're not up to it.

Ouch. That stings.

MAGGIE

I finished the app, you know.

Brianna scoffs...

BRIANNA

Yeah right.

MAGGIE

Fine. Forget it.

...and relents.

BRIANNA

Okay. I'm sorry.
(sort of)
Can I download it?

MAGGIE

I mean, I guess so. If you want to--

BRIANNA

Maggie. Of course I want to!

Maggie feels better. For a split-second.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I'll show you how you can improve brand recognition and attract a broader customer profile.

Brianna pulls out the cell phone.

MAGGIE

You know, it's really in more of a trial phase right now--

But as Brianna tries to unlock the phone, she realizes:

BRIANNA

Oh shit.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John struggles to dig the cell phone out of his hip pocket.

JOHN
GET. OUT.

It's a job that requires both hands and plenty of squirming.
He clicks it 'on'. And his eyes sink.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

A GREEN-GO LOCK SCREEN. It's Brianna's phone. *Enter Passcode.*

JOHN (CONT'D)
You should know this. She's the
love of your life.

He enters 1-1-1-1. The phone buzzes. *WRONG.*

JOHN (CONT'D)
Fair enough.

1-2-3-4. *WRONG.*

JOHN (CONT'D)
Her birthday! May--

John confidently types 0-5--

JOHN (CONT'D)
Twenty--

-2-

JOHN (CONT'D)
Eighth?

8.

WRONG.

Phone has been disabled. Try again in three minutes.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Damn it.

John collapses onto the toilet in defeat. But right on cue,
the phone rings:

Peter Hargrove

John answers it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. GREEN-GO HEADQUARTERS - PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter leans against his standing desk.

PETER

Breezy! Peter. Just calling to get an update on the bombing campaign. I'll bet there's a shit ton of Green-Go guppies floatin' around that festival just waiting to be hooked and reeled, am I right?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

JOHN

'Breezy'? Who's 'Breezy'? I've never called Brianna 'Breezy'?

PETER

I just assumed that was her name.
(a beat)
Who's this.

JOHN

This is her boyfriend. John.

Peter drums a pen on the desk.

PETER

Right. The boyfriend. Breezy hadn't mentioned a boyfriend before today.

JOHN

I'm sure she did. We've been dating for eight months, two weeks and--

PETER

Hold it! The *property* manager? Same guy on the short list to handle our headquarter's lease? That's a mighty big contract, compadre!

JOHN

It's not a conflict of interest if that's what you're implying--

PETER

Nope! Don't care. Look, Johnny,
have Breezy call me back, righty-o?

JOHN

Wait! Please don't hang up!

Peter waits. This had better be worth it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Brianna and I switched phones, and
now I'm trapped in a Port-a-Potty.

Peter isn't sure if he heard that right, and he doesn't care.

PETER

Best of luck with that John-Boy!

Peter reaches for the receiver.

JOHN

Hang on! I need you to call Bria-
er, *Breezy*, on my cell phone so she
can help me get out of here.

John catches his breath.

PETER

Okay, what's the number.

John pumps his fist.

JOHN

Yes! Thank you... okay... the
number is 312-576-4980. Just tell
her that I'm near the area with--

Peter finishes scribbling on a Green-Go notepad.

PETER

Alrighty, Long John!

Peter slams his finger on the receiver. Disconnected.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John stares at the phone.

JOHN

Asshole.

And he's still locked out for another fifty-two seconds.

He plants his forehead against the door of the Port-a-Potty... then he quickly pulls it back and wipes it off.

He digs the box out of his jeans and checks on the ring.

It sparkles off of the light beaming in through a porthole in the ceiling. John cocks his head, curious.

John plants the ring in its box and jams it back into his pocket. He examines the outline of the box for a second.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You can *totally* see that.

But nevermind. John uses the phone screen to get a better look at the interior of the Port-a-Potty.

A urinal drain off to the right side.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Number... Number...

A series of bolts securing the panels of the wall together.

JOHN (CONT'D)
There's gotta be a phone number--

A RED STICKER on the bottom of the toilet seat lid:

Caution: Closing Lid Will Reverse Flow of Ventilation

John drops the lid.

A faint but noticeable wind flutters John's hair. By the look on his face, it smells awful.

He quickly lifts the lid, and the breeze abruptly stops.

John reads '*Ventilation*' again. He looks up at the mesh vents that border the top of the Port-a-Potty.

It hits him. *The number's posted on the outside.*

John sets Brianna's phone down near the rim of the toilet seat and digs into her tote bag.

Buried deep are A LIGHTER and A PACK OF CIGARETTES.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Since when does Brianna smoke?

He keeps digging. *Eureka.* A COMPACT MIRROR and EYELINER.

He steps on the toilet seat, his foot near the phone. He presses his back against the panel and angles the mirror against the vent.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Come on, come on--

John manipulates the mirror, turning it just so.

IN THE MIRROR he sees a crowd of festival-goers. A patch of grass below. And bingo, the outside of the Port-a-Potty.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Gotcha!

In his excitement, John's foot slips off of the rim... but he catches himself. Close call.

A HUM OF FEEDBACK draws his attention.

LEAD SINGER (O.S.)
This song is for the true fans!

O.S. THE CROWD ROARS. A GUITAR SQUEALS TO LIFE.

JOHN
Just need to be there for
'Unexpected Love'.

He uses his teeth to pull the cap off of the eyeliner.

LEAD SINGER (PRE-LAP)
Everybody on your feet!

EXT. STAGE - DAY

The band kicks it into gear. The crowd pulses.

IN THE PERFECT SPOT

Brianna and Maggie huddle over John's cell phone.

Brianna enters 1-0-1-4. *WRONG.*

MAGGIE
His birthday is October fifteenth,
not the fourteenth.

BRIANNA
I knew that.

Brianna enters 1-0-1-5. *WRONG.*

MAGGIE

But John would never make his
birthday his passcode.

BRIANNA

Why not?

MAGGIE

It's just, I don't know, obvious.

BRIANNA

Okay, if it's not his birthday.

MAGGIE

Or the day before his birthday--

BRIANNA

Then what is it, smart ass?

Maggie thinks on it. Hang on.

MAGGIE

What day did you guys go out on
your first date?

BRIANNA

It was the night after we met at
the coffee shop. A Tuesday--?

MAGGIE

Eight months, two weeks and four
days ago.

BRIANNA

Why do you know that.

Maggie paces as she calculates the date.

MAGGIE

December nineteenth.

Brianna enters 1-2-1-9. THE PHONE UNLOCKS.

BRIANNA

Aw. That's... sweet?

MAGGIE

Yeah, well, sweetie's been gone a
little too long. Give him a ring.

Brianna scrolls through John's contacts.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

Mirror in one hand, eyeliner in the other, John tries to read the phone number underneath the company logo:

ON-THE-SPOT: For Compliments or Complaints Call 312--

He's scrawled 3-1-2 on the wall so far.

Near his foot, Brianna's phone lights up with a buzz:

Cute Guy From Coffee Shop

The buzzing sends the phone a few millimeters closer to the rim. John doesn't notice as he adjusts the mirror and writes.

--r Compliments or Complaints Call 312-791-124--

BUZZ.

Sweat beads on his brow as John writes numbers on the wall.

BUZZ.

The phone vibrates against John's shoe. He looks down.

BUZZ.

The phone slides off of the rim of the toilet seat.

JOHN

No!

John dives for the phone.

The phone tumbles in midair, faintly illuminating the toilet's holding tank as John's hand reaches down from above, snatching it just inches above the murky abyss.

John holds the phone to his chest, relieved. That is until he sees who's calling.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Cute Guy From Coffee Shop?

He answers.

JOHN (CONT'D)

WHO IS THIS?

BRIANNA (O.S.)

It's Brianna.

It sinks in: *I'm the cute guy from the coffee shop.*

BRIANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
John? Are you there?

JOHN
Yeah. I just. You have me in your
phone as-- you know what? Not
important. I'm trapped, Brianna.
And I need you to help get me out.

BRIANNA (O.S.)
Did you say *trapped*?

JOHN
I'm trapped in a Port-a-Potty.

EXT. GRANT PARK - FESTIVAL - DAY

Brianna and Maggie both lean in over the speaker phone. *Huh?*

JOHN (O.S.)
...trapped inside of a god damn
Port-a-Potty.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

BRIANNA
Ew. Okay, but can you just do me a
favor and not say that word please?

JOHN
What word? Look, I just need you
guys to find me and get me out of
this Port-a-Potty--

BRIANNA
THAT word. It's one of those words
that, like, when I hear adults say
it, I get the chills--

Maggie leans over the phone.

MAGGIE
John, where are you exactly? Are
you near the rest of the Port-a-
POTTIES. THE POTTIES, John? The
rest of the Portable POTTIES?

Brianna covers her ears. Maggie loves it.

John peers out the vents.

Near the FRIAR TURK booth, Locke tears into a turkey leg.

JOHN

I'm near the concession stand that sells those giant turkey legs.

MAGGIE

Is there anything else near by? A fountain? A free car give-away?

JOHN

I-I don't know! I had to go so bad I blocked out my surroundings!

BRIANNA

He could be in any one of those... things.

She has a point. Maggie takes control.

MAGGIE

Okay! John, you need to mark the Port-a-Potty.

BRIANNNA

Like gag reflex at this point--

John turns the tote bag upside down, spilling the contents.

MAGGIE

Anything that will set it apart.

John riffles through Brianna's stuff.

JOHN

Okay! Um--

He eyes the golf-ball sized porthole in the ceiling.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna stick this Green-Go tote bag through the top of the Port-a--

BRIANNA (O.S.)

I'll puke!

JOHN

--able restroom facility.

DOOP DOOP. Brianna checks the phone. *Switch Callers?*

BRIANNA

That's a Green-Go extension. John, I need to take this. It's Peter!

Brianna takes the phone from Maggie's hand.

MAGGIE
Are you kidding?

Brianna catches herself.

BRIANNA
You're right. I won't answer it.
John! I'm here for you--

JOHN
Take the call.

Maggie can't believe her ears.

JOHN (CONT'D)
So long as you use it to tell Peter
that it's the last call you're
taking from him today.

DOOP DOOP. Peter's number flashes.

JOHN (CONT'D)
After that, you'll come find me.

BRIANNA
Of course I will. I promise.

Brianna is about to answer Peter's call--

JOHN
Wait! Your passcode!

Maggie stares at Brianna. *What are you waiting for?*

BRIANNA
I feel like that's sort of personal--

Maggie realizes.

MAGGIE
It's her birthday! May 27th.

JOHN
Twenty-seventh--!

BRIANNA
Okay! We'll find you soon! Bye!

Brianna switches over.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Peter?

INT. GREEN-GO HEADQUARTERS - PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter paces behind his standing desk.

PETER

Breezy! Wow, for a second there I thought maybe I was going to have to move on to my *second* best marketing guru.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

BRIANNA

No. I'm--I'm here.

Maggie grabs Brianna's shoulders.

MAGGIE

(mouthing the words)

John-is-trapped-inside-of-a-toilet.

BRIANNA

I handed out a hundred cards, so I was thinking I might call it a day.

Peter rolls up the cuffs on his sleeves.

PETER

Ehhh, thing is, if you get an *eight* percent response rate, you'll qualify for 'Super Green' status. We're talkin' discounted gym membership. Parking spot in Row C--

BRIANNA

A vote on the upcoming property management decision?

Peter tosses the stress ball into a Green-Go hoop.

PETER

Not as sexy of a perk, but sure. In fact, I'd say a hundred more cards would guarantee it.

BRIANNA

A hundred more. You're serious.

PETER

Breezy. I've never been more serious about anything in my life.

(beat)

But I'm still *fun!*

Brianna begs Maggie to give her one more second on the phone.

BRIANNA

Okay. A hundred more. I can do it.

PETER

Tubular! Now! There was something important I had to tell you--

(remembering)

Ah! My parking space got bumped up three spots closer to the door so I'm throwin' a little get-together tomorrow to celebrate. Thought maybe you'd wanna stop by. Bring that boyfriend of yours. Or don't!

BRIANNA

Look, Peter, I have to go!

Brianna hangs up.

PETER

Hello? Breezy?

Peter admires his new parking spot from the window.

EXT. GRANT PARK - FESTIVAL - DAY

A bright blue thumbnail clicks the end of a Green-Go pen.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

WWJD.

Maggie spins Brianna around to use her back as a desk.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What would John do?

Maggie draws on the Security Guard's map.

BRIANNA

He'd make some sort of a checklist and then ask if me I wanted to watch a Shark Tank rerun--

(as Maggie writes)

OW! Watch the pen.

MAGGIE

There are five turkey leg vendors located throughout the park.

BRIANNA

How do you know that?

MAGGIE

Not all of us can survive on liquid ginger and kale extract.

(a beat)

And I may have worked at one last summer.

BRIANNA

Let me guess, you quit that too--?

(Maggie digs the pen in)

OUCH.

MAGGIE

The job didn't suit me.

Maggie circles various locations on the map.

BRIANNA

Nobody likes their job Maggie. But we do it because we have to--

Maggie leans off of Brianna.

MAGGIE

Okay. Here are the Friar Turks--

CLOSE ON: MAGGIE'S PEN TRACES THE ROUTE ON THE MAP.

MAGGIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We start at the one near **Buckingham Fountain**, head over to the **Kidz Zone**, make our way to the **German Beer Garden**, stop by the **Win a Car** booth, then last and probably least, the **Hippie Drum Circle** by the parking lot.

Maggie punches the pen on the map for emphasis.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Where there's turkey, there's toilets.

Brianna doesn't look so enthusiastic.

BRIANNA

Kidz Zone?

MAGGIE

It's a place where irresponsible parents entrust complete strangers with the lives of their children.

BRIANNA

It's just that, I'm not exactly...
I hate kids.

MAGGIE

Brianna. John would do it for you.

Brianna cracks a smile.

BRIANNA

You're right. And he'd probably
grow his mid-level clientele by
double-digits along the way.

MAGGIE

Sure. Just keep your eyes peeled
for a green tote bag sticking out
of a Port-a-Potty.

Maggie marches onward as Brianna deals with her gag reflex.

EXT. GRANT PARK - BUCKINGHAM FOUNTAIN - DAY

Water tumbles through an opulent fountain.

The slimy bone of a masticated turkey leg plops in the water.

Locke, his earmuffs still in place, sucks his fingers clean
as he strides back towards his forklift.

He doesn't acknowledge the piece of green fabric pushing its
way through the porthole of the Port-a-Potty.

The last Port-a-Potty he must transport to complete his task.

INT. / EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John stands on the toilet seat, forehead covered in sweat.

His light fades as he stuffs the tote bag into the porthole.

JOHN

That should do it.

He climbs off of the toilet. He's about to sit down, but
figures, hey, why sit on the open seat? He drops the lid.

THE VACUUM sucks the bag back in the Port-a-Potty.

INSERT: ON THE ROOF, THE GREEN-GO TOTE BAG GOES FLACCID.

John lifts the lid. The SCUURPING sound fades.

INSERT: ON THE ROOF, THE GREEN-GO TOTE BAG STANDS TALL.

John sits back down on the open toilet seat. He's tired.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Brianna's on the way--

Locke's figure passes across the mesh vents.

THE FORKLIFT ENGINE FIRES UP.

John scrambles back onto the toilet seat. Through the mesh, he stares into the face of Locke.

JOHN (CONT'D)
HEY! HELLO! CAN YOU SEE ME?

Locke's expression doesn't change the slightest iota.

THE HYDRAULIC LIFT BEGINS TO CHURN.

John's world is moving underneath him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
No! No wait! Put me down!

He braces his arms against the walls of the Port-a-Potty.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

The forklift raises the Port-a-Potty off of the ground.

Locke manipulates the gears, perhaps sensing that this object is heavier than the previous objects. It requires more power.

He yanks the gear shaft.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John is tossed around like a rag doll.

JOHN
Where--where are we going?

With the toilet shaking, John carefully steps on the seat.

EXT. GRANT PARK - BUCKINGHAM FOUNTAIN - DAY

Maggie and Brianna stand by the fountain.

BRIANNA

I don't see a... bathroom place.

Indeed, no sign of a Port-a-Potty anywhere.

MAGGIE

I'll see if I can't pump Friar Turk for info.

Maggie heads towards the Friar Turk stand.

Brianna taps a CAMELBACK kid on the shoulder. He turns around, mid-bite into his fried meat-on-a-bone.

BRIANNA

Excuse me, do you know where I could find the closest--
(eh hem)
Portable restroom facility?

CAMELBACK

They've been hauling 'em away all day. Guess everyone's pretty clogged up with meat and beer.

Brianna somehow manages not to throw up.

BRIANNA

Speaking of which, you really aren't getting the appropriate level of daily vitamins from that turkey leg.

She can't help it. She whips out a card.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I'm Brianna.

He eyes it suspiciously as he sucks from his camelback hose.

CAMELBACK

I'm Finn.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John vibrates with the movement of the forklift.

His feet are planted against the edges of the toilet seat.

He watches the festival pass by the mesh vents, trying to figure out just where the hell he's being taken.

EXT. GRANT PARK - FRIAR TURK - DAY

Maggie leans on the counter.

MAGGIE

Yep. I fried up quite a leg in my day. What are you usin' there? Canola oil? I used olive for more flavor, but hey, don't let me tell you your business.

FRIAR TURK, a pimple-faced teenaged girl, holds a spatula in her crossed arms. She notes the line forming behind Maggie.

FRIAR TURK

You gonna buy a leg or not?

MAGGIE

Actually, I was wondering if you've seen anybody get trapped in a Port-a-Potty lately.

FRIAR TURK

Excuse me?

MAGGIE

My friend. Says he's locked in a Port-a-Potty around here. He's about 5'10, looks like he owns an advertising agency on the top, but like he works at one on the bottom?

Friar Turk is not amused.

EXT. GRANT PARK - FESTIVAL - DAY

A piece of meat dangles from Finn's mouth.

BRIANNA

Plus we've added a patented tarot root boost for an additional a fiber kick--

All around Brianna, people are clearing out of the way.

IN THE FORKLIFT

Locke shifts gears. An unstoppable force.

ON BRIANNA

She flashes Finn a pearly white smile.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)
So just enter the promo code for
ten percent off--

IN THE FORKLIFT

Locke fast approaches Brianna. For the first time - maybe ever - his eyes deviate from their fixed lifeless gaze.

ON BRIANNA

She's holding her ground.

FINN
But what if I don't want it?

BRIANNA
Take the damn card.

FINN
Please stop. You're making my head
hurt with your eyes.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John turns to look out the front-facing vent.
He sees what might be... could it be...?

JOHN
Brianna?

ON LOCKE

Locke pulls back the gear shaft, jerking the forklift right.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John crashes into the wall, hard.
His left leg drops into the open toilet bowl.
His scream is a cocktail of pain and fear and realization.

EXT. GRANT PARK - FESTIVAL - DAY

Finn dives out of the way.
Brianna watches him hit the ground, business card extended.
The forklift hobbles around Brianna.

She flips the card onto Finn's limp body, blissfully unaware of how close she came to being a crushed like a pancake.

The Green-Go tote bag fades into the distance.

Maggie returns, taking note of the awestruck crowd.

MAGGIE

What the hell did you do?

BRIANNA

Offered him a promo code. Where to?

Maggie checks the map. She swallows hard. Dun dun dun.

MAGGIE

Kidz Zone.

The dust finally clears. Finn picks himself up.

FINN

Screw my probation. I'm findin' me some shrooms.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John's breathing is deep and measured.

He pushes off of the toilet seat, raising his leg out from inside the black void.

He clicks on the 'Flashlight App'. The battery drops to 40%.

As his leg emerges, the jeans become darker with wetness.

He winces as the moisture starts to seep onto his skin.

As his foot clears the rim, two drops of God know's what fall from the tip of his shoe.

JOHN

Today of all days.

He drops onto the toilet seat, practically in tears.

EXT. GRANT PARK - FESTIVAL GROUNDS - DAY

Locke adjusts the earmuffs on his head as he drives the forklift through the park.

The forklift arrives at a TRAILER HITCH warehousing five other Port-a-Potties. Just one more to complete the six pack.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

The Port-a-Potty settles. Fear fills John's face.

THE HYDRAULIC LIFT CHURNS YET AGAIN.

The light filtering in through the vents dims on three out of the four sides, like being inside of a trash compactor.

EXT. GRANT PARK - FESTIVAL - DAY

Locke pulls back the forklift, about-faces and rolls away.

John's Port-a-Potty now sits in between two identical toilets, backed up against another row of three.

As far as we can tell, this six pack of Port-a-Potties could be anywhere in the park. No distinguishing marks of any kind.

Except for the green tote bag sticking out of John's toilet.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John's wet left leg steps back onto the toilet seat.

He looks through the vent. Another Port-a-Potty to the left.

He checks the other side. Another Port-a-Potty to the right.

He looks through the lone vent that still offers a view.

Another Friar Turk, just like before. He could be anywhere.

JOHN

*What? It looks exactly the same!
How is that possible?*

John palms the cell phone.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Okay, McKeever. Time to man up.

John dials 9-1-1.

INT. 911 DISPATCH - DAY

A 911 DISPATCHER types at her computer. She's all angles. Rigid posture, clipped manner of speaking, utterly humorless.

911 DISPATCHER
(into headset)
Nine-one-one, what is your
emergency?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

John attempts to match her tone.

JOHN
Yes. Hello, ma'am. My name is John
McKeever and I am trapped inside of
a Portable Potty in Grant Park.
Chicago. Illinois. United States.

911 DISPATCHER
I'm sorry sir, did you say you were
trapped in a Port-a-Potty?

JOHN
That is correct.

911 DISPATCHER
And are you in any danger?

JOHN
Well, no, not exactly, ma'am. I'm
just on a bit of a deadline. See, I
have this plan to propose to--

911 DISPATCHER
Sir, let me stop you right there.

JOHN
Yep.

911 DISPATCHER
Would you like me to read you the
conversation I had with the person
who called just before you?

JOHN
I--um--is that legal?

911 DISPATCHER
The answer is 'no'. You would not.
Because just reading the text of
that conversation would give you
nightmares for the rest of your
relatively charmed life. And that's
without adding all of the screaming
and the crying and the murdering--

THE PHONE BUZZES: Low Battery 20%. Dismiss?

JOHN
Ah, *shiiit*.

911 DISPATCHER
Excuse me, sir?

JOHN
I'm sorry, ma'am, but are you going to send someone to help me or not?

911 DISPATCHER
As if it's not bad enough that our units in that area are currently dealing with a deranged maniac wreaking havoc in a stolen pedicab.

JOHN
Hang on, did you say '*pedicab*'?

911 DISPATCHER
Sir, may I suggest you call the Port-a-Potty company and have somebody help you out?

JOHN
And if you could put me through to them, that would be *fantastic*.

The Dispatcher picks up a sheet of paper, clears her throat.

911 DISPATCHER
(dry as a bone)
"Caller: Help. Help. The children have escaped from their cages and they are out for blood--"

JOHN
Okay! But the problem is, I can't see all of the digits of...
(wait a sec!)
The number!

John peers out of the vent to the neighboring Port-a-Potty. He can clearly see the complete 'ON-THE-SPOT' phone number.

911 DISPATCHER
"--oh sweet Lord. Their teeth are like tiny little butcher knives--"

John ends the call.

THE TRIBAL RHYTHM OF AN ENERGETIC DRUM BEAT BUILDS...

EXT. STAGE - DAY

...and blends into a WILCOX POWER BALLAD.

EXT. GRANT PARK - KIDZ ZONE - DAY

In the nearby Friar Turk booth, another pimple-faced FRY COOK dozes on his cash register.

Brianna and Maggie stand outside of a semi-collapsed tent.

A bent, rusted sign reads: *Kidz Zone*.

The whole thing is eerie.

MAGGIE
Maybe the bathrooms are inside?

BRIANNA
Sure. I'll just wait out here.

Maggie takes a step forward. And stops.

MAGGIE
Maybe we should try calling John
one more--

BRIANNA
Already on it.

Brianna brings the phone to her ear.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

The neighboring toilet clearly displays:

ON-THE-SPOT: For Compliments or Complaints Call 312-791-1240

JOHN
Bingo.

John brings the phone to his ear.

INT. ON-THE-SPOT WAREHOUSE - DAY

A CUSTOMER SERVICE REP, 40s, answers the phone. She's basically the personification of a big, mouth-gaping yawn.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 Thanks for calling 'On-the-Spot'.
 I'll be handling your call today--

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

JOHN
 Yes! Hello! My name is John
 McKeever, and I am trapped inside
 one of your--

DOOP DOOP. John checks the phone. *Cute Guy From Coffee Shop.*

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 Hello? Hllllo. Siiir.

JOHN
 Ah, eh, yes! I'm here.

John hits 'cancel' on Brianna's incoming call.

EXT. GRANT PARK - KIDZ ZONE TENT - DAY

Brianna furrows her brow.

VOICEMAIL (O.S.)
*Hi, you've reached the voicemail of
 Brianna Borgen. I believe that
 every client is the most important
 client, so please leave your name--*

Brianna ends the call.

MAGGIE
 No answer?

BRIANNA
 I've never listened to my own
 voicemail before. I sound great.

MAGGIE
 Well, for all we know, John is just
 beyond the flaps of this tent.

Maggie leads the way inside.

INT. KIDZ ZONE TENT - DAY

A gust of wind blows a newspaper across the dusty floor of
 the tent. It looks like *Thunderdome: The Aftermath.*

BRIANNA
Maggie. What is this place.

MAGGIE
The kids are usually locked up in a
little pen in the corner--

The gate of said pen hangs open on creaky hinges.

BRIANNA
I don't see any trace of...
anything. Or anyone.

Maggie scans the desolate tent.

MAGGIE
There!

A SIX PACK OF PORT-A-POTTIES fills the far end of the tent.
And SOMETHING GREEN hangs above it's center like a flag.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
The tote bag--!

PIGGY (O.S.)
Hello.

A GROUP OF CHILDREN appears out of nowhere.

BRIANNA
Jesus.

The children stand directly between them and the six pack--

JACK
Do you have a ball we can play with?

--and they inexplicably have British accents.

SIMON
The adults forgot to leave us with
anything to play with.

RALPH
So we had to make up our own games.

PIGGY
We had no other choice.

ALL OF THE CHILDREN
No other choice.

BRIANNA
This is why I don't do kids.

Maggie eyes the stack of business cards in Brianna's hand.

MAGGIE
Hey! You kids like presents right?

JACK
We love presents.

RALPH
Presents remind me of spending the holiday with my Mum--

PIGGY
Before the darks times.

MAGGIE
Uh huh. Sure. Well, Brianna here has a present for *all* of you!

BRIANNA
No I don't--

MAGGIE
(aside to Brianna)
The cards. Kids will take anything you give them. I gave my nephew a bag of trash for his birthday last year and now he refers to me as his 'Favorite Auntie Garbage'.

BRIANNA
Don't put that on your resume.

MAGGIE
Just buy me thirty seconds, okay?

Brianna clears her throat and turns to the children.

BRIANNA
I don't know if I would call it a *present* per se. More like a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Brianna raises the card over her head.

The children follow it with their eyes.

Behind them, Maggie tip-toes towards the toilets.

INT. ON-THE-SPOT WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Customer Service Rep flicks at a fan that's given up the will to oscillate.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 Sir, are you calling to register a
 compliment or a complaint?

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John considers.

JOHN
 Will I be treated any differently
 depending on my answer?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 I address every issue with the same
 commitment to excellence--

Hell with it. She smashes her fist into the base of the fan.

John unbuttons his shirt and airs himself out.

JOHN
 Then this is definitely a complaint.

She rolls her eyes. She slides a thick binder across her desk
 labeled 'COMPLAINT PROTOCOL' and plops it open.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 In that case, may I get your first
 and last name, your date of birth,
 the last four digits of your social
 and the ID number of the unit for
 which you're calling to complain?

JOHN
 I don't have time for this! I am
 stuck in one of your Port-a-Potties!

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 Sir, we prefer 'Portable Restroom
 Facilities'. Now once again, please
 provide your first and last name--

JOHN
 Fine! My name is *John. McKeever.*

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 Jon as in 'Jonathan'?

JOHN
 No. No, John as in J-O-H-N.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
And McKeever, is that Irish in
origin? Or Scottish.

John's had it up to here: --> *

INT. KIDZ ZONE TENT - DAY

The group of children stare blankly at the Green-Go card.

BRIANNA
--with a patented tarot root boost
for an additional fiber kick.

NEAR THE SIX PACK OF PORT-A-POTTIES

Maggie jumps and grabs the 'something green' hanging over the
Port-a-Potties. It's not a tote bag. It's a HAWAIIAN SHIRT.

She cracks open the door to one of the toilets nonetheless.

MAGGIE
John! Are you in here?

BY THE CHILDREN

BRIANNA
So for a limited time only, you,
or, you know, your parents--

SIMON
I can't remember my parents.

BRIANNA
Fine. You can save ten percent on
your first order of Green-Go.

Brianna plasters a smile on her face.

PIGGY
I want a card.

JACK
So do I.

RALPH
We all want a card!

NEAR THE SIX PACK OF PORT-A-POTTIES

Maggie opens the door to the last toilet.

MAGGIE

John?

A shirtless ADULT cowers inside.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing in here?

He stares at Maggie with dead black eyes.

ADULT

I tried to crawl through the gap at
the base of the tent--

(wistfully)

--but I've had too much turkey!

MAGGIE

You're supposed to be watching them!

Maggie tries to wrestle him out, but he won't budge.

Brianna passes out the cards to the children.

BRIANNA

Okay! Easy! No biting. That's it--

Maggie's commotion draws Simon's attention.

SIMON

Look! That one's found the last
adult hiding in the water closet!

ALL OF THE CHILDREN

The last adult.

The children turn towards Maggie and the Adult.

BRIANNA

Uh oh. Maggie!

The kids circle Maggie like a pack of tiny British wolves.

The Adult finally fights her off.

ADULT

You're on your own, lady.

He grabs his shirt from her hands and slams the door.

JACK

She must be one of the adults, too.

ALL OF THE CHILDREN

One of the adults.

Maggie eyes the aforementioned GAP at the bottom of the tent.

BRIANNA
Maggie! Hurry!

Maggie glances at her map: the Beer Garden is close.

MAGGIE
Head to the Win a Car booth!

BRIANNA
By myself? What if I get lost--?

MAGGIE
Follow the turkey!

The children close in.

BRIANNA
Where are you going?

MAGGIE
To the Beer Garden. Because I'm a
god damn adult.

Maggie dives for the gap and crawls her way to freedom.

The children crane their necks in unison, watching her.

With the same uniformity, they return their gaze to the water closet in which the last Adult hides.

EXT. GRANT PARK - KIDZ ZONE TENT - DAY

Maggie brushes the grass off of her shirt.

PIGGY (O.S.)
Let's kill the Beast!

ADULT (O.S.)
Please! I'm just a babysitter--!

His voice cuts out abruptly. Maggie takes a beat.

MAGGIE
I need a drink.

SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE, WILCOX ENDS THEIR BALLAD.

INT. ON-THE-SPOT WAREHOUSE - DAY

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 Sir, do you think you're the first
 person to call me up today and say,
 'Hey! I'm trapped inside of a Port-
 a-Potty. Come get me out!'

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

JOHN
 I would hope so!

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 Have you tried unlocking the door
 and stepping out?

JOHN
 Are you serious right now?

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 I can't see your face, so I can't
 tell if you're saying that as in,
 'are you serious? I hadn't thought
 of that!' or if it's more like, 'of
 course I tried that, asshole.'

John pounds the phone against his skull.

JOHN
 Fine. What if I said I was calling
 to register a compliment instead?

The Customer Service Rep perks up.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 Oh! Well why didn't you say so?

She slides over a cob-webbed clipboard with a blank sheet of
 paper attached to it: COMPLIMENT PROTOCOL.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP (CONT'D)
 Ready when you are.

She readies her pen.

JOHN

Here goes. I would like to compliment the operator of your 'On-the-Spot' forklift and his ability to effectively lock a person inside of this stinking tomb that your company calls a product--

She scribbles on the clipboard.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP

Hang on! '*...stinking tomb...*'

JOHN

And praise his ability to completely ruin my plan to execute the perfect marriage proposal to the woman of my dreams!

She stops writing.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP

Woman of your dreams? If that were true, John, you would will your way out of that toilet. You'd be like me, lifting up that Dodge Caravan after I left my baby underneath it.

JOHN

Are you suggesting that somehow, subconsciously, I want to be trapped inside of this toilet?

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP

You said it, not me.

John considers it for a beat.

JOHN

Ah, eh, we-- She's looking for me as we speak, okay? In fact, I hung up on her in order to talk to you. Which was *clearly* a huge mistake.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP

(under her breath)

Any woman who's about to marry you is making the huge mistake--

DOOP DOOP.

JOHN

Ah ha! There she is right now--

Text from Peter: *Breezy! Hit me up on my sizzelle.*

JOHN (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
Not her, is it.

JOHN
None of your business!

John replies: *This is the bf. I have her phone, remember?*

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
(reading prepared text)
"Sir, I've logged your compliment
and on behalf of 'On-the-Spot' I'd
like to sincerely extend my--"
(she turns the page)
--there it is. "Gratitude."

The three dots appear by Peter's name: ...

INT. GREEN-GO - PETER HARGROVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter considers writing a text.

PETER
Ohhh yeah.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

--and then disappear. John grunts.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
Gettin' cold feet, aren't you?

JOHN
What? No! I am following through
with this proposal! I WILL complete
my Great. *Checklist. Of Life!*

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
John, are you familiar with the
expression "where there's smoke,
there's fire?"

JOHN
What does that have to do with--?

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 I'm sayin' it sounds like the
 problem isn't our portable restroom
 facility. The problem is you.
 (a beat)
 I'm sayin' I smell smoke.

JOHN
 Are you going to help me or not.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP
 I suggest tryin' 911. I can get you
 their number if you just gimme a--

John hangs up.

CUSTOMER SERVICE REP (CONT'D)
 Hello? *Jonathan?*

She punches the fan again and it actually spins back to life.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John types: *FYI. Not just her BF. Soon to be fiance.*

But instead of hitting send, John deletes the word 'fiance'.

JOHN
 I'm not that guy who reads her texts.

DOOP DOOP.

From Peter: *Just joshin' compadre! Swing on by my Parking
 Spot Party manana. Its gonna be tite.*

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Okay. I'm that guy.

EXT. GRANT PARK - BEER GARDEN - DAY

A BEER GARDEN BANNER arches over the sectioned-off area.

Within the Beer Garden is a six-pack of Port-a-Potties.

Maggie tries to cross into the Beer Garden, but a familiar
 power-tripping Security Guard stiff-arms her.

SECURITY GUARD
 Now hold it right there, ma'am!
 Where do we think we're goin'?

MAGGIE

My friend! He's stuck in a toilet somewhere in the park and I need to check those to see--

SECURITY GUARD

Now let's just start off by showing some ID to verify that we're twenty-one years of age, okay?

MAGGIE

I didn't bring my ID.

SECURITY GUARD

Sounds like a rather irresponsible decision on your part, ma'am.

MAGGIE

I don't want a beer! I just need to check those Port-a-Potties.

SECURITY GUARD

And you're saying a friend of yours is stuck inside one of these here?

MAGGIE

He might be! And if I don't get him out, it's going to ruin his whole plan to propose to his girlfriend. Even though I don't think they're going to make each other happy.

The Security Guard crosses his bulky arms.

SECURITY GUARD

And, ma'am, could you explain exactly why you want to expedite the process of your friend proposing to the wrong woman?

MAGGIE

I guess I just--

Maggie leans against the barricade to the Beer Garden.

SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am! I am going to need you to step away from the barricade immediately! Step away! Step away!

Maggie pops upright, hands up.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Step!
 (a healthy beat)
 Away!

Maggie and the Security Guard just stare at each other.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Now ma'am, I'm going to need you to
 continue explaining the complex
 love triangle involving you and
 your best friend, okay?

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John scrolls through Brianna's texts. He's horrified.

Sent to Weird Mole From Grocery Store: Your free sample of
 Green-Go is on the way! Hope you like it! ;)

Sent to Bad Haircut in Movie Theater: Your no-risk trial of
 Green-Go has just shipped!

Sent to Step-Dad: Enjoy 15% off your first Green-Go Starter
 Kit using Promo Code 'S-T-E-P'!

John finds the conversation history between Maggie and
 Brianna. He swallows. *Do I want to see this?*

THE PHONE BUZZES: Low Battery 10%: Dismiss?

He dismisses. And then his thumb taps 'View Conversation'.

EXT. STAGE - DAY

The Lead Singer leans over the microphone.

LEAD SINGER

This one is a little bit darker and
 it comes from the new album!

The crowd's enthusiasm wanes.

LEAD SINGER (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know, but we're
 contractually obligated to play it.

A MOB OF FANS disperses as Wilcox half-heartedly strums the
 next song.

LEAD SINGER (CONT'D)
SOMETIMES YOU FEEL TRAPPED
TRAPPED, WITH NOWHERE TO GO--

EXT. GRANT PARK - BEER GARDEN - DAY

Maggie bares her soul to the Security Guard.

MAGGIE
So I feel like if I find him, I'll
prove to John that I am capable of
following through with something.

SECURITY GUARD
Now, ma'am, what I'm going to need
for you to do right now is
understand that I do sympathize
with your situation, okay?

MAGGIE
So you'll let me through!

SECURITY GUARD
I'm afraid without proper ID that
is not a valid solution.

The fans pile up behind Maggie and show off their wristbands.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Come on through, guys!

While he's distracted, Maggie plucks a neon WRISTBAND off of
the Security Guard's belt. He doesn't notice in the least.

Maggie squeezes through with the rest of the mob.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Alright, ma'am, now when we left
off we were discussing possible
solutions to being in love with...
(searching for Maggie)
...your best friend.

MAGGIE (O.S.)
JOHN?!

NEAR THE BEER GARDEN PORT-A-POTTIES

Maggie pounds on the door to the first Port-a-Potty.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
John, are you in there?

SOME GUY (O.S.)
 (inside the Port-a-Potty)
 Hey! What gives?

The Security Guard pushes his way through the beer drinkers.

SECURITY GUARD
 Hey! You there! Stop!

Maggie pounds on the door to the next Port-a-Potty.

THERE'S A MUFFLED SCREAM FROM INSIDE.

MAGGIE
 John, is that you?

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)
 You have illegally procured a
 wristband without valid ID!

Maggie rips open the door, revealing THE PORT-A-POTTY ORGY.

MAGGIE
 Whoops! Sorry!

CREEPY GUY
 Join the party, baby--

Maggie slams the door shut.

The Security Guard plants his paw on Maggie's shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD
 Ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you
 to come with me--

The Security Guard's walkie-talkie CRACKLES.

911 DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 (over the walkie)
 All Security, be advised, we have a
 stolen pedicab on the loose, headed
 towards the Beer Garden, I repeat--

MAGGIE
 Wait, did she say--?

Maggie's pedicab ZOOMS by, nearly clipping both of them,
 followed by the Bike Cops in hot pursuit.

SECURITY GUARD

Looks like this is your lucky day.
Don't let me catch you breaking any
more rules, or I'll be forced to
politely ask you to leave the park.

The Security Guard pivots and joins the chase.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

(at the pedicab)

Stop in the name of Summerfest Law!

It takes everything she's got to stop herself from going
after her pedicab. But she manages to pull out the map.

MAGGIE

Follow through.

CLOSE ON: Maggie's pen crosses off ~~'Beer Garden'~~ on the map.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

WILCOX'S DARKER, SADDER SONG FROM THE NEW ALBUM PLAYS.

John reads Brianna's texts in stunned silence.

From Maggie: John got us tickets to see Wilcox at Summerfest
on Saturday. Act like you like them.

Sent to Maggie: Ok. What is Wilcox?

From Maggie: The band that sings Unexpected Love. The song I
told you to say you liked to break the ice with John in the
coffee shop.

Sent to Maggie: I don't remember the song. I just remember he
really need to use the bathroom.

JOHN

She doesn't even remember the song?

He slips the phone back into one pocket, and he works the
ring box out of the other.

He cracks the box open and pulls out the ring.

He stares at the it. Contemplates it. Reconsiders it--

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!

The ring jumps out of John's hand.

It floats through the air.

And tumbles hopelessly towards the urinal drain.

Bouncing around the rim.

PLINK... PLANK... *PLUNK*.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Butterfingers.

A delayed response; the panic hits.

JOHN (CONT'D)
AHHHHHHH!!!!

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

Finn, now tripping his face off, stops his drumming against the side of the toilet at the sound of the scream.

Pupils dilated, he stares at the Port-a-Potty like a chimp to the monolith.

FINN
God? Is that you?

He presses his palm against the door.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John has officially snapped out of his daze.

JOHN
What?! No!!

He climbs onto the toilet and peers out the vent.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John's eyes appear in the mesh vent.

FINN
God lives inside of a Port-a-Potty.
I knew it.

JOHN
I'm not God! Thanks to you, I'm a
guy who just dropped a diamond
engagement ring into a fully loaded
toilet, you stoned jackass!

FINN

I'm sorry, oh Lord, that I ate a quarter of mushrooms when I swore I was only going to eat an eighth, but my cousin's roommate was like, listen, you need at least a quatro if you expect to taste colors--

John slams his head against the vent.

JOHN

Of all the people who could've come by this Port-a-Potty.

FINN

Name's Finn.

Finn pulls a bag of mushrooms out of his camelback.

FINN (CONT'D)

Want some?

JOHN

No. Look, Finn. I need you to help get me out of here.

FINN

Ah ha. I see what's going on here. *Satan*. Nice try.

JOHN

I'm not Satan! I'm just a guy... just a guy who was trying to--

John gets choked up, in that 'I'm so tired' kind of way.

JOHN (CONT'D)

--to complete my *Great Checklist of Life*.

FINN

Hey, man. There *is* no checklist for life.

JOHN

Easy for you to say. I'm guessing the biggest decision you've ever made is deciding how many mushrooms to eat at a music festival. And even *that* you couldn't commit to.

FINN

I'm sensing a lot of anger coming from you right now.

Finn takes a cross-legged seat in front of the Port-a-Potty.

JOHN

Yeah, well, my whole life has
fallen apart today.

Finn smacks his lips distastefully.

FINN

That would explain why you've got
this pukey green negative energy
around you. Tastes like raw onions.
(realizing)

Hey! I can taste colors--

JOHN

I always thought Brianna and I
would be the perfect match. She's
ambitious, she's determined--

Finn gags. He sips from his hose and spits.

FINN

Listen! I'm gonna need you to
change up whoever it is you're
talking about, because I'm getting
this bitter, starchy thing in the
back of my throat!

JOHN

That's probably the patented tarot
root boost.

Finn scrapes his tongue on his sleeve.

EXT. GRANT PARK - WIN A CAR - DAY

In a FISHBOWL marked 'Enter Your Card for a Chance to Win', a
Green-Go card falls on top of a pile of other business cards.

BRIANNA

Hit me up for a free sample!

Brianna winks at the MOUTH BREATHER standing near AN UGLY
GREEN CAR rotating on a platform. Maggie walks up behind her
in disbelief.

MAGGIE

Are you kidding me?

BRIANNA

I doubt it. Wait, about what.

MAGGIE

Did you even look for John for,
like, a second?

BRIANNA

Yes. I scanned the area for my tote
bag, didn't see it, moved on.

Brianna tries to 'move on', but Maggie stops her short.

MAGGIE

I wasn't going to say anything, but
I can't keep it to myself anymore.

BRIANNA

This jacket is too much isn't it--

MAGGIE

Do you know why John wanted to come
to this concert today?

BRIANNA

To see his favorite band. Wilcom.

MAGGIE

Wilcox. Because he thinks that this
is *your* favorite band too.

BRIANNA

Yeah, you mentioned that. Funny
thing is, I don't even like music.

MAGGIE

John is going to propose to you.

Maggie stares at Brianna. How 'bout that. Bombshell, right?

BRIANNA

Let me guess. At the end of the
show he's going to make a big scene
by getting on one knee and asking
me to marry him.

MAGGIE

So you've known all along?

BRIANNA

The ring-box-shaped bulge in his
pocket sort of gave it away. Where
did he get those jeans anyway--?

MAGGIE

And yet you don't care that he's
trapped inside of a toilet?!

BRIANNA

Calm down! John is fine. Here, have
a free sample of Green-Go. On me.

Maggie snatches the card and starts to rip it into pieces.

MAGGIE

These. Mean. Nothing!

But by the look on Brianna's face you'd think Maggie had just
torn the arms off of her first-born child. Brianna erupts.

BRIANNA

Those cards mean EVERYTHING.

Maggie shrinks under Brianna's wrath.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

And when John gets out of that god
damn *Port-a-Potty*, he'll see me, in
all of my Super Green Status glory
and he will understand why I work
relentlessly, even at his expense,
to reach my career goals.

(to the crowd)

NOW WHO WANTS A FUCKING PROMO CODE?

Brianna charges into the crowd.

IN THE DISTANCE, WILCOX STARTS TO PLAY A MORE FAMILIAR SONG.

LEAD SINGER (O.S.)

LOVE / SO UNEXPECTED--

Maggie concentrates the map as if she's working out an idea.

INT. / EXT. PORT-A-POTTY

John presses his face into the vent, listening to the song.

JOHN

This is it.

FINN

(nervous)

Death?

JOHN

No. It's the song that made me fall
for Brianna in the first place. But
it was just Maggie... Maggie...

John trails off. But Finn perks up.

FINN
Woah! Say her name again!

JOHN
Who. Maggie?

Finn licks his lips with delight.

FINN
Much better! Now your aura has this
sweet, crunchy thing going on.
(tasting carefully)
With a hint of cinnamon.

JOHN
Apple Jacks?

FINN
Sure. Listen, I don't know who this
Maggie person is to you, but she
seriously complements your chi.

JOHN
Really? You can see that?

Finn gets back on his feet.

FINN
No. I can taste it.
(a beat)
And I think you can, too.

John tries to 'taste' it. *Maybe he can?* But probably not.

FINN (CONT'D)
I shall now leave you to
contemplate your future--

JOHN
Wait! Please! Help me out of here!

Something grabs Finn's attention off to the right.

FINN
The energy of the drum circle is
calling me back.

Finn wanders off.

JOHN
Finn! Anybody? Help.

John peers into the dark pit that just swallowed his ring.

EXT. FESTIVAL - WI-FI HOTSPOT - DAY

Maggie stumbles through the corporate sponsored hotspot.

WI-FI GUY (O.S.)
Good afternoon!

Maggie spins around. A goon-faced WI-FI GUY leans forward.

WI-FI GUY (CONT'D)
Can I interest you in two free
months of digital service and a--

MAGGIE
A phone. I need a phone!

WI-FI GUY
Well, we're more about finding the
digital service package that's
right for you. That's right for--

He pauses, waiting for Maggie to say something. She doesn't.

WI-FI GUY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
This is where you say you're name.

MAGGIE
Maggie?

WI-FI GUY
Maggie! That's right for Maggie.

MAGGIE
Cool. Um, I'll tell you what. If
you let me make a phone call, I'll
buy, like, all of the internet
service you can legally sell me.

Wi-Fi Guy's face lands somewhere between nervous and aroused.

WI-FI GUY
We have a special on our
touchscreen tablets. But they only
make face-to-face calls.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John hangs his head in his hands, fresh out of hope.

The phone BUZZES with an incoming 'Face-to-Face' message.

John answers, and Maggie's face pops up on the screen.

JOHN
Hey Maggie.

INTERCUT JOHN / MAGGIE

MAGGIE
John! John, are you alright?

John is not alright.

JOHN
Oh, you know. I'm just checkin' out
this cozy little bachelor unit.
It's a no-bed-half-bath. Not much
of a kitchen, but for the price--

Maggie lands somewhere between concerned and depressed.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Is 'Breezy' with you?

MAGGIE
No... she's... she's... not. Look,
John, I need you to not freak out
and know that I am coming for you.

JOHN
Brianna never liked this song. It
was you. This is your favorite
song, isn't it.

MAGGIE
I guess I saw the way you looked at
Brianna, how impressed you were by
her. And I thought, let them have
each other. I'd never want to be
with a guy like that anyway.

The last chords of the song drift through the air...

JOHN
And now Brianna and I have a five
year plan that involves 'commercial
property management bonuses'. And
Green-Go. So much Green-Go--
(a beat)
But I can't deny that when I'm with
you, I just want... I just want...

...and the DRONING BEAT of the Drum Circle starts up again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
WILL YOU HIPPIES GIVE IT A REST?

Maggie plugs a finger in her ear.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (back to Maggie)
 What was I saying? Oh. Right. I was
 saying that when I'm with you--

THE BATTERY ICON FLASHES AND THE PHONE SCREEN FADES TO BLACK.

MAGGIE
 John? John!

But the screen is blank.

Wi-Fi Guy produces a contract and a pen.

WI-FI GUY
 Now, just to be clear, you said
 only the service I could sell you
legally, correct?

It hits Maggie.

MAGGIE
 The Hippie Drum Circle!

She tosses Wi-Fi Guy the tablet and rushes into the park.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John talks to a dead cell phone.

JOHN
 --I want to be *with* you.

He realizes that last bit probably didn't go through.

John pulls out his copy of the proposal. He bends the paper under what little light he has, but it's still hard to read.

He uses the lighter to get a better look at the proposal.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Sincerely, John McKeever.
 (a beat)
Sincerely.

He stares at the flame. And that's when it clicks.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Where there's smoke.

John eyes the porthole in the ceiling.

THE CROWD CHANTS 'ENCORE'...

EXT. STAGE - DAY

The Lead Singer leans over the microphone.

LEAD SINGER
Let's go out with a bang!

The band rocks out some kick-ass noise.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

Locke sucks the turkey grease off of his fingers as he charges towards the truck.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John rolls up the proposal and sticks it into the porthole.

INSERT: THE GREEN-GO BAG POPS OUT OF THE PORTHOLE.

JOHN
Okay, you deaf meathead. Let's see
if this gets your attention.

INSERT: THE ROLLED-UP PROPOSAL EXTENDS OUT OF THE ROOF.

John holds up the lighter to catch the tail end of the paper, but can't quite reach it.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

Locke slams the door to the truck and turns the engine.

The truck and the trailer hitch roll forward.

EXT. GRANT PARK - HIPPIE DRUM CIRCLE - DAY

The Hippie Drum Circle, which now includes Finn, drums an ominous rhythm along to the Wilcox song.

Maggie pushes her way through the hippies. On the other side of the circle, she spots the EMPTY FORKLIFT.

Her eyes follow a pair of tire tracks in the grass until...

...she spots the Green-Go Tote Bag lying in the dirt.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John drops the lid of the toilet and plants his foot to get that much closer to the ceiling.

The warning label is barely visible in the fading sunlight:

CAUTION: Closing Lid Will Reverse Flow of Ventilation

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Locke concentrates on navigating the truck through the crowd.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

The breeze from the reversed ventilation brushes John's hair.

He stretches to touch the lighter to the proposal.

He sparks the flame and--

WHOOSH! A FIREBALL turns the paper into cinders.

The flames rain back inside of the Port-a-Potty.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

Maggie jogs along the muddy tracks. She looks up and sees that she's catching up to a truck, a trailer hitch, and...

...a Port-a-Potty with a PLUME OF SMOKE rising from the top.

SERIES OF SHOTS: THE FALL

- John flails his arms, slapping embers out left and right.
- The toilet rocks from front to back.
- The unholy sludge sloshes back and forth.
- Locke shifts the truck into second gear.
- The Port-a-Potty tumbles off of the trailer hitch.
- John's world turns completely upside down as a tidal wave of blue chemical toilet washes over him.
- The Port-a-Potty hits the ground and rolls to a stop.
- The engagement ring floats amid the ocean of waste.

EXT. STAGE - DAY

Wilcox blasts a final chord. It reverberates over the crowd.

LEAD SINGER
Thank you, Chicago!

EXT. GRANT PARK - PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

Stunned concert-goers gather around the Port-a-Potty.

JOHN (O.S.)
Heeeeeelp.

Locke, his truck, and his trailer motor on, over the horizon.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John lies on his back in an inch of liquid.

But that liquid begins to flow in the opposite direction.

As if John and his Port-a-Potty were being lifted up by a congregation of angels--

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

--or a Hippie Drum Circle.

MAGGIE
Come on! We can do it! Up!

The Hippies prop the Port-a-Potty right side up.

A stream of blue chemicals flow underneath the door.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
There! Right there!

Brianna emerges from the gathering audience.

BRIANNA
John?

John presses his face against the vent.

JOHN
Brianna? Maggie?

Maggie pulls on the padlock.

MAGGIE

Yes! John! I'm here!

(to Brianna)

Talk to him. Try to get his spirits back up. Anything but Green-Go.

BRIANNA

Where are you going?

Maggie grabs the phone from Brianna.

MAGGIE

To find my pedicab.

She takes off running. Everyone waits for Brianna to speak.

BRIANNA

J-John? Sweetie? How's it going in there?

JOHN

Oh. You know. I'm covered in human waste. But other than that.

Finn stumbles behind Brianna, scraping his tongue.

EXT. GRANT PARK - WI-FI HOTSPOT - DAY

Maggie hops up and down in the sponsored 'Wi-Fi Hotspot'.

MAGGIE

Come on, come on--

The RICKSHARE APP finishes downloading.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Moment of truth.

She punches the ICON, and holds her breath.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John and Brianna talk through the door.

JOHN (O.S.)

I saw you. Passing out cards. At least I think I did.

BRIANNA

Well, now that you mention it, I have some good news.

(MORE)

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I hit a record number of new customer registrations today. I achieved 'Super Green' status! That's a point six percent raise. A discounted gym membership. A parking spot in Row C.

Thunder rumbles.

EXT. GRANT PARK - WI-FI HOTSPOT - DAY

ON THE PHONE, a RICKSHAW ICON moves around a map of the park.

MAGGIE

It works! It really works!

Wi-Fi Guy interrupts Maggie's celebration.

WI-FI GUY

Fine! I'll throw in every damn movie channel you can dream of if--

Maggie knees Wi-Fi Guy in the balls and retreats.

INT. / EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

Brianna bites her lip.

BRIANNA

But most importantly, John, we're that much closer to securing your management contract for the Green-Go headquarters lease--

John closes his eyes.

JOHN

I never knew you went to Venice.

BRIANNA

What does Venice have to do--

JOHN

Brianna. Do you love me?

BRIANNA

Of course I love you. You're driven and committed, patient and caring. You're 401K says it all.

Rain starts to pelt the plastic roof.

EXT. GRANT PARK - TRAIL - DAY

Maggie runs through the drizzle, pushing through hoards of people leaving the festival. She stops to check the app.

MAGGIE

Where are you, you son of a bitch.

She's closing in on the pedicab.

Or is the pedicab is closing in on her? *Uh oh.*

THIEF (O.S.)

Heads up, lady!

Maggie looks up from her phone.

The pedicab barrels down on her.

Maggie dives out of the way at the last second.

MAGGIE

Hey! That's my pedicab!

She sprints after the Thief.

INT. / EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

BRIANNA

Maybe today, sure, an unstructured life sounds exciting. But in the long run, you end up eating cereal three times a day and struggling to cling to what little you do have.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

Maggie clings to the backseat of the pedicab.

MAGGIE

PULL! OVER!

The Thief checks on Maggie over his shoulder.

When he turns his head again, the ghostly group of children - including Piggy and Ralph - stand frozen in the path ahead.

He slams on the brakes and the pedicab skids to a stop.

Maggie does a front-flip into the carriage.

The Thief blinks, and the children are gone. He looks back at Maggie. She's twisted up like a pretzel in the back seat.

THIEF

You okay?

MAGGIE

Go that way.

Maggie points a finger.

INT. / EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John plucks the ring out of the blue sludge on the floor.

BRIANNA

I did a lot of thinking today while
I was growing my customer base--
(trying for a joke)
I don't need to tell you that I'm a
pretty efficient multi-tasker.

He turns the ring under the rain falling down the porthole.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I know this might be deviating
somewhat from your checklist, but--

Brianna leans against the door of the Port-a-Potty

BRIANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

John McKeever--

John shuts his eyes.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

MAGGIE (O.S.)

OUT OF THE WAY!

Maggie stands in her pedicab like a gladiator in her chariot, wielding the bolt cutters over her rain-soaked shoulder.

Everyone except for Brianna clears out of the way.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

John! Stand back from the door!

JOHN (O.S.)

There's nowhere else to go.

MAGGIE

Okay! Well! Just, brace yourself!

(a beat)

I'm gonna save you.

Maggie clasps the bolt cutters onto the lock. She gives them a squeeze, but the lock doesn't budge.

Brianna stands back with a satisfied smirk.

BRIANNA

Maybe if you had a little more fiber in your diet, you'd actually be able to follow through with something. For once.

JOHN

Don't listen to her, Maggie!

John steps up onto the toilet lid, away from the door.

Maggie grits her teeth.

MAGGIE

I can't--!

JOHN

You can! And you will!

Maggie puts everything she's got into the bolt cutters.

SNAP.

The lock drops.

Brianna can't believe it.

Maggie strips off the chains.

INT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

John slips the engagement ring into the pocket of his jeans.

He slides the lock to the right.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTY - DAY

The red 'Occupied' becomes a green 'Vacant'.

The door swings open, and John emerges from his cell stained with BLUE CHEMICAL TOILET.

John tears his button-down off, revealing a Wilcox t-shirt.
Finn sprays him down with his camelback.
John embraces the shower like he's just escaped Shawshank.
He opens his eyes and looks to Maggie, then to Brianna.

JOHN
Brianna, there's something I have
to tell you--

Brianna recoils, grossed out by the sight of him.
Maggie isn't sure what's happening. *Is he still proposing?*

JOHN (CONT'D)
That was the worst marriage
proposal that I've ever heard.

John hands Brianna her phone, dripping wet.

BRIANNA
How many other marriage proposals
have you heard...?

John turns to Maggie.

JOHN
You're here.

MAGGIE
You're... blue.

He sees the pedicab idling. The Thief gives John a wave.

JOHN
I have to say, it is pretty
romantic.

Brianna tries to dry off her dead phone using the tail end of
a Hippie's hemp pullover.

MAGGIE
Now I just need to find a better
system to keep it locked up.

John looks back at the Port-a-Potty.

JOHN
I've got a few ideas.

Maggie tugs at his Wilcox t-shirt.

MAGGIE
Nice shirt.

John takes her hand in his bright blue palm.

JOHN
I stole it from my roommate.

MAGGIE
She stole it from the creep in the
laundry room.

John leans in. Maggie looks up. Kissin' time--

JOHN
We didn't get to hear our song!

Hold up.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Not together, anyway.

MAGGIE
Yeah. Too bad the show's over.

JOHN
Not yet it isn't.

John jumps into the pedicab. Maggie hops in behind him.

Right on time, the Security Guard pulls up in a GOLF CART.

SECURITY GUARD
(into his walkie)
I've got eyes on the stolen
pedicab! I repeat--!

MAGGIE
Let's ride.

THIEF
Sure thing, boss.

The Thief pedals away with Maggie and John in tow.

SECURITY GUARD
Pull over the unauthorized vehicle!

The Security Guard guns it. He zooms through a puddle,
splashing Brianna's jacket with a mist of muddy water.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

The Band mulls around backstage. Drinking, smoking, mulling.

Stagehands load the Wilcox gear back into a truck.

The pedicab peels around the corner.

JOHN

Wilcox!

LEAD SINGER

Hey guys, check it out. A blue guy
in a pedicab.

JOHN

Encore!

The Security Guard turns the corner on two wheels.

SECURITY GUARD

Stop in the name of Summerfest Law!

The Security Guard hits the brakes and hops out of the cart.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

I apologize Mr. Wilcox--

LEAD SINGER

For the last time, not my name.

SECURITY GUARD

Right, well, I'll have them removed
from the park immediately.

JOHN

You guys! You're our favorite band.
But we missed the entire show
because I was trapped in a Port-a-
Potty. And she had to rescue me.

LEAD SINGER

We've already loaded in our gear.
(a beat)
Unless you'd be down for a quick
acoustic set?

The Lead Singer picks up an acoustic guitar.

MAGGIE

That'd be perfect.

LEAD SINGER

Any requests?

JOHN
I was thinking 'Unexpected Love'?

LEAD SINGER
Hey, anything for you, Port-a-Potty
Guy.

The Lead Singer strums a few quaint chords.

John and Maggie cuddle up in the back of the pedicab. The
Thief cuddles up next to the Security Guard in his golf cart.

LEAD SINGER (CONT'D)
LOVE / SO UNEXPECTED--

The festival noise fades and the song becomes everything.

MAGGIE
Do you think we can make this work?
I mean, do you think you and I--?

JOHN
Let's try not to over-think it.

John smiles.

So does Maggie.

And they kiss in the rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREEN-GO HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - DAY

A nearly empty parking lot stretches in front of the bland
corporate offices of Green-Go.

THE UGLY GREEN CAR from the 'Win a Car' pulls into the lot.

INT. GREEN-GO HEADQUARTERS - PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter opens a box of cupcakes decorated with 'parking space'
frosting. He clicks on an ancient Black Eyed Peas song.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

BRIANNA (O.S.)
Peter?

Brianna steps into the office.

PETER

There she is! I thought I heard
someone pullin' into Row C!

BRIANNA

I thought maybe the rest of the
staff would be here, too.

PETER

Nah, you know how they are. With
their "other plans" and families
and cherished loved ones.

(a beat)

Speaking of, did you bring that
boyfriend of yours?

BRIANNA

Oh! No. He and I, well, we didn't
see eye-to-eye on our career goals.

PETER

Guess we'll need to find another
property manager who's 'on fleek'.

They sit with the Black Eyed Peas for an awkward beat.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well... how 'bout a cupcake!

BRIANNA

Sure. I'd love one.

Brianna and Peter share a cupcake and admire their parking
spots from the window behind his ergonomic standing desk.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

CHYRON: EIGHT MONTHS, TWO WEEKS AND FOUR DAYS LATER

TWO HANDS clasped, a familiar DIAMOND RING on the finger of--

Maggie, sitting next to John, as the Italian countryside
passes by the window over her shoulder. They look happy.

MAGGIE

I hope we're like them one day.

Maggie gestures to AN OLD ITALIAN COUPLE sleeping shoulder-to-
shoulder in the back of the otherwise empty car.

JOHN

Just promise me you'll drool less.

Maggie can't do that. She kisses him on the cheek instead.

MAGGIE

I can't wait to see Venice!
 (beat)
 After I meet with my investors
 about the Gonda-Lift app of course.

JOHN

Of course.
 (getting up)
 Had too much Chianti with my Apple
 Jacks this morning. Be right back.

John heads to the back of the car. He enters the bathroom in and shuts the door.

Maggie pulls a pair of headphones over her ears and the faint sounds of WILCOX play. She's eyes a brooding, Locke-like ATTENDANT as he hulks through the car.

As he walks by the bathroom, the train JERKS from side-to-side. The Attendant loses his balance and his massive body crashes into the door - but he keeps moving to the next car.

The bathroom door SHAKES.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Uh oh. I think this door might be a tad jamarooed -- hey Maggie? Can you hear me?

John POUNDS on the door. No luck.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. Not again--
 (beat)
 Old Italian couple? *Buongiorno?*
 (not again)
 Maggie? Can you hear me? Mags--?

Maggie just bobs away to the music, taking in the view.

FADE OUT.