

RESTROOM

By

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FADE IN:

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM - NIGHT

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Now boarding flight 1414 to Portland.

The sound of a propeller plane FLYING over head.

JOHN, 38, quickly opens the door and pauses in the doorway while talking on his cel phone. He's dressed casually in jeans with flip flops on his feet and a small travel bag in his other hand.

JOHN
(into phone)
(anxiously)
I just landed.
(pause)
Yeah, I think I got it. I'll know by tomorrow night.
(pause)
I know it's in Philidelphia but it's a job.
(pause)
(agitated)
You know we can't do that. We used the last of
our savings for my trip.
(pause)
(angered)
No! I'm not borrowing any more money from your
parents! They already watch the girls for free!
(pause)
(calmly)
Okay. We'll talk about it tonight. I gotta go.
I love...

CLICK.

Annoyed, John shoves his phone in his pocket and rounds the corner into the main area of the restroom.

An "Out of Order" sign blocks his way. The urinals have been removed and new ones wrapped in plastic lay on the floor.

JOHN
You gotta be shittin' me.

He looks toward the exit as he uncomfortably shuffles back and forth, then darts for the first stall.

He opens the door and is stopped in his tracks.

The bowl is filled to the brim with a foul smelling brown mush.

Gagging, he flees to the second stall.

His heart sinks when he sees the shattered remains of a toilet on the floor. A new one waiting to be installed along side the rubble.

JOHN
You gotta be SHITTIN' ME!

He looks under the stall doors only to see the third and fourth stalls are the same.

His eyes widen when he doesn't see any rubble in the last stall.

He rushes to the last stall and flings the door open.

It's clean! Clean enough at least.

He steps forward to enter the stall but stops mid step.

There's an inch of water at his feet.

He looks down at the flip flops he's wearing, chuckles and shakes his head.

JOHN

Screw it.

STALL - CONTINUOUS

In one quick motion,

- He steps in
- Closes the door
- Hangs his bag on the door hook
- Pulls his pants down
- Sits on the seat and lifts his feet out of the water.

PUBLIC RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

The stream of urine striking the porcelain ECHOS throughout the restroom.

John sighs as the last drop falls.

Two MEN enter and scan the restroom.

JEDEN, tall and fit, wearing a tight black V neck T-shirt under an open leather jacket, walks to the center of the restroom.

He looks under the stall doors.

JEDEN

We're clear.

KET, shorter and skinny, wearing a baggy black T-shirt and blue jeans with worn knees, looks under the stall doors just like Jeden did.

KET

I think we should...

JEDEN

(interrupting)

You're not here to think.

(pause)

As soon as I see he has the money, you put a bullet in his head.

(beat)

You fuck this up, and I'll kill you.

STALL - CONTINUOUS

John looks concerned as he listens to the conversation.

PUBLIC BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeden's phone RINGS. He looks at the incoming number and answers.

JEDEN (cont'd)
(into phone)
Restroom. Gate one.

Jeden motions for Ket to get in the first stall.

Ket pulls a small pistol with attached silencer out from his waist band, opens the stall door and sees the foul mush.

KET
What the fu...

With lightning speed, Jeden draws a silenced pistol from inside his coat, cocks the hammer, and aims it at Ket's head.

Ket sees this and shuts up. He raises his hands and quietly mouths, "Sorry" as he steps up onto the toilet and closes the door behind him.

JEDEN
(into phone)
Of course I'm alone.

Jeden stands in the corner of the restroom opposite the entrance, takes a pack of cigarettes out of his jacket pocket and taps it lightly, pulls a cigarette out and lights it just as TRE walks in carrying a metal CASE.

JEDEN (cont'd)
You Tre?

Tre nods.

TRE
You got the product?

JEDEN
Let me see the money and I'll show you the product.

TRE
Show me the product and I'll let you see the money.

Tensions rise.

JEDEN
Show me the money now, or I'm walking.

Jeden glares at Tre.

Tre doesn't budge.

Jeden walks toward the door.

TRE

Okay.

Jeden walks back to Tre just as Tre opens up the case and reveals stacks of one-hundred dollar bills. A band around each reads \$10,000.

Jeden stares at the money for a second, takes a drag off of his cigarette.

JEDEN

Looks like we're done here.

A silenced pistol FIRES. Blood and brain matter spray across the white tile wall.

Ket is standing on the seat, looking over the stall with his pistol aimed where Tre was just standing.

Tre's body is slumped in the corner. Blood pours from the hole in his head and creeps toward the stalls as it slowly traces the low spots between the white tiles of the floor.

STALL - CONTINUOUS

John is startled by the gunshot and the sound of Tre's body collapsing.

Disregarding the water at his feet, he stands and zips up his pants as quietly as possible.

PUBLIC RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

JEDEN

Clean the blood off the case and lets go.

Ket exits the stall, picks up the case, takes it over to the sink, and rinses off the blood spatter.

JEDEN (cont'd)

Wipe that blood off your face too.

Jeden casually walks over and stands a few feet behind Ket as Ket looks in the mirror. Ket sees a tiny spot of blood on his cheek.

Ket bends over and splashes some water on his face, his eyes look in the direction of the stalls.

He pauses.

He sees John's feet under the last stall door.

A look of panic flashes across his face.

He opens his mouth to say something when...

Jeden fires a SHOT into the back of Ket's head while it's still over the sink. The bullet shatters the porcelain sink as it exits Ket's face.

Water freely flows from the faucet to the floor.

Jeden steps over Ket's body and looks at himself in the mirror.

He holsters his pistol under his jacket, puts the cigarette out in the still flowing faucet, and pockets the butt.

He picks up the case and walks toward the door.

STALL - CONTINUOUS

The blood creeping across the floor from Tre's head reaches John's stall, turning the water at John's feet red.

John lets out a faint gasp as he steps up onto the toilet seat.

PUBLIC RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeden hears John's gasp and turns around in time to see a ripple in the water under the stalls.

He knows. Someone's in here.

Jeden looks toward the exit for a beat, then quietly walks to the front of the second stall and pulls his pistol out.

He fires a single bullet into the stall door, kicks the door open. Empty.

He moves to the third stall. Fires, kicks, empty.

Fourth stall. Fires, kicks, empty.

He aims at the last stall.

Suddenly the door bursts open and strikes Jeden's forearm, causing him to fire a round into the ground as the gun is knocked from his hand.

John's bag flies off the hook, followed by John leaping out from the stall.

Jeden just stands there, completely taken by surprise as John crashes into him.

Jeden is knocked back, the case flies from his hand as his feet slip out from underneath him.

Jeden slams down, his head strikes one of the new urinals on the floor.

John curls up into a ball as he falls to the floor, face down.

JOHN

(sobbing)

Please don't kill me. My girls. My wife. Please.

John waits for the bullet to come.

Nothing.

He musters the courage to look. A massacre.

Jeden is knocked out cold. Ket is on the floor by the still flowing sink. Tre is slumped over in the corner. Blood tinged water is everywhere.

John realizes that Jeden is knocked out. In an instant, John is on his feet and running for the door.

Just as he is about to exit the restroom, something catches his eye.

He slowly backs up and looks over to see the case, now lying open next to Jeden, CASH spilled all around it.

John's eyes dart from the money,

To Jeden,

To the bodies,

Back to Jeden,

Back to the money, where they linger for a beat.

INT. SMALL AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

John quickly carries the case through a small airport terminal.

EXT. SHORT TERM PARKING - NIGHT

John weaves his way through the parking lot to his '95 Honda Civic with a cracked windshield and a bumpersticker that reads "#1 DAD"

INT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

John gets in and sets the case on the passenger seat and turns the key to start the engine. The engine SPUTTERS briefly and then dies.

JOHN

No! Not now!

He turns the key again. The engine sputters. He pumps the gas pedal.

JOHN

Please, please, please.

The engine WHIRRS, SPUTTERS, WHIRRS and finally starts.

JOHN

Yes!

John backs up in a hurry and smashes into the car behind him.

He speeds down the aisle to the parking lot exit where he rolls his window down and hands his parking ticket to the attendant at the gate.

ATTENDANT

Twenty-four dollars.

John reaches for his back pocket to get his wallet.

A look of terror washes over his face. It's not there.

INT. PUBLIC AIRPORT RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

John's bag is on the floor of the restroom behind the trash can.

Jeden moves sightly.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

JOHN

Oh shit.

HONK. Startled, John looks in his rear view mirror to see a couple of cars have lined up behind him.

ATTENDANT

Twenty-four dollars sir.

John checks the ashtray for money but only scrounges up some coins. He frantically digs through the glove box and comes up empty.

HONK. HONK. The cars behind him are getting impatient. John starts to panic when his eyes lock on the case.

John barely cracks the case open, glances back at the attendant to make sure he can't see the contents, and pulls out a one-hundred dollar bill.

John wipes the wet money on his pants, leaving faint streaks of red behind, and hands it to the attendant.

The attendant raises the gate as he counts John's change.

John speeds through the gate the moment it's open.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)

Your change!

John digs his phone out of his pocket and dials a number. It rings and rings but all he gets is voice mail.

JOHN

Don't go home! Go straight to your parents and get the girls. I'll meet you there after I take care of something.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tires SCREECH across the pavement.

Through the front window, John's car can be seen barrelling down the street and up over the curb as it comes to a screeching halt in the driveway.

John sprints from the car to the house with the case in hand. He unlocks the door and he runs inside, leaving the door wide open.

He sets the case down on the couch and runs straight to the

BEDROOM

An open suitcase is thrown on the bed. Clothes are crammed in. Documents get tossed on top of the clothes.

JOHN (O.S.)
Where is it? WHERE IS IT?!

Sounds of FUMBLING through a closet.

JOHN (O.S.)
Got it!

Family pictures are thrown on top of the documents. The suitcase is zipped up.

John's phone RINGS and he sees that it's his wife calling.

JOHN
(into phone)
Where are you?
(pause)
No! Don't come home! I said go to your parents!
(pause)
For once don't argue with me and just do what I say! I think I solved all our problems. I'll explain when I see you.

He hangs up.

John grabs the suitcase and walks down the

HALLWAY

He yanks a picture frame off the wall as he rounds the corner to the

LIVING ROOM

John reaches for the case only to see his wet travel bag and wallet where the case was.

A confused look on John's face instantly turns to terror.

Two silenced SHOTS are heard. John winces in pain, drops the suitcase and picture, then collapses to the floor.

Two bloody bullet holes mark the back of his shirt.

Blood drains from John's mouth and nose. His lifeless eyes, wide open.

A FOOT passes in front of John's face and steps on the picture, shattering the glass. The foot lifts from the picture to reveal a family photo under the broken shards.

Blood flows under the picture.

JOHN'S P.O.V.

An increasingly blurry figure carrying the case walks out the front door.

John's phone RINGS.

FADE OUT.