

"Changing Lanes"
Pilot

By
Quentin Bangston

FADE IN:

EXT. SULLIVAN AQUATIC CENTER -- MORNING

A crystal clear pool of cool liquid. Pristine and ready to be enjoyed. That is until...

A body, facedown, floats into view.

It's jabbed in the head, an attempt to recover the body, by a pool net. The net only succeeds in pushing the body further into the pool.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Shit!

The net hovers over the head again -- dropping perfectly, the whorl acting like a sippy target.

INT. LITTLE HARVEST ORGANIC GROCER -- DAY

SUPER: 3 MONTHS EARLIER

MAGGIE HARMON, mid 30s, attractive for a once teen mom, slim, makes her avocado-green work vest sexy, is surrounded by barrels of fresh produce. She dresses peasant chic; long sun dresses and comfortable sandals.

She stands on her tip toes, bare foot on the dirt floor of the store, as she precariously stacks oranges into a pyramid.

Almost...there...

Maggie drops the top orange.

MAGGIE

There!

She steps back to admire...

...Her perfect produce pyramid collapse around her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Maggie bends down, picking up the fruit, and tossing it back into the barrel, cursing as she goes.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Giving up, she takes an orange, leans back against the barrel, and peels it.

SWEENEY

Maggie, can I see you in my office?

Maggie, still feasting on her orange, looks up to...

MR. SWEENEY, the typical dick assistant manager. Too young to be owner, too stupid to work anywhere else. He stands, arms crossed, staring down at Maggie.

MAGGIE

(savoring a bite)

Yes, Mr. Sweeney.

SWEENEY

I'll let you get this cleaned up first.

MAGGIE

Of course, Mr. Sweeney.

SWEENEY

And I assume you will count this as your break.

MAGGIE

As long as I get to finish my orange, Mr. Sweeney.

SWEENEY

You may.

He holds out a hand. Maggie looks at it a moment before slipping her orange peel into his waiting hand. She smiles, slightly embarrassed, knowing she's in deep shit.

INT. MR. SWEENEY'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Sweeney sits at his desk. He's leaned back, relaxed, yet still a tight ass. Maggie sits across from him. They've been this way for some time and Maggie is becoming confused.

Maggie half smiles. Mr. Sweeney exhales deeply before starting.

MR. SWEENEY

Do you know how I got this job, Maggie?

MAGGIE

You're dad lives on the farm the produce comes from?

MR. SWEENEY

Yes. But do you know why I still have this job?

MAGGIE

You're the only child. Well, you have a brother, but he's gay and your dad doesn't count him. I'm sorry, may I ask what am I doing here?

MR. SWEENEY

How did you get your job?

MAGGIE

I went to high school with your father. Prom, too, if that counts, but I don't think he took that into consideration during my interview. I didn't exactly put out that night, bun in the oven and all. Which is ironic, seeing how people typically get pregnant on prom night, not the preceding months.

MR. SWEENEY

Why do you still have your job?

MAGGIE

Because I put out to your father after my interview?

Mr. Sweeney is unamused.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(quickly)

Kidding. It was before. Sorry. Kidding again. Okay. Let's start over.

(turning on some charm)

Mr. Sweeney, you're a...smart man. I'm sure you can tell me why I still have this job.

MR. SWEENEY

The Little Harvest family has fallen on some hard times. Believe it or not, people don't want to spend the extra money to buy fresh, organic food. They're all too hyped up on their Naked juices and pre-made iced teas to want to squeeze their own fresh orange juice and flax seed oil. And this is why the Little Harvest family is going to become littler.

Maggie, realizing.

MAGGIE

I see.

A CELL PHONE RINGS. Maggie, knowing its hers, doesn't go for it.

MR. SWEENEY

Don't feel like we're doing this
just to you.

As the phone continues to ring, Mr. Sweeney begins to get irritated.

MR. SWEENEY (CONT'D)

We're...cutting at least...
(annoyed sigh)
Four other workers and...only doing
the Stuff Your Socks Savings Sale...

Maggie, pretending to listen.

MR. SWEENEY (CONT'D)

Every other week instead of
every...will you please answer the
damn phone?

MAGGIE

Sorry!

Maggie's hand dives into her vest pocket. She pulls out an out-of-date cell phone.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Hello? Yes, hello Principal Grady.
She what? Okay.
(glances to Mr. Sweeney)
No, not busy, just being fired.
I'll be there as soon as I can.
Okay. See you then. Thanks. Bye.

She puts the phone back in her vest pocket.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So....

MR. SWEENEY

You need to hang up your Little
Harvest vest.

MAGGIE

Okay.

She slips her vest off. Hands it to Mr. Sweeney.

MR. SWEENEY
 (taking her phone out)
 Your phone...

MAGGIE
 (taking it)
 Oh, right. Thanks.
 (then)
 Sorry about the oranges. They're excellent, though. Props to your Dad. Tell him to stay away from the melons though. Not the best at handling those, if you know what I mean.

She turns, exits. Mr. Sweeney sniffs his hand, smelling the remains of the orange peel.

EXT. DUNBAR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY

An old, beaten up, and barely running 1993 CHRYSLER MINI-VAN putters to a stop ontop of a cross walk. Maggie kills the engine and gets out, the door in bad need of a squirt of oil.

She slings a HEMP PURSE around her shoulder, takes a step, and walks out of her flip flop.

MAGGIE
 (RE: flip flop)
 Damn it!

She picks it up. The band between the toe has snapped, rendering it useless. Carrying it, Maggie walks into the school.

INT. PRINCIPAL GRADY'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

PRINCIPAL GRADY, 50s, a mean old bat with no real accomplishments but her graying hair, sits dismayed across from...

MR. AND MRS. RUCKER and their son, DAMIEN, 7, a real shit-head, but an angel in his parents' eyes. Damien sniffles as he sports a black eye.

Alone sits MOLLY HARMON, also 7 but more likely to be an angel, although that's not why she's in the office and she knows it.

Maggie KNOCKS as she sticks her head in the door.

MAGGIE
 Knock knock.
 (MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 (stepping fully in)
 Am I late?

PRINCIPAL GRADY
 Sit down, Ms. Harmon. You're tardy.

Maggie drops into a chair next to Molly, giving her a "what did you do now?" look.

MAGGIE
 Whatever Molly did, I'm sure she is more than sorry and willing to apologize. If she broke anything, well...she can work it off.

PRINCIPAL GRADY
 If you would allow me to explain, as I should be allowed to do, seeing as this is my office and not your...
 (RE: Maggie's feet)
 Playground, I will get this meeting started so we can all put this behind us as quickly as possible.

MRS. RUCKER
 Your little bastard punched my Damien.

Damien snuffles to add effect.

MAGGIE
 Excuse me?

MRS. RUCKER
 (exploding anger)
 You heard me. That little bastard girl of yours attacked Damien. Gave him a black eye that most definitely will still be there for our family pictures.

PRINCIPAL GRADY
 Mrs. Rucker, please, calm down before I have you escorted from the building. Ms. Harmon, we can save ourselves all a bunch of time if Molly would just apologize for starting a fight with Damien.

Wait. What?

MAGGIE
 What?

PRINCIPAL GRADY

As you said, Molly is prepared to apologize for anything she did.

MAGGIE

Exactly. Anything she did. Molly didn't start this.

MRS. RUCKER

According to my Damien --

She's cut off by a hand from Principal Grady.

PRINCIPAL GRADY

Please, Mrs. Rucker, let me handle this.

(to Maggie)

Our school policy is to suspend any student caught fighting on school grounds. Since this is Molly's first incident and she is a good student, I will over look the fact --

MAGGIE

Over look what? Over look the fact that she was called a bastard child by this little shit head.

MRS. RUCKER

She is a bastard child.

Maggie, a dead look in her eyes, turns to Mrs. Rucker.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry, Tiffany, that I didn't marry the first thing that stuck a dick in my mouth. No offense Evan.

MR. RUCKER

None taken.

MRS. RUCKER

Evan!

MAGGIE

And if you need me to remind you, Tiffany, I was pregnant with my son the same time you were pregnant with your first one. Except I kept mine.

She pointedly says "Tiffany", as though her name is an insult in itself.

Mrs. Rucker is incredulous and dumbfounded, probably a typical look for her.

MRS. RUCKER

Excuse me?

MAGGIE

No, excuse me. If my child's rights will not be observed at this school, it clearly is not a place for her. C'mon Molly.

Maggie stands, grabbing Molly's hand and yanking her up from her chair. She begins for the door.

PRINCIPAL GRADY

Ms. Harmon, I can assure you I had no intention of expelling Molly. There is no need to take her out of classes.

MAGGIE

No, there really is a need, Principal Grady. At least at home she doesn't have to teach kids lessons, she can be taught lessons.

Maggie exits, pulling Molly behind her, SLAMMING the door.

INT. MAGGIE'S MINI-VAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Maggie speeds down the road, clearly still peeved about the meeting. She bites her nails, or what's left of them, from anxiety.

Her eyes find Molly, not pleased with her mother, in the back seat.

MAGGIE

(reassuring)

We'll find another school.

MOLLY

I don't want to find another school. I like my school. I want to go back to my school.

MAGGIE

I know sweetheart, but you can't go back. It'll be all right. We'll have Grandma Margaret home school you until the end of the school year and then we will find you a new place go to school that isn't filled with little shit heads like Damien Rucker.

MOLLY

What about my stuff in my locker?

MAGGIE

We can stop by and clean it later.
Okay? We'll get all of it.

Molly stares out the window, slightly heart broken over the recent events. It tugs at Maggie's heart strings.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

It'll all work out, Moll-Doll. You'll have fun with Grandma Margaret.

Moll-Doll pronounced like Mall Doll.

MOLLY

Can we eat macaroni and cheese for lunch?

MAGGIE

Of course.

This brightens Molly's spirits a little.

MOLLY

And do arts and crafts in the afternoon?

MAGGIE

You can color to your heart's content.

MOLLY

Can I stay in my pajamas all day?

MAGGIE

(smiling)

You can even stay in your pajamas all day.

MOLLY

Cool!

Molly's smiling now, but it slowly fades. She thinks, should she ask? Then:

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Mom?

MAGGIE

Yeah, sweetheart?

MOLLY

(beat)

What's a bastard?

Shit. Maggie cringes, hoping she wouldn't ask that. She thinks, putting both hands on the wheel, concentrating solely on the road.

MAGGIE

Damien Rucker.

EXT. HARMON HOUSE -- DAY

The white mini-van putters to the front of the Harmon house, a single level crap shack in a not terrible part of town, but it's no suburbia.

The yard is in need of a trim, the house in need of a paint job, and the roof is missing a few shingles, and yet it has that cozy look to it.

The van pulls into a gravel and weed driveway, barely coming to a stop before Molly is out, sprinting into the house.

MOLLY

Grandma! Guess what we get to do!

And she's gone, the screen door slamming as she goes.

Maggie drags herself out of her car.

INT. CRAFTS ROOM/KITCHEN -- DAY

MARGARET, late 50s, kind, slightly large, sits in a wicker chair she made herself. The kitchen is a war-zone right now, arts and crafts supplies strewn everywhere. She takes a pot full of colorful liquid from the stove and quickly transports it to...

A table covered with jars.

She begins to pour the liquid, which we now see is a brilliant shade of red, into each jar.

Maggie enters, setting her purse down.

MAGGIE

Hi, Mom.

MARGARET

(looking momentarily
from her work)

Hi, baby. How was your day?

MAGGIE

I got fired.

Maggie collapses, tired, into another wicker chair.

MARGARET
(only slightly
interested)
Oh, I'm sorry, baby. Will you help
me with the wicks?

Margaret finishes pouring the liquid wax. She hurries to set the pot down and grab a box of wicks from the counter. She hands half to Maggie, who begins setting them in the drying wax.

MAGGIE
(beat)
You still have your teaching
certificate, right?

They continue working through the following:

MARGARET
Substitute, yes. Why?

MAGGIE
You can home school with that, right?

MARGARET
Only if I have to. Are you going to
tell me why Molly got kicked out of
school?

MAGGIE
It's a long story.

MARGARET
Best make it short, then.

MAGGIE
She was called a bastard child by a
little ass and his mother, so I pulled
her out.

MARGARET
Who was the mother?

MAGGIE
Tiffany Rucker.

MARGARET
Her boy isn't exactly legitimate
either.

MAGGIE
I know, that's what I said.

MARGARET

How long am I going to have to home school our little bastard?

MAGGIE

A few weeks, at most. Don't call her a bastard, Mom.

MARGARET

It's nothing to be ashamed of. Runs in the family, you know. Just be glad your oldest is a boy. He can do the impregnating and not be the impregnated.

The job is done, thirty candles now cooling. Maggie admires the sticker with the logo "SWEET HARMONY CANDLES"

MAGGIE

These smell good. I'm going to get the mail.

MARGARET

See if my Reader's Digest came in.

Maggie glides out of the room.

EXT. HARMON HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Maggie strolls out to her mail box. On her tip-toes, she leans over the wooden fence to pull the mail out.

Flipping through, the envelopes read FINAL NOTICE, FOURTH NOTICE, and SECOND NOTICE.

TRENT (O.S.)

You look like hell. Long day?

Maggie smiles as she rounds the corner of the car to find...

TRENT CLEARLY, 30s, fit, rugged as hell and is one of the lucky few to be sexy as all get out and not even know it. He wears tight, Spandex running shorts that reveal a little too much. He takes a head phone from his ear as he stops to talk.

MAGGIE

You have no idea.

TRENT

Wanna talk about it?

MAGGIE

How long you wanna stand here?

They laugh, Trent clearly adores her, too.

Maggie lets out a stressed UUURRRGGH!

TRENT

That bad?

MAGGIE

Be glad you don't have children.

TRENT

Why do I need children when I have yours in my yard everyday?

MAGGIE

To share the blame of ruining their lives?

TRENT

I think I'll pass. I have a dog for that.

MAGGIE

Did you get my Reader's Digest again?

TRENT

Um, let me run inside. Linda got the mail today.

MAGGIE

Ok, thanks.

Maggie returns to her mail as Trent disappears through the front door of his house.

She tears open the envelope that says FINAL NOTICE. Basically, it says her water has been turned off.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Great. Not that I wanted to shower anytime soon.

The screen door to Trent's house BANGS shut as he walks back to the side yard fence. Maggie walks over to him, taking the Reader's Digest from him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

TRENT

Anytime.

He turns, starting to leave.

MAGGIE
Hey, uh, Trent?

TRENT
Yeah?

MAGGIE
You have running water, right?

Trent grins. This isn't the first time he's heard this.

EXT. HARMON HOUSE -- DAY -- LATER

A WATER SPICKET is turned several times, squealing as it releases water into a green hose, across Trent's yard, over the fence, to a SPRINKLER in Maggie's yard.

Maggie stands, in a swimming suit, with Molly, dressed likewise.

MAGGIE
(anticipating the
water)
You ready?

MOLLY
(excited)
Uh-huh!

Water bursts from the sprinkler. Maggie and Molly laugh as they run towards it.

MAGGIE
Here we go!

They hold hands as they jump across the cold stream. They do so several times, getting sufficiently soaked.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Hurry! Get the shampoo!

Molly turns, having the shampoo bottle tossed to her by Trent.

TRENT
Don't drop the soap!

MAGGIE
Very funny!
(beat)
This water is freezing!

TRENT
What do I look like? The Hilton?
This is Ohio, sweetheart!

Maggie helps shampoo Molly's hair before doing her own.

MOLLY
(urging, giggling)
Hurry!

MAGGIE
(laughing)
I'm going! I'm going! What's our
time?

Trent looks at his watch. He's timing them.

TRENT
Two minutes.

MAGGIE
We've got time!

MOLLY
Hurry!

MAGGIE
Okay! Rinse! Rinse!

They jump back under the sprinkler, shampoo now running from their hair.

Maggie rinses her own hair before helping Molly finish hers.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Okay! Go get your towel! Time!

TRENT
(tsk tsk)
Ah ah ah! Not until you're both
dry!

MOLLY
(laughing)
At least turn the water off!

Trent does.

Maggie sprints to get her towel and dries off hurriedly.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Hurry! Hurry!

Maggie finishes.

MAGGIE
Okay! Time!

Trent stops his stopwatch. Maggie and Molly wait anxiously.

TRENT
Three minutes and sixteen seconds.

MOLLY
YES!

MAGGIE
New record!

They high five, ecstatic.

TRENT
(like a sports caster)
Ladies and gentlemen, today you have witnessed some of the finest speed showering I've seen in my lifetime. Today we have with us champion speed washer Maggie Harmon. Maggie, would you care to say a few words?

MAGGIE
(feigning out of breath)
Well, first I'd like to thank the city of Sullivan, Ohio water department for turning our water off. We truly couldn't --

Something catches her eye. Trent turns to see...

LINDA CLEARLY, his jealous wife, standing hands on hips on the porch.

LINDA
Trent. I need your help inside.

TRENT
Okay just a second, hun.

LINDA
Now. Please.
(then)
Maggie.

Maggie, now suddenly aware she's part naked, tries to cover up.

MAGGIE
H...hi Linda. Good to see you.

LINDA
Trent.

TRENT
(to Maggie)
Talk to you later.

He turns, returning to his master.

MAGGIE
Thanks for getting me wet.

Linda, appalled. Trent snickers. Maggie smiles.

TRENT
Anytime.

Maggie watches as the two disappear into their house. She waits a beat, then turns back to Molly.

MAGGIE
We won!

She picks Molly up and swings her around in the air. Molly laughs.

INT. CRAFTS ROOM/KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The house is silent except for a NOAH, 18, the religious type, a smart-ass, devilishly handsome, more broke than Maggie (which says a lot), and is in dire need of a sprinkler shower.

He stands, on tip toes, with a small flashlight between his teeth, stealing canned food and dumping them into his knapsack on his back.

NOAH
(examining a can)
Pumpkin filling. I like pumpkin filling, right?

The lights are flipped on. Noah spins to find...

A drowsy Maggie, in her nightgown and robe.

MAGGIE
Aren't you breaking one of your commandments right now? What is it? Thou shall not steal mother's pumpkin filling.

NOAH
It's shall not steal. And God smiles upon those who give to the needy.

Maggie falls into a wicker chair. Rests her head on her hand.

MAGGIE
And frowns on those who take from the needy.

The table is covered in newspaper want ads and job applications. Noah notices them, continuing to pilfer.

NOAH

What's with all the applications?
Get fired again?

MAGGIE

Yes, actually.

NOAH

What happened?

MAGGIE

Stole an apple from the Garden of Eden.

NOAH

I see you've been reading your Bible.

MAGGIE

Not in the slightest. I stole an orange, as a matter of fact. And collapsed an entire pyramid. You know what? Let's not get into the logistics of my dark past of crime. To a brighter future, right? What should I be next? Grill master at Burger Haven?

NOAH

I'm a vegetarian.

MAGGIE

Of course you are. Cell phone salesman?

NOAH

Lowers sperm count.

MAGGIE

Good thing I'm not a man! What about librarian?

NOAH

You have to like books to be a librarian.

MAGGIE

(defensive)

I like books. I think.

(beat)

You know what?

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Who needs to work for someone when you can be self employed? I'll just help Grandma with Sweet Harmony Candles.

NOAH

Yeah cause that's a real money maker. Do we have anything that isn't expired?

MAGGIE

Look further in the back. Grandma started keeping all the new stuff back there to discourage burglars.

NOAH

Well it's working.

MAGGIE

I'll be sure to tell her that.

(beat)

When are you coming home, Noah?

He doesn't answer, continuing to scavenge for food.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Noah.

NOAH

I don't know, Mom.

MAGGIE

Molly misses her older brother.

NOAH

Nothings stopping her from coming by.

MAGGIE

Coming by where? The dumpster on 8th street? The soup kitchen? Under the bridge outside of town? We never know where to find you.

NOAH

So then stop looking.

MAGGIE

You can't just come and go from this family as you like. That's not how it works.

NOAH

Seems to be working perfectly fine
right now.

MAGGIE

Damn it, Noah! Why do you have to be
exactly like your father?

NOAH

I don't know. Maybe I could tell
you if I knew him!

They stay in silence for a beat. Noah finishes filling his
knapsack. Maggie, calming down.

She rises, walks to the counter full of Sweet Harmony candles.
She picks one up.

MAGGIE

Here. Just because you smell like
shit doesn't mean we have to smell
you.

She hands him the candle. He takes it.

NOAH

Thanks.

MAGGIE

When will I see you next?

Noah begins to leave.

NOAH

I don't know. The soup kitchen can
always use volunteers. Maybe I'll
see you around Thanksgiving. But I
guess giving never was one of your
strong suits.

He walks out the front door, letting it BANG shut as he
disappears into the night.

Maggie watches him leave.

INT. BORING OFFICE -- DAY

MONTAGE: MAGGIE AT DIFFERENT INTERVIEWS

NOTE: The location changes with each interviewer, although
each location is another boring office.

INTERVIEWER #1

What's your name?

MAGGIE

Maggie, well, it's Margaret, but that's my mother's name and it never really seemed to fit me. Anyway, it's Margaret Harmon. But you can call me Maggie.

INTERVIEWER #2

Why did you leave your last job?

MAGGIE

I was fired. Really, a sudden thing.

INTERVIEWER #3

Have you ever been convicted of a felony?

MAGGIE

Only in Mexico. But that doesn't really count, does it?

(RE: Their look)

Kidding. I'm really quite fun to work with. Full of jokes.

INTERVIEWER #4

What are your skills and qualifications for this job?

MAGGIE

I can put my entire fist in my mouth. Oh! And I can put my foot behind my head.

INTERVIEWER #2

What would you say is your greatest weakness?

MAGGIE

I don't interview very well.

INTERVIEWER #3

What is your greatest strength?

MAGGIE

I'm really honest.

INTERVIEWER #4

Tell me what brought your attention to this job?

MAGGIE

Wanted.

INTERVIEWER #1

What hours can you work?

MAGGIE

I'm pretty flexible, really. I have a daughter, but she's good with being kept waiting. In fact, there was this one time at a grocery store where I forgot...you know what? Nevermind.

INTERVIEWER #3

When are you available to start work?

MAGGIE

As soon as you want me.

INTERVIEWER #2

Do you have any questions for me?

MAGGIE

How good is the pay?

INTERVIEWER #4

The pay is pretty good after you include tips, but that's assuming you do a good job.

In each of the following, she moves closer out of the interviewer's office and closer to the door.

Start with a handshake.

INTERVIEWER #1

It was good meeting you.

Move to being led to the door.

INTERVIEWER #2

We'll keep in touch.

At the door.

INTERVIEWER #3

And will be sure to contact you if anything opens up.

Out the door.

INTERVIEWER #4

Thanks a lot.

END MONTAGE

INT. WAITING ROOM -- DAY

The door is SLAMMED in Maggie's face. None of those went well.

Maggie walks to a SECRETARY, who reads a magazine behind her desk.

MAGGIE

Thanks for watching her. I hope she wasn't too much trouble.

SECRETARY

She's a doll. Quite a bright girl.

MAGGIE

Thanks. Tell that Tiffany Rucker.

Maggie takes Molly's hand and they walk out of the waiting room.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Molly walks next to Maggie as Maggie crosses out another circled classified ad from her newspaper.

MOLLY

When can we go home, Mom?

MAGGIE

Soon, Moll-Doll. Soon.

MOLLY

Where are we going now?

MAGGIE

One last interview.

MOLLY

Where's this one to?

MAGGIE

A swimming pool. How'd you like it if I worked at a swimming pool? You'd get to swim for free.

MOLLY

Could I invite my friends?

MAGGIE

You can invite all your friends. Every single one.

MOLLY

Really?

MAGGIE

Really.

They walk up the concrete steps to SULLIVAN CITY HALL.

MOLLY

It'd be sorta cool if you worked at
a swimming pool.

INT. CITY HALL -- PARKS AND RECREATION DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Maggie leaves Molly in a waiting chair as she goes to another
SASSY SECRETARY, this one on a phone.

SASSY SECRETARY

The doctor told me it's nothing to
be worried about. I know. It does
look gross. No it doesn't hurt.
Yes I should...yeah I'm going back
to the doctor to get it cut off.
Tomorrow! No, I should be able to
work right away. It's only on my --

She looks at Maggie, who now stands in front of the secretary.
She's being patient, but clearly enjoying this conversation.

MAGGIE

Oh, no please don't stop on account
of me. Really. Keep going.

SASSY SECRETARY

I'll call you right back. No, no,
some bitch is eavesdroppping. Yeah.
I know.

(laughs)

Mhmm. Okay.

(laughs)

Okay. I'll talk to you later. Okay.
Bye.

She hangs up.

SASSY SECRETARY (CONT'D)

How can I help you?

MAGGIE

I'm here about the pool manager
position ad I saw in the paper.

SASSY SECRETARY

You? Really?

MAGGIE

Yeah...what?

SASSY SECRETARY

Nothin! Nothin at all.

(MORE)

SASSY SECRETARY (CONT'D)

It's just, most of the people applying for this job are drunk college kids just wanting a good free fuck in the hot tub on their breaks.

MAGGIE

That's...hygenic.

SASSY SECRETARY

Also keeps the babies at bay. And easy clean up. The boys just pull out and poof! Juices go down the drain.

MAGGIE

You're very informative.

SASSY SECRETARY

I've worked here a long time. I know all the ins-and-outs of this city.

MAGGIE

All I want is to get an interview.

Sassy stops, pissed she's being cut off like this. She likes to gossip.

SASSY SECRETARY

Mhmm. I'm sure you do.

With a long, polished fingernail, she presses a PAGE BUTTON on her phone.

INT. JASON BURKE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Maggie sits down, another interview.

JASON BURKE, 60s, works too hard but gets nothing accomplished,

MAGGIE

Hi. I'm Maggie.

JASON

Hi Maggie. I'm busy.

MAGGIE

Hi, Busy.

JASON

Alright.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

(then)

Let's make this quick. I have a meeting I have to get to.

MAGGIE

Oh, sorry, did I come at a bad time?

JASON

No, I have to meet with my soon-to-be-ex-wife. If we could drag this I would, but if I show up after two she gets the antique armoire.

MAGGIE

I wouldn't take you for the nostalgic type.

JASON

I'm not. I have a stash of porno's in there from Betty Page days I'd like to keep a hold of.

MAGGIE

Good edition.

JASON

You're a lesbian?

MAGGIE

No, my mom went through Betty's pictures when she considered getting a boob job.

JASON

Now there's a nice pair of tits. Your mom has good taste.

MAGGIE

They're very...symmetrical. Perky.

JASON

Mmm. Yes. Now. Down to business. Go to college?

MAGGIE

Lamaze.

JASON

I bet that hurt like a bitch. Finish high school?

MAGGIE

Tore me from end to end. Graduated with a B average.

JASON
Take chemistry?

MAGGIE
A semester. Fumes were bad for the baby.

JASON
What experience do you have with water?

MAGGIE
I have a bathtub.

JASON
Good with kids?

MAGGIE
I have two.

JASON
Both Lamaze?

MAGGIE
The second was easier. Do you have kids?

JASON
God no. She wouldn't let me touch her with a ten foot pole.

MAGGIE
Why'd you marry her?

JASON
I have an eleven foot pole.

MAGGIE
Gross.

JASON
I'll tell you what, Maggie. I like you. You seem to have a good head on your shoulders. You have the body to work at a pool. You really should be certified in CPR for me to hire you, but you know how to breath, I assume?

MAGGIE
Yes.

JASON
And you know how to count, right?

MAGGIE

Yes. Of course.

JASON

Then you're CPR certified.
 Congratulations. And you're hired.
 Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to
 go hide my indiscretions before my
 wife asks for the bed and two of our
 Laz-E-Boys.

Jason shakes Maggie's hand and leaves.

Maggie, in shock she got a job, a smile growing on her face.

EXT. HARMON HOUSE -- DAY

Maggie, in a sarong and bikini top, walks to her car. Trent runs by, again in too-tight running shorts. This time he's shirtless.

MAGGIE

You know, we really need to stop meeting like this.

TRENT

(stopping)

You're right. Especially when you dress like that. You better be careful or you may get me wet.

Maggie, realizing, feels like a complete idiot.

MAGGIE

Oh my...I can't believe I said that. I feel so embarrassed. I didn't get you in any trouble with the missus, did I?

TRENT

Nah, it's all cool. Linda understands.

MAGGIE

You sure?

TRENT

Yeah, it's all good.
 (then)
 Where you going all dressed down?

MAGGIE

I got a job!

Maggie poses.

TRENT

Don't tell me! Let me guess....call girl?

MAGGIE

Very funny. You are looking at the newest manager at SAC.

TRENT

SAC? Sullivan's? The pool?

MAGGIE

The very same.

TRENT

That's cute. I had a job there when I was sixteen, too. I had the hottest little Speedo. All the girls drooled. Terrible tan lines though. You don't know the full extent of pain until you've had a sunburn on your ass.

MAGGIE

Very funny. I'm proud of this! I really need it.

TRENT

I'm proud of you too. I remember my first job.

MAGGIE

Stop! You're not funny!

TRENT

If you get fired from this job, I have a baby pool out back you can lifeguard at.

MAGGIE

I'll take it if you promise not to wear that Speedo. I can see you're a huge ass with all your clothes on. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm late for work.

Maggie walks to her car.

TRENT

You'd love to drool over my huge ass!

Maggie flips him the bird as she drives away.

INT. SULLIVAN'S -- PUMP ROOM -- DAY

LOUD, BUZZING MACHINES. They run basically every aspect of the pool. Maggie covers her ears, trying to listen to...

DANIELLE WERNER, early 20s, tanned, blonde, typical pool girl. She's practically YELLING.

DANIELLE

You grease the pumps twice a day and check the chemicals every hour!

MAGGIE

Is it always this loud in here?

DANIELLE

Yep!

She points to a switch on the wall, clearly marked DO NOT TOUCH.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Don't touch this knob!

MAGGIE

Thanks for making that more clear!

DANIELLE

It turns off the circulation and sends a bunch of water back into the pool! Not a good thing!

MAGGIE

Can we leave now?

EXT. SULLIVAN'S -- POOL COMPLEX

Danielle and Maggie walk around the expansive pool.

DANIELLE

We have six guards up at all times, each on a half hour rotation schedule. Over there is the diving boards. It's thirteen foot deep. There's the lanes. We have swim meets every Monday. Two slides. One zero depth baby pool. Any questions about the outside of the pool?

MAGGIE

What's in that building?

Maggie points to a long building, that looks just like the others, but this has no windows and is locked up tighter than Alcatraz.

DANIELLE

That's the chemical house. You won't ever need to go in there.

MAGGIE

Why not? I have a key, don't I?

DANIELLE

You do but that doesn't mean your entitled to go into that room. It's just better if you don't go in there. Kenny, our last manager, went in there and he was fired the next day. No one ever saw him again.

(then)

Let's keep moving. It's almost time to call the safety check.

INT. SULLIVAN'S -- GUARD BREAK ROOM/OFFICE -- DAY

A SMALL PERSONAL LOCKER door is slammed shut by Danielle.

DANIELLE

And this is your locker.

MAGGIE

I've always wanted my own locker.

DANIELLE

You've never had a locker before? Aren't you like...in your forties? Didn't you go to school?

MAGGIE

Early thirties. And yes I went to school, I was just being....

DANIELLE

Weird?

MAGGIE

I was going to say sarcastic.

DANIELLE

Let's move on.

CAMRYN, 18, a lot like Danielle, but probably a little smarter, walks up.

CAMRYN

Hey Danielle.

She hands Danielle a thick wad of CASH.

CAMRYN (CONT'D)

You won the bet. No Sink Sally's a triple G.

DANIELLE

How'd we find that out?

CAMRYN

Jake. Again. He rammed into her harder than the Titanic. Didn't sink as fast, though, I heard.

DANIELLE

Props to him.

CAMRYN

(RE: Maggie)

Who's this?

DANIELLE

Oh, Camryn, this is Missy.

MAGGIE

Maggie.

DANIELLE

Right. Anyway, she's the new manager.

CAMRYN

Aren't you a little old you work at a pool?

MAGGIE

You guys sure are focused on age around here, aren't you.

CAMRYN

I guess. I gotta go up.

Camryn leaves.

MAGGIE

Who's No Sink Sally and why do I now know her cup size?

DANIELLE

(pointing out the window)

You see that lady out there who's boobs look like they could sink the Titanic? That's No Sink Sally.

MAGGIE

Why do you call her No Sink Sally?

DANIELLE

She's got so much silicone in her chest, she's got her own floatation device.

MAGGIE

Why does Jake know her cup size?

DANIELLE

I don't know. Probably slept with her. That's how he won the last bet to guess No Neck's weight.

MAGGIE

You guys really name all your patrons?

DANIELLE

The pool rats? Yeah, helps to pass the time.

(pointing at various people)

There's Harry Harry, Big Mac, Nip Slip, and Peter.

MAGGIE

Peter?

DANIELLE

Wait until he wears a Speedo. Mmmm. (then)

Anyway. This concludes the tour of the great SAC. Any questions?

MAGGIE

What should I do first?

DANIELLE

Garbage needs emptied.

EXT. SULLIVAN'S -- BACK DRIVE -- MOMENTS LATER

Maggie, carrying two garbage bags, walks to the far DUMPSTER.

Digging into it is Noah.

MAGGIE

Want something fresh to dig out of?

Noah looks to her.

NOAH

What are you doing here?

MAGGIE

I work here.

NOAH
That wont last long.

MAGGIE
Look, do you want the trash or not?

NOAH
(considering)
Which trashcan did it come from?

MAGGIE
Guard room.

NOAH
Bring it over.

Maggie drops the two bags in front of Noah. He tears one open, digging into it.

MAGGIE
How long have you been staying here?

NOAH
A day or so. Does this apple look moldy to you?

She crouches to examine the apple.

MAGGIE
A little. Where are you sleeping?

NOAH
Public bathrooms.

MAGGIE
There's a cot in the guard room.

NOAH
Lucky you.

MAGGIE
You can use it if you want. I can give you the key.

NOAH
Thanks, Maggie, but no thanks.

MAGGIE
Don't call me Maggie. I'm Mom.

NOAH
Whatever.

Maggie SIGHS, gets up. She begins to walk away, turns back, and tosses the key to Noah. It CLATTERS on the cement.

MAGGIE

Make sure you lock up. And no visitors.

INT. SULLIVAN'S -- GUARD BREAK ROOM/OFFICE -- EVENING

The end of the day, the guards all leaving. Danielle stops.

DANIELLE

You leaving?

MAGGIE

No, I think I'm gonna take a quick shower. I smell like chlorine.

DANIELLE

Suit yourself. The chem truck comes at nine. Make sure you're gone by then, they dont like us hanging around.

MAGGIE

Night.

Danielle leaves.

INT. SULLIVAN'S -- GIRL'S BATHROOMS -- NIGHT

Maggie, in her swimming suit, showers in one of the stalls. The warm water washes the soap from her hair and runs it down her body.

From outside, there is the BEEPING sound of a truck reversing.

Maggie checks her watch. 9:05.

MAGGIE

Shit.

She turns the water off. Grabs her towel and begins drying off.

EXT. SULLIVAN'S -- POOL COMPLEX

Maggie, with all her stuff in her arms, walks quietly as possible towards the office, but her wet sandals squeak loudly.

A loud EXPLOSION stops her dead.

She turns back to...

The chemical house.

She finds herself walking towards it.

EXT. SULLIVAN'S -- CHEMICAL HOUSE

Her key jiggles in the lock before it clicks, opening.

She sets her stuff on the floor, including her cell phone, and swings the door open to reveal...

INT. SULLIVAN'S -- CHEMICAL HOUSE

A lab, and a big one at that. The room is empty, except for the newest shipment of industrial sized packages of SODIUM BICARBONATE (baking soda) and AMMONIA.

Maggie, stunned and confused, forces herself to walk further into the room.

A CHEST FREEZER, a few feet away, catches her attention. In it, a hell of a lot of CRACKED COCAINE placed on trays.

Maggie, horrified, backs away, the lid SLAMMING hard. She is about to run when...

A RAG, doused in CHLOROFORM, covers Maggie's mouth, stifling a SCREAM before she blacks out.

FADE OUT: