

PORTAL-POTTY

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

A white room bustling with people.

MATT ZELINSKI, an overly anxious mid-forties podcaster, waits impatiently in line to purchase tickets. He grasps his audio recorder.

A Janitor looms.

Matt shows a look of discomfort. He does a dance and takes one step forward.

Matt checks his watch. The time reads "2:33." He scans the room.

Down the hall, he see's a sign with an arrow that reads "Restroom."

Matt looks back at the line. It's too long, he can't wait. Matt exits the line. Some people get in his way.

MATT

Excuse me, excuse me.

Matt uncomfortably walks down a long hallway. He turns the corner and approaches the restroom.

RESTROOM

Matt enters the restroom and flips the light switch on.

Several men lay on cots. No toilets. They grumble. Guy 1 sits up and rubs his eyes.

GUY 1

(yawns)

Hey man, turn the lights off. We are trying to get some rest in here.

MATT

Ope, sorry about that.

Matt turns the light switch off and exits.

INT. ART MUSEUM

Matt quivers and continues down the hallway. He searches for a bathroom.

Around the corner, he sees a sign with an arrow that reads "Bathroom."

Matt picks up the pace. He approaches the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Matt enters the bathroom and notices several men in bathtubs. No toilets. A guy in a tub shouts.

GUY 2
Hey dude, grab a tub! There is only
one left.

MATT
My god! I thought this was a
bathroom.

GUY 2
It is!

Matt shakes his head and exits.

INT. ART MUSEUM

Matt jogs down another long hallway. He passes a door that reads "UNISEX." He goes back.

UNISEX ROOM

Matt enters the room and flips the light switch on.

Two people on unicycles are having sex. Matt covers his eyes.

MATT
Ope, sorry about that. I didn't
think anyone was in here.

GUY 3
Hey, where is your unicycle?

Matt hesitates. He uncovers his eyes.

MATT
Nope.

Matt quickly exits.

INT. ART MUSEUM

MATT

What kind of museum is this?

Matt runs down the hallway. He pinches his crotch in agony.

Matt notices a porta-potty outside. He can't find the exit. He grunts.

Matt slides around the corner. An exit sign appears at the end of a long hallway.

Matt darts towards the exit sign. He's about to burst.

Matt finally reaches the exit and steps outside.

EXT. ART MUSEUM

Matt approaches the porta-potty. A sign on the door reads "Portal-Potty." Matt enters.

PORTAL-POTTY

Matt attempts to unzip his pants--it's stuck! He tries again and again.

MATT

Ahh, stupid zipper!

Matt breaks his zipper. He finally relieves himself.

MATT (CONT'D)

(moans)

Ahhhh, Ohhhhh, myyyyyy, god!

The portal-potty rumbles.

MATT (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Matt braces himself. It shakes faster.

MATT (CONT'D)

(vibrates)

What the hell is happening?

Matt pees on his pant leg.

MATT (CONT'D)

God damnit!

Light flashes through the vents. The portal-potty drops and comes to a rest.

Matt shivers and shakes it off.

Matt squirts hand sanitizer on his hands and rubs them together. He opens the door.

INT. ART MUSEUM

A clean empty white room.

Across the room is CHARLIE NELSON, a midwestern mid-forties job-hopper dressed in janitorial clothing. He mops the floor.

MATT

What the hell? How did I get back
in here?

MATT (CONT'D)

(yells)
Excuse me sir?

Charlie looks up.

CHARLIE

Oh, hey Matt!

Matt approaches Charlie.

MATT

Charlie? I didn't know you work
here.

CHARLIE

(giggles)
Oh, I help out when I can.

MATT

Where did everybody go?

CHARLIE

The museum closes at five.

Matt checks his watch. The time reads "5:36."

MATT

What the... I swear it was just
2:30 something. What the hell just
happened?

CHARLIE
Oh, I see you found the portal-
potty.

MATT
The what?

CHARLIE
The portal-potty.

Matt looks back at the porta-potty. The door reads "Portal-Potty."

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Looks like ya left yer barn door
open.

MATT
My what?

CHARLIE
Yer barn door--yer fly!

MATT
What are you talking about --

CHARLIE
Your zipper.

Matt reaches for his zipper. He sighs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Yeah... and ya got a little on yer
pants there.

Charlie points to Matt's pants. Matt looks down and notices pee on his pant leg.

MATT
Ah geez.

CHARLIE
Well, it looks like urine... need
of some new pants my friend. Ha!

MATT
Very funny Charlie... so like,
where else do you work?

Charlie mops.