

SCRIPT TITLE

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INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM, FRANZ HALL- DAY

JOANNA, a 4th year psych major, fresh out of a midterm exam, drags her exhausted body into the bathroom.

She picks a stall, and just sits down on the toilet, pants still on and everything. She rubs her temples. She pulls out her exam study guide.

JOANNA

(under her breath)

Well. This did not help. At all.

Suddenly, she hears soft crying next to her.

Joanna listens, wondering if it is a student who had also taken the exam. She shoves her study-guide into her backpack.

Gradually the crying gets louder. And louder.

Joanna wonders if she should say something.

The person begins to mumble between moans.

STRANGER

(wailing)

I just can't do it. I don't know what to do.

Joanna caves.

JOANNA

Uh, hey... Are you ok?

STRANGER

(sniffles)

Uh huh.

A beat.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

I'm just a failure.

JOANNA

Woah, hey, no you're not. Psych midterm?

STRANGER

(sniffling)

...Yeah.

JOANNA

I know. I studied for a week straight and still feel like I just-

STRANGER

I hope there's a curve.

JOANNA

There has to be.

STRANGER

He better curve it into a CIRCLE or I'm not gonna graduate this quarter.

JOANNA

(chuckling)

Well, I don't know if that, uh...

STRANGER

I really need to pass this class.

JOANNA

Hey, if you care about it this much, I think you'll pass.

A beat.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

I mean, how many people are in this bathroom crying over the midterm?

STRANGER

There are a lot of other bathrooms on campus.

BECKY, another student, enters the bathroom and picks the stall on the other side of Joanna.

JOANNA

But look, it's really clear that you care, and I think if you turn that into *action*, you'll absolutely pass this class.

STRANGER

That...that's really good advice.

Becky eavesdrops. She smiles.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Can you pass some toilet paper? I went through like 2 rolls in here.

JOANNA

Uh, sure.

Joanna passes a wad of toilet paper under the stall.

A loud, prolonged nose blow.

STRANGER  
Thanks for talking to me...uhh...

JOANNA  
Joanna.

We hear Stranger finally exit the bathroom stall.

Becky speaks up.

BECKY  
That was really good advice.

Joanna is caught off guard.

JOANNA  
Oh, uh, hey. Thanks.

BECKY  
I'm sure that meant a lot to her.

JOANNA  
Glad I could help.

BECKY  
While you're here... could I ask  
you a question?

JOANNA  
Sure.

BECKY  
I really want to drop EPS SCI 15. I  
thought Oceanography was going to  
be like Finding Nemo but I had to  
buy a calculator and everything.

A beat.

JOANNA  
I'm sorry--what's your question?

BECKY  
Uh, I guess... do you think it's a  
bad idea?

JOANNA  
Well, you sound pretty set on  
dropping the class.

BECKY  
You're so right.

LAUREN, a theatre major, enters the left stall.

JOANNA  
I think you know yourself best.

LAUREN  
Ugh. So true bestie.

JOANNA  
Uh, hello?

LAUREN  
You are, like, so wise.

JOANNA  
Just fresh off a Psych midterm.

LAUREN  
Oh you're a psych major? Maybe you can tell me why my roommate drinks plain chicken broth out of a mug.

JOANNA  
Uh... what?

LAUREN  
Our classic triple smells like a rusty can of soup.

JOANNA  
Oh, I'm sorry you have to deal with that.

CUT TO:

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A montage of bathroom therapy sessions. We see Joanna taking notes as people rant about their problems.

STACY, a love-sick freshman, wipes the streaks of mascara off her face.

STACY  
-- and he said he wouldn't date me because he didn't want to do long distance. I live in Reiber Terrace. And I saw him at late night with a girl from HEDRICK SUMMIT.

New client.

AMY

I just feel like my brother and I have grown apart. I just can't respect him for his choices--I don't know. I mean, he's my brother. But he's---

(gags)

A trojan.

Joanna frantically writes notes.

New client.

KATIE

They keep making me do it-- just because I'm a freshman. I CAN'T KEEP FLYERING ON BRUIN WALK. I JUST CAN'T--

Katie breaks down.

Cut to a line of people, all genders, all the way down the hall.

A couple sits in the stall next to Joanna. SANDRA sits on DANIEL's lap.

SANDRA

Daniel, I know you say that "Saturday's are for the Boys." And I respect that.

Joanna interjects.

JOANNA

Now, Sandra, you shouldn't have to compromise on what's really important to you.

SANDRA

Ugh. Ok. I know our 1 year anniversary falls on a Saturday, but maybe, we could go to dinner. Or something.

DANIEL

Can the boys come to dinner?

Joanna sighs.

New client.

JIMMY  
I was absolutely ROBBED of that  
acapella solo. Check this.

JIMMY beatboxes. He vocalizes.

JOANNA  
... Well, it's a yes from me.

JIMMY  
(obviously)  
THANK YOU.

New client. At first, we only see her face.

EMMA  
--I've tried to be a good mother to  
him.

Cut to a full body shot where we see her holding a fish tank.  
Her fish is clearly dead.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
He's incredibly dramatic. He does  
this all the time.

She shakes the tank. Dwight's dead body floats around.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Dwight, come on. We're in public.

Cut to a Professor. She is sitting with both feet up on the  
toilet, facing the wall.

PROFESSOR  
--If I make the midterm open-note,  
then I have to make it twice as  
hard.

JOANNA  
Now, who is telling you to do that?  
Society?... The SYSTEM? You know  
what, Linda, and excuse my  
language. SCREW the system.

PROFESSOR  
Joanna, you're a genius. I'm  
cancelling the midterm. Everyone  
gets A's.

JOANNA  
Now that. Is empowerment.

New client. JOSEPH, rosary in hand, takes a seat.

JOSEPH  
Bless me, Father, for I have  
sinned.

JOANNA  
Oh, so sorry. Uh, that's not here.  
That's the men's restroom next  
door.

JOSEPH  
Oh, my bad. Thanks.

New client. JANITOR brought his bucket and the mop into the  
stall.

JANITOR  
I just hate this bathroom.  
Specifically. It's the shape.

JOANNA  
(reading her notes)  
Do you hate this bathroom? Or do  
you hate who you become when you  
clean it?

JANITOR  
(revelation)  
Oh. My god.

New client. The sound of someone urinating.

HALEY  
Ugh. God, that line was ridiculous.  
I just had to PEE.

JOANNA  
(confused)  
Oh, you're not here for therapy?

HALEY  
You do therapy in here?

JOANNA  
Yep. I've been in here-- wow, it's  
been like 2 days.

HALEY  
Don't you have classes?

JOANNA  
Yeah... do you think I can get  
internship credit for this?

HALEY  
Maybe. Are you doing it for free?

JOANNA  
Yeah.

HALEY  
And do you take walk-ins?

JOANNA  
Uh, yeah--

HALEY  
Oh, thank god. I tried CAPS, but  
they couldn't get me in for 6  
weeks.

JOANNA  
Hmm, talk to me.

HALEY  
So I have this sub-letter, right?  
And she paints her toes. But like  
not the nails... the toes...

Joanna writes notes.

The screen goes black as Haley's voice fades.