

TWO GUYS, A GIRL AND A PARKING SPACE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN BALTIMORE CITY - DAY

An SUV bakes in a scorching Summer afternoon.

BLACK TIRES melt into the hot asphalt as the car lurches forward.

The rear passenger, DAN, thirties, with an immutable suburban scowl, prairie dogs out the window. Sweat cascades off his brow like a Six Flags waterslide. Collects in his pit-stained shirt - yeah, it's as disgusting as you imagine - I mean the Six Flags water pool. Dan's pretty clean otherwise.

INT. SUV - SAME

Dan raises the window.

DAN
We're going to die.

He looks to the front passenger seat where NADIA, (age held by request because "I'm still single and look younger anyway"), checks her makeup.

NADIA
This isn't Broadway, Ms. LuPone.
Don't be so dramatic.

DAN
It's a sign, I tell ya.

NADIA
What are you talking about?

Dan points to...

EXT. STREET CORNER

DOWNTOWN JOE, forties, scraggly, disheveled, original Oriole cap and plain white tee, holds a CARDBOARD SIGN ON A STICK. It reads:

"For the end of them is death. Romans 6:21"

As the SUV passes, Joe flips the sign:

"Try Nacho Mama's before He takes you"

INT. SUV

Dan guzzles a WATER BOTTLE, until it collapses like a dying star.

DAN
Parking in Baltimore *suuucks*.
(beat)
I just hope we have enough water.

The driver, CHRIS, who thinks he's still hip because he wears a goatee - but uses a word like "hip" - glances over his shoulder.

Empty plastic containers litter the back seat.

CHRIS
Those are supposed to be for the party.

DAN
I need to hydrate.

NADIA
Yeah, he's like a lizard.

DAN
(scratches)
Hey, you weren't going to talk about my Eczema in public.

CHRIS
Guess I shouldn't have uninstalled that hamster bottle I had back there, huh?

DAN
Funny. Asshole.

In the rearview mirror, Dan turns the bottle upside down. LICKS AT THE LAST DROPS WITH RODENT PRECISION.

Chris and Nadia shake their heads.

NADIA
(points)
Look, there's one.

CHRIS
No, it's too tight.

DAN
A good thing in a woman, not so much a parking spot.

NADIA

Chicken.

EXT. CITY STREET

Chris pulls the SUV to the space. Nadia peeks over Chris's shoulder.

Their vehicle overshadows the absurdly tiny spot, like a dwarf standing next to a much smaller dwarf.

INT. SUV

Nadia slumps back.

NADIA

You're right, it's too small.

DAN

Women have no concept of size.

NADIA

Guess that's a good thing for you.

Dan flips up his middle finger. Chris continues to circle the block.

CHRIS

It's true. There are distinct cognitive differences between the sexes. It's why a man will carve an ornate pine music box... painstakingly fill it with keepsakes from a woman's childhood... and she thinks he just wants to use it to store her severed head.

NADIA

Awww, sweetie. That girl from the wordworking shop turned you down again, didn't she?

Nadia strokes Chris' hair.

CHRIS

Quit it. And no, she already told me she had a boyfriend.

DAN

Or it coulda been the use of carve,
pain and severed head in that last
sentence.

NADIA

Okay Romeo. Why didn't Melissa
come out with us?

CHRIS

Are you two fighting again?

DAN

I don't want to talk about it.

Chris SLAMS the breaks.

CHRIS

You listen to me. I've been
driving in circles for an hour.
It's reactor hot today - thank you
hairspray cans for Global Warming -
And my life is now lost with Oprah
off the air. Out with it!

DAN

Okay, dude, Jesus.
(beat)
Two words. Pajama Jeans.

FLASHBACK - INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dan lays on the couch, watches a TV infomercial.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Do you love stylish, sexy jeans?

DAN

Yeah.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Do you love soft, comfortable
pajama bottoms?

Dan sits up, runs a hand over his SNUGGIE.

DAN

Hell, yeah!

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Now get the best of both worlds,
with Pajama Jeans.

(MORE)

FEMALE ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The hot new fashion sensation that
fits every figure perfectly...

Dan mutes the sound.

DAN
Babe! Babe. Come here. Check
this out.

A pair of SHAPELY CALVES appears on the staircase. Dan is
perfectly framed in the V opening between MELISSA'S legs

DAN
You should try these Pajama Jeans.

INT. SUV - DAY

Nadia spins her head like The Exorcist.

NADIA
Are you freakin' kidding me?

Dan shrugs.

NADIA
I know. You're thinking, pajamas
and jeans, awesome, right?

DAN
I'd wear a business suit every day
if it was made of pajama.

NADIA
But she's like, oh my God, he
thinks I need stretch pants because
I'm turning into my mother.

CHRIS
Or Kirstie Alley... before Dancing
with the Stars.

DAN
I'm an idiot.

CHRIS
I warned you. Those infomercials
are relationship traps.

DAN
Do you think she'll forgive me?

The SUV passes Joe again.

EXT. CITY STREET

Joe holds a new sign.

“Forgive them, for they know not what they do.
Luke 23:34”

INT. SUV

Nadia turns back around to face the front.

NADIA

Of course she will. All men are
idiots. It's built into your DNA.
Like the Japanese obsession with
Hentai sex comics. Most of the
time it's disgusting... but
sometimes, it's hot to see an
octopus have sex with eight dwarf
ninjas.

DAN

(chuckles)
Dwarf ninjas... wait, what?

CHRIS

Focus people. I'm getting low on
gas.

The car pulls away as Nadia and Dan scan for open spaces.

EXT. CITY STREETS

As the car passes, Joe flips the sign.

“But you won't forgive yourself if you miss
today's specials at Nacho Mama's”

SERIES OF SHOTS

- The SUV. Street after street. Not a parking spot to be had.
- The sun burns bright in the sky.
- Dan's face wrapped in a towel like a mummy.
- A case of bottled water, nearly empty.
- The setting sun.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. SUV - DUSK

The vehicle pulls into an alley. Chris turns off the engine.

CHRIS
Charm City, my ass.

NADIA
Is this party really worth it?

DAN
(panicked)
I have to go. I told Melissa I
would meet her there. If I don't,
she's going to think I'm
unreliable.

CHRIS
Don't forget insensitive, Mr.
Pajama pants.

DAN
Come on guys, I need you to come
with. Melissa scares me - she's
been playing Wii, the Krav Maga
edition.

NADIA
Sorry Dan, but I'm done. I'll
catch a cab home.

CHRIS
I'm never coming downtown again.

DAN
All right everyone, just calm down
and relax!

Dan strikes a yoga pose. INHALES A DEEP, SLOW BREATH.

DAN
I am a flower, the sunlight
nourishes my stem...

Chris and Nadia - WTF? Dan exhales, looks at the pair.

DAN
I've learned a few things today.
One, never hold a weekend party in
downtown Baltimore. Two, NO on
pajama jeans, no matter how cool
they sound. And three, sometimes
you just have to George Michael the
situation.

CHRIS

What?

DAN

You gotta have faith.

Dan holds out his hands.

NADIA

What are you doing?

DAN

It's called prayer - like, hundreds of people do it all over the world.

Nadia and Chris hesitate.

DAN

Come on, bring it in.

The trio HOLD HANDS. Close their eyes.

DAN

Dear Jesus.

CHRIS

Or mighty Oprah.

Nadia and Chris chuckle.

DAN

Hear this prayer from your humble servant. I know you've ignored me before. The Orioles? Not one winning season in a decade? Really?

NADIA

Frikin' Angelos!

CHRIS

Frikin' Angelos.

DAN

They're right, Lord, that's not your fault. But please, hear me now. One parking space. It doesn't even have to be in a good neighborhood.

CHRIS

Well, maybe not one of those neighborhoods from The Wire.

NADIA
That's racist.

CHRIS
That's not racist! I voted for
Obama.

NADIA
You didn't vote. You're not even
registered.

CHRIS
Okay. But remember those
commemorative plates I bought? It
gives me great pleasure to see his
face staring back at mine when I
eat dinner every night.

NADIA
Those aren't for eating on you
ignorant mor-

DAN
HEY! Can we get back to the task
at hand, here?
(beat)
Just give us a sign we should stay
on this path. Please dear Lord
baby Jesus.

CHRIS
In the name of Steadman.

DAN/NADIA
In the name of Steadman.

DAN/NADIA/CHRIS
Amen.

They break hands. Lean forward in their seats. Look around.
Wait. Nothing.

CHRIS
Okay then.

Dan and Nadia sit back, dejected. Chris starts the engine.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME

Joe appears at the end of the alley. Holds another sign:

"Salvation awaits"

INT. SUV

Dan, Nadia and Chris share glances.

Joe turns the sign:

"One block down, then a left and another right."

DAN

Go, go, go.

They peel out.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE CITY STREETS AND THE SUV

The SUV turns at the end of the alley. Turns left at the next street.

NADIA

Take the next right.

The SUV rounds a corner, comes into view. Stops. Chris spots a HANGING BAR SIGN.

CHRIS

Awww, man. It's just Nacho Mama's.

DAN

No. Look.

It's a glorious, roomy, parking space - without a meter.

Dan TEARS UP, just the correct manly amount though, like when you hear The Cat's In The Cradle the first time.

INT. /EXT. SUV

Chris parks the car. Out pops the trio. Dan reaches inside the rear hatch, pulls out an OVERSIZED FLOPPY HAT.

Chris glares.

DAN

What? I burn easy.

NADIA

He doesn't get out of his bubble much.

CHRIS

Alright people, saddle up. Nine blocks and we'll be there.

DAN
Oh, you have got to be sh-
(a car HORN BLARES)
-ting me!

EXT. ROWHOME ENTRANCE - DUSK

The worn out group crawls up the marble steps. Pound the door. A smiling COUPLE answers.

COUPLE
Hey guys.

NADIA
Sorry we're late.

COUPLE
You're the first to arrive. Oh,
and Dan. Melissa called. She's
not gonna make it.

DAN
Mother fu-

END OF FILM