

FADE IN

EXT. DRIVE-THRU WINDOW - DAY

We see a BMW idling at a drive-thru window of what looks like a fast-food franchise - but we cannot see the name of the store; the car obscures the lighted sign near the drive-thru window and we never see angles that reveal the store name throughout the scene.

The building is outfitted cheerfully. A SERVER (early 20s) at the drive-thru window wears a suitably perky maroon uniform and a cheap cardboard visor, both emblazoned with an "On-The-Go!" company logo. She speaks to the woman in the car, EMMA, early 30s, impatient, rude.

SERVER

Welcome to On-The-Go! Would you like to hear about our specials?

Emma has a cellphone to her ear, engaged in a conversation. She barely acknowledges the Server.

EMMA

(to cellphone)

Yeah, I'm here now. I really shouldn't, but I don't have time for anything else.

(to Server, annoyed)

What?

SERVER

Would you like to hear about our specials?

EMMA

No, just the regular.

SERVER

(memorized speech)

To provide our customers with a personalized On-The-Go experience designed especially for your body's requirements, we like to ask for--

EMMA

Yeah, yeah, height and weight.
5'6", 120.

The Server leaves. While the Server is gone, Emma continues talking on her phone, listening for a moment.

EMMA (CONT'D)

No, I never tell him when I come here. He thinks it's bad for me.

The Server returns.

SERVER

OK, your order will be ready soon. That will be \$12.74.

Emma roots in her purse for money.

EMMA

(to cellphone)

I mean, I'm only here like twice a year. Three times at the most. At the most. So it's none of his business.

Emma hands the Server a twenty-dollar bill.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(to cellphone)

I know! I'm the same way after I come here. Usually just nausea, but I have puked a few times. Comes with the territory, I guess.

The Server leans out with Emma's change.

SERVER

Seven twenty-six is your change.

Emma takes the money, but hands back the coins.

EMMA

Here, this is for you. Oh, can you stamp my Frequent Visitor card?

Emma hands a card to the Server, who dutifully stamps it and hands it back.

SERVER

I'll be right back with your order.

EMMA

(to cellphone)

Ugh, I'm so stressed out. After I'm done here, I have to stop by the dry cleaners on Wilshire, then my manicure at 1:30, then I'll meet you in Santa Monica at 2:30. I know, it's a nightmare. OK, I'll see you in a bit. Bye.

Emma puts her phone away as the Server returns. The Server hands Emma a bath-towel-sized moist towelette.

SERVER
Your towelette.

EMMA
Can I get two? I usually make a mess, and I just had the car detailed.

SERVER
Of course. Do you need water?

Emma shakes a bottle of water at her impatiently.

EMMA
Can we hurry this up? I'm late.

SERVER
Yes, your order just came up.

The Server hands Emma a tiny white bag with the On-The-Go! company logo. Emma throws the bag onto her passenger seat impatiently and puts her car in gear as the server cheerfully says:

SERVER (CONT'D)
Come back soon!

EXT. DRIVE-THRU WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

We see Emma's car obscuring the drive-thru window sign. The car roars off, revealing a lighted sign with cheerful font:

"On-The-Go! Abortion Pills for Today's Active Woman"

CUT TO BLACK

THE END

ON THE GO!

WGA #1541430

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