

Title: *I Hate When My Peepee Touches the Water*

Written by: Jared Robinson

INT. INDOOR RESORT POOL AREA - NIGHT

An indoor pool enclosure, dimly lit.

A **POOL**, a **HOT TUB**, and a small **TIKI BAR** occupy the space.

MIDDLE-AGED CONFERENCE ATTENDEES scattered about unwinding in the communal space.

Soft 70's hotel resort organ music plays over water splashes and splooshes.

HOT TUB

JANET (40s/50s, sharp, confident), and REUBEN (40/50s, even-keeled, soft spoken, probably hefty) soak, a couple of drinks resting on the edge.

From off-screen

STEVE (40s/50s, enthusiastic team leader) rushes into frame carrying two MAI TAIS.

STEVE

Coming in hot! Splash down in three-two—
(extends drinks to Janet & Reuben)
Catch the drinks—
—one!

He slides into the water with a splash. Laughter.

Reuben hands one drink back to Steve. They all CLINK glasses.

REUBEN

Cheers. To another year in the top ten percent in global sales.

JANET

—and now number one in the Central Northwestern United States, I may add!

They cheer. CLINK again.

Steve grows more sincere.

STEVE

Guys, seriously. I'm proud of this team. We've all put in the work and we're

being rewarded for it.

(beat)

Reuben, you still came to work even while dealing with your elderly decrepit mother.

REUBEN

I wouldn't miss a day unless I needed to, Steve. You know that. She's also a horrible woman.

STEVE

Janet, when Abe quit, you stepped up at the most opportune time. We literally couldn't be here without you.

JANET

Oh c'mon. I couldn't have done it without your trust. And without Gary's guidance.

(looking around)

Speaking of Gary, where the HECK is he? He should be in here with us.

STEVE

I haven't seen him take a dip in the pool OR hot tub this trip.

JANET

It's so unlike him to not get in on the fun. He's like the office class clown!

REUBEN

Ya know, I think he's been at the tiki bar most nights.

(points)

Look! I can see him sitting there right now.

JANET

Is that him? With the fedora and Hawaiian shirt?

REUBEN

Yes. That is most definitely him.

STEVE

That is him. Gary!

CUT TO: TIKI BAR

GARY (40s, awkward, tightly wound, slightly hefty), wearing a FEDORA, HAWAIIAN SHIRT, KHAKI SHORTS, and FLIP FLOPS, sits hunched over a massive frozen drink.

He looks up, startled.

Across the room—

JANET / STEVE / REUBEN (O.S.)

Garyyyyyy!

Gary tries to subtly hide behind the LONE PATRON beside him.

The patron glares.

LONE PATRON

Hey.

Gary glares back defensively and makes a snarky sarcastic antagonizing face, then quickly turns toward the hot tub.

Janet mimes casting a fishing line and reeling him in.

Gary reluctantly pantomimes being hooked.

Sighs.

HOT TUB - MOMENTS LATER

Gary approaches the edge, frozen drink in hand.

GARY

Oh wow. This is where you guys have been. I didn't see you. Like what?

Gary pantomimes not being able to see.

STEVE

Gary! We were just talking about how proud we are. C'mon, hop in. The water's great!

GARY

Oh no, I can't. I've got my nice khakis and my good hat on.

JANET

Just go up to the room and grab some swim trunks. We're not going anywhere. It's our last night and WE'RE MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

She woohs and lightly splashes some water at Gary.

GARY

STOP, I can't. I didn't bring any. I didn't have room in my carry-on for swim trunks and these are my favorite shorts.

REUBEN

Just hop in as is. Your khakis will be fine.

STEVE

It's our last night here, Gary. Celebrate! You won Salesman of the Year.

Gary tenses.

GARY

I really shouldn't. I can't.

They begin chanting.

ALL THREE

Gary! Gary! Gary!

Gary snaps.

GARY

FINE. ALRIGHT. I'll get in. Okay!

He removes his Hawaiian shirt gingerly, folds it neatly, places it atop his flip flops.

The others resume casual sales chatter as—

CAMERA FOLLOWS GARY.

He slowly lowers himself into the hot tub.

Toes first. Then feet. Calves. Thighs.

He winces.

As the water reaches his torso—

CUT BACK TO GROUP

Suddenly—

GARY (O.S.)

AGHHHH!

They spin.

JANET

Gary, what's wrong?!

REUBEN

Are you okay?

Gary trembles, biting each word.

GARY

I HATE WHEN MY PEEPEE... TOUCHES... THE WATER.

Silence.

STEVE

What?

GARY

I HATE WHEN MY PEE PEE. TOUCHES. THE. WATER.

Beat.

STEVE

Okay. Okay. That's fine. Do you need to get out?

GARY

No. I'm already in the hot tub. You asked me to be in the hot tub. I'm in the hot tub.

JANET

But you're uncomfortable.

GARY

Yes, Janet, I'm uncomfortable because I DON'T like when my pee pee touches the hot water!

JANET

Jeeze.

GARY

I was fine at the tiki bar enjoying a frozen pinocolado.

JANET

Pinacolada?

GARY

OHHH I THINK I KNOW WHAT IT'S CALLED! I've been ordering them from Cliff all week.

CUT TO BARTENDER

Cliff is shaking a drink, staring off into space. He burps.

CUT BACK TO GROUP

STEVE

Gary, just calm down. It's okay.

GARY

Oh okay. Yeah. Just calm down. Fine. Okay.
(winces)
AUGHH, my pee pee.

He shifts, unable to settle.

The group awkwardly tries to resume casual talk.

Gary squirms.

His frozen pinacolada tips—

SPLOOSH — into the hot tub.

STEVE

God, Gary.

GARY

Now my pinocolado. What the heck! (he frustratedly splashes across the water)

JANET

It's fine, Gary. We can just get in the pool.

GARY

NOOO! We're in the hot tub! The pool is even worse when it touches my pee pee!
I don't like it even more than the hot tub!

JANET

FINE. FINE. We'll stay in here. In the pina colada water.

A tense silence.

Reuben quietly—

REUBEN

I don't like when my pee pee touches the water either.

Gary's eyes light up.

GARY

THANK YOU!

CUT TO: TIKI BAR

The BARTENDER blends another frozen pinacolada.

The LONE PATRON watches.

O.S. the group continues arguing loudly in the hot tub.

The blender WHIRS.

BLACK OUT.

END SCENE

PROPERTY OF JARED ROBINSON