

At Attention

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A somewhat traversed path crawls its way through dense underbrush and foliage.

PETER (24) SPRINTS through, clutching his crotch. Vaguely contented with his day job, Peter considers himself a weekend warrior of the great outdoors.

He stops, PANTING. Glances around.

NARRATOR (V.O. THROUGHOUT)  
Was it the leaves? I can't remember.

Inches over to a tree and peeks around.

Satisfied, he unzips. One last check...

NARRATOR  
I thought to whistle but didn't want to disturb his privacy.

In a distant clearing, the NARRATOR (73), exuding nobility and bearing a contagious smile, waves.

Peter quick-zips embarrassed at his predicament.

The narrator BECKONS. Peter, alarmed, sneaks a look back the way he came.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

The narrator dressed in finery with WHITE GLOVES stands at attention, beaming. Next to him, a URINAL.

Peter, confused.

NARRATOR  
He was, by far, my favorite of that year.

The narrator offers the urinal. CLASSICAL MUSIC plays to set the mood.

Peter cocks his head to the sound, concerned but approaches anyway.

The narrator unceremoniously advertises the spotless urinal.

NARRATOR

I gave him a little tour... showed him the ropes.

Peter unzips and scoots as close to the urinal as he can.

The narrator places a delicate hand on Peter's shoulder.

NARRATOR

We don't do VIP -

The narrator maintains eye contact with an in-shock Peter as his hand seeks Peter's little friend.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Just good ol' customer service.

The narrator finds his target and Peter confirms, startled. The narrator pats him on the back.

NARRATOR

They all need a little encouragement.

Peter turns his head away, eyes SHUT.

NARRATOR

Bill over in Finger Lakes likes to change it up.

FIRST IMPACT. The narrator smiles.

The stream continues, stronger now.

NARRATOR

I find it... relaxing. Blissful even.

Peter tilts his head back finishing up.

The narrator gives it a little shake.

NARRATOR

Two hands just to be safe.

A little nip, tuck, ZIP; Peter sighs contented.

The narrator flushes the toilet.

Peter pats the narrator on the back and palms a bill.

NARRATOR

The tipping is new. Is it sympathy?

The narrator showcases his glove, a little YELLOW here and there and removes it for a handshake.

NARRATOR  
Or indulgence?

Both wave goodbye. Peter trots back with newfound confidence.

NARRATOR  
Years in this business have taught me one thing...

Peter sneaks a last look back. NOTHING.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY (LATER)

A WOMAN (26) leaning against a tree, glances around.

She squats and peeks behind for one last check.

The narrator WAVES in the distance.

NARRATOR  
We're nothing without a little company.

Shocked, she TUMBLES OVER.

FADE OUT