

the beginning of

**POOL SERVICE** (from **POOL PARTY**)

a short comedy by Rich Orloff

*Place:* A backyard swimming pool  
*Time:* The present  
*Characters:* GERALDINE, female, around 30  
LESTER, male, around 30  
POOL GUY, male, a hunk

As the play begins, GERALDINE, a woman of about thirty, runs to the pool and sits in a chair. She is crying and wailing and pretty darn miserable. Geraldine wears a conservative swimsuit, plus a life jacket *and* an inner tube. This is one gal who will never drown in her own tears. She holds a piece of paper.

GERALDINE  
God help me... God help me!

Geraldine continues to cry. The POOL GUY enters. He's a hunk, wearing only a skimpy swimsuit and a butt bag. He holds a squeegee and a rag.

POOL GUY  
Pool service.

GERALDINE  
Where's our regular pool guy?

POOL GUY  
He's sick.

GERALDINE  
This isn't our day for pool service.

POOL GUY  
He's sick a day early.

GERALDINE  
Oh well, go ahead then.

Geraldine resumes crying. The pool guy starts to wipe the edge of the pool with his squeegee. Perhaps he hums a sexy tune. When he gets near Geraldine, there's a spot he can't get out. He turns so that he's facing the pool, his butt not far from Geraldine. He wipes as hard as he can, pulling the squeegee with his whole body. Geraldine notices.

POOL GUY

Got it.

GERALDINE

You're quite the dedicated pool guy.

POOL GUY

I don't believe in doing anything half-assed.

Geraldine starts to cry again.

POOL GUY (cont'd)

Let me wipe those tears.

The pool guy lifts Geraldine's face and wipes her tears with his squeegee. Geraldine starts to recover.

GERALDINE

Thank you.

POOL GUY

What's the problem?

GERALDINE

I don't know. I live in a great house,  
and I have a great boyfriend, and, and,  
and this morning he left me this note.

Geraldine resumes crying. The pool guy removes the note from her fist.

POOL GUY

"Dear Geraldine, when you go to the  
supermarket today, please purchase:  
one half-gallon non-fat milk;  
one quart non-fat yogurt;  
16 ounces non-fat cottage cheese –  
Are you two on a diet?"

GERALDINE

No. Keep reading.

POOL GUY

2 quarts sodium-free seltzer;  
1.44 to 1.56 pounds hormone-free chicken;  
1 box unbuttered microwave popcorn –

GERALDINE

That's Lester's big indulgence.

POOL GUY

4 ounces hot sauce – extra mild; and assorted leafy vegetables of your choice.

GERALDINE

Lester takes pride in not being a control freak.

POOL GUY

Hmm. His margins are excellent.

GERALDINE

He's never gone over a margin in his life.

POOL GUY

No spelling errors.

GERALDINE

He's grammatically impeccable.

POOL GUY

Then what's the problem?

GERALDINE

I don't know! I *should* be happy. He's a wonderful man, a little more cautious than I am –

POOL GUY

Is that possible?

GERALDINE

He's responsible. He's dependable. Every year his birthday present to me increases by the annual rate of inflation. He's everything a good woman should want.

POOL GUY

Maybe you're not a good woman.

Geraldine resumes crying.

POOL GUY (cont'd)

What's wrong?

GERALDINE

I don't know how to be anything *but* a good woman!

POOL GUY

You know what you need?

GERALDINE

What?

POOL GUY

You need a good whipping.

GERALDINE

What?!

POOL GUY

Would you like me to whip it out for you?

The pool guy opens his butt bag and whips out a can of whipped cream. He grabs one of Geraldine's arms and sprays it with whipped cream. He takes his squeegee, wipes off the whipped cream and swallows it.

GERALDINE

What are you doing?... What the heck are you –...  
(a sexual sound:)  
Ohhhhh..... Ohhhhhhhh.....

When the pool guy finishes one arm, they stare at each other. Geraldine gives him her other arm. He repeats the process.

POOL GUY

How'm I doing?

GERALDINE

Ohhh... I want to be whipped all over!

POOL GUY

If that's what you want, you'll have to take off your life jacket and inner tube.

GERALDINE

But, but I can't swim.

POOL GUY

We're not in the pool.

GERALDINE

But, but what if a mighty gust of wind comes and tosses me into it?

POOL GUY

And what's the chance of that?

GERALDINE

I don't know. But Lester told me –

POOL GUY

Look, lady, I've got a busy day,  
and an itchy squeegee. How much  
do you want to be whipped?

Geraldine takes off her life jacket.

POOL GUY (cont'd)

And the inner tube.

GERALDINE

Why do I need to –

POOL GUY

Lady, if you want to be... poool serviced...

Geraldine takes off her inner tube.

GERALDINE

Yes, yes! Pool service me! And  
don't do anything half-half-bunned!

The pool guy sprays whipped cream on one of Geraldine's legs and starts to lick it off. Suddenly LESTER enters, furious at what he sees. Lester is about the same age as Geraldine. He wears a conservative suit, plus a life jacket and *two* inner tubes *and* water wings on his arms.

LESTER

(off-stage, entering:)

Oh, honey, I-m –

(seeing them:)

Hey, what's going on here?! What  
the hell do you think you're doing?!

POOL GUY

I'm licking whipped cream off your girlfriend's  
leg, what does it look like I'm doing?