

ON THE ROCKS

written by

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EXT. SPA - FRONT - NIGHT

Decorative eucalyptus frames a glass door with "HEAL HAUS" delicately decal'd in a gold font almost too thin to read.

City life BUZZES past. The type of place destined to close two months after the influencer-driven PR budget dries up.

INT. SPA - SAUNA

Tanned, glistening bodies pierce through steam clouds like bad airplane traffic. The wood panel walls sweat to the pulse of bass-y lofi ambient music.

KATRINA (31), sweating more from discomfort, shyly covers her bathing suit with her towel.

MAX (33) bites his lip with instant regret.

MAX

This was a bad first date idea,
wasn't it?

KATRINA

Uh -

MAX

(defensive)

You don't drink. You don't eat
meat. And BuzzFeed listed this as
one of the top "41 Date Ideas You
Wish You'd Thought of First."

Katrina laughs.

KATRINA

No, no! I appreciate the effort.
Really. This place seems really...
trendy?

A woman with a pronounced undercut complemented by nature-inspired tattoos enters with an aromatic snowball.

WOMAN

Patchouli and Peruvian Mugwort.

She drops the ball on the sauna coals, wafting the scent to the patrons with a towel helicopter-swing.

Katrina COUGHS. Zen-disturbed eyes dart toward her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

5-minute warning for those who
joined for the 7PM experience.

MAX

Think you can handle 5 more
minutes? Dinner's on me after.

KATRINA

I, KMH -

She COUGHS. Collects herself.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Yeah. Sure.

MAX

Let's go finish with a cold plunge.

KATRINA

Ah, that's not really my kind of
bath. I know there are health
benefits and blah, blah-

MAX

It's mind over matter. Trust me.
You just have to stick it out for
two minutes, and you'll come out of
here feeling brand new.

She studies his charming features through the fog. They win.

KATRINA

Okay.

The two share an in-sync smile.

INT. SHOWERS

A dimly-lit hallway of showerheads with eucalyptus dangling
underneath each sprout.

Katrina washes the sweat off her body, feeling Max's eyes
following the water down her swimsuit. They make eye contact.
He looks away coyly.

KATRINA

Why me?

Max dog-dries his hair with a shake.

MAX

What do you mean?

KATRINA

I'm sure you could have any of these girls in here.

MAX

I like you. I like that you take care of yourself.

Katrina smiles.

MAX (CONT'D)

Maybe that's why I thought you'd like this kind of thing.

She turns to shield a blush.

INT. COLD PLUNGE AREA

A row of tall porcelain baths with ice shimmering in the water from the mood lighting and LED candles. Digital clocks at every vantage point for an endurance ego boost.

Max slips into the chilled water like a pro. Katrina recoils with a toe dip.

MAX

You've just got to commit.

KATRINA

I know. Okay.

Katrina does a psych-herself-up dance before lowering her body into the water.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Holy shit!

MAX

Breathe. Focus on your breathing.

Katrina slows down her breaths. It helps.

MAX (CONT'D)

Just watch the clock. It gets better as it goes.

Katrina's POV: The glowing digital letters of the clock start fading into one another hazily.

INT. COLD PLUNGE AREA - DAY

HONK! HONK! The chaotic soundtrack of the city streets bleed into the room through an open alley-way door.

The headache-inducing panel lights completely dismantle the once-Zen atmosphere: cheap dollar store candles, a shoddy shower entrance way.

SPLASH! Katrina jolts awake. She looks around, confused. Down at the crimson ice-melted water. She panic-jumps to a stand.

SCREAMS!

Her torso butchered from a hack stitch-job over her kidney.

CUT TO BLACK.