

POOL BOY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. POOL - DAY

MAX, 20, shirtless and buff, skims leaves out of a pristine pool. He is tan heat, as sexy as money. From long practice, he handles the skimmer effortlessly. This is a perfect pool behind a upper class home.

From the house sashays VICTORIA, 40s, still looks good in a bikini, she's a cougar and on the prowl. She sets down a bag and a towel and slides onto a chaise where she can watch Max.

VICTORIA

Make sure you get the ones off the bottom. I hate leaves on the bottom

Max nods.

Victoria adjusts her big hat and opens her bag. She pulls out sun block and squirts a line onto each thigh. With deliberate provocativeness, she kneads the lotion into her skin, running her hands right up to her bikini.

If Max pays attention, it doesn't show.

Victoria applies block to her arms and tummy and cleavage, quite a show.

Max moves around the pool, not watching, cleaning.

Victoria frowns and then smiles.

VICTORIA

Can you do my back?

She holds up the block. Max drops the skimmer. As he walks to her, Victoria turns over.

VICTORIA

Start with my legs, and I hope you're better than Joey. He has the touch of a butcher.

Max sits on the chaise and expertly applies block to each leg, rubbing the lotion all along her smooth skin. As he works, she spreads her legs slightly.

VICTORIA

Put it everywhere. I don't want to burn.

He squirts lotion on her back, and she reaches behind to undo the top, letting the straps fall to the side.

VICTORIA

I hate tan lines, don't you?

Max is careful to rub in the lotion without touching her where he shouldn't.

VICTORIA

That feels good. Thank you.

Max puts down the block and returns to his skimmer.

Victoria glances over and there's a playful smile on her face. She wouldn't want this to be too easy.

With elan, Victoria rises, sans top, and wades into the water, hat and sunglasses still on. She's fetching.

VICTORIA

Aren't you hot?

Max looks at her, but he doesn't speak. His expression doesn't change.

VICTORIA

You can jump in and cool off. I won't mind.

He moves around the side, skimming. She wades over and playfully grabs the skimmer.

VICTORIA

You know, I love big, hard poles.

As he watches, she licks the pole, inviting. He shakes the pole loose, and she laughs.

VICTORIA

Fore play?

She grabs the pole and straddles it.

VICTORIA

I like to ride too.

With a bit more effort, he manages to wrest the pole from her. Her body bobbing and bouncing as she tries to grab it again.

VICTORIA

Naughty boy. Give it to me.

Max raises the pole and slams it on her head.

VICTORIA
OW, HEY! Watch that.

Max raises the pole and hits her again, knocking off her hat.

VICTORIA
STOP!

She raises her arms as the pole bangs her face, breaking her sunglasses. Stunned, she tries to focus.

And the pole hammers her nose.

Blood runs as she tries to wade out. She takes two weak steps before the pole smashes her temple. Her eyes roll up, and she sinks under. Red blood stains the water.

Using the skimmer, Max plucks the hat from the water. Then, he expertly fishes out the broken halves of her sunglasses. He grabs the hat and glasses and dumps them in a trash can. Hanging up the skimmer, he hits a button.

The pool cover glides over the water, sealing off Victoria and the bloody water.

Max waits until the cover locks in place before he grabs his shirt. He puts on the shirt as he walks out.

FADE OUT.