

The Guard

Written By

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EXT. PARKWOOD POOL - DAY

PARKWOOD POOL is a large, man-made sand-bottom lake. We see a host of people enjoying their days as they swim and sunbathe. It's a beautiful summer day, but it's offset by a crotchety old woman on the far side pool sternly making her way towards the foreground. This is BARBARA GIBBONS.

ALEX (O.S.)

Oh, shit.

A walkie-talkie beeps, and the dialogue turns static-y. ALEX, a young man with a bright face, is standing in front of an outdoor office and holding a radio to his mouth.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Mrs. G is here, guys. Sit up in the stands and look profesh.

Mrs. Gibbons closes in on the office.

Alex puts the radio down and smiles at her.

ALEX

Good morning, Mrs. Gibbons! How're-

MRS. GIBBONS

Where's Nicholas?

ALEX

Oh, um, he might be back by the garage...? I'm not sure to be honest.

Alex's voice is obviously unconfident, which seems to upset Mrs. Gibbons even more. Alex is clearly trying to remedy the situation to no avail.

MRS. GIBBONS

Well do you think you could find him for me?! What are you even doing just standing around here?

ALEX

I just got down from my hour sit and I-

Alex spots NICK, a handsome middle-aged surfer type down the patio walkway. Alex waves him over frantically.

NICK

Morning, Mrs. Gibbons. What's going on?

Mrs. Gibbons is obviously having nothing of Nick's cheerful attitude.

MRS. GIBBONS  
I'm very unhappy, Nicholas. I feel  
like everything is a mess right  
now.

A group of tween boys sprints across the patio loudly, disregarding the other patrons at the pool.

KID #1  
I tagged you! Hey, I tagged you!

KID #2  
Suck my dick, fartface!

Mrs. Gibbons shoots a glaring look at Alex, who's only half checked into the conversation. He catches her dagger-eyes and repositions back into lifeguard-mode.

ALEX  
Hey boys! WALK on the patio! A-and  
watch your language!

Mrs. Gibbons slowly turns back to Nick without so much as a nod of approval.

NICK  
Why do you feel like everything's a  
mess?

MRS. GIBBONS  
It's all just coming apart at the  
seams!

She throws her hands in the air, exasperated.

NICK  
I don't... Today's been extremely  
smooth, Mrs. Gibbons. I don't know  
what you're concerned-

MRS. GIBBONS  
Is Steve here?

She peers into the office the three of them are standing in front of, unsatisfied.

MRS. GIBBONS (CONT'D)  
Why isn't Steve here?!

ALEX  
He left for the day.

MRS. GIBBONS  
Then I need the two of you to fix  
all this.

NICK  
Fix what? Everything is-

By the time Nick asks, she's already gone, stomping off back  
across the pool.

A beat, and then a last loud, shrill yell.

MRS. GIBBONS  
And why are none of the guards  
sitting straight up in the stands?!

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Nick is talking directly to the camera, interview-style

NICK  
She's actually insane. I've never  
heard her speak in anything but  
vague, over-arching statements that  
don't actually contribute anything.

A beat. He sighs.

NICK  
Also, I hate her.

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Alex is sitting at the Manager's desk, filling out a piece  
of paper. A small child is standing at the other end,  
staring down at the form.

Nick is standing in the doorway of the office, looking on to  
the exchange.

NICK  
Did you have to tell her that Steve  
left already?

ALEX  
I'm sorry! I panicked.

NICK

You're a Shift Leader, Alex, you should know what sets her off by now.

ALEX

I know, I know. I'm sorry, okay?

Alex finishes with the form and hands it to the kid. As he goes to reach into a drawer from the desk, CHRISTIE - a naive teenager with too much swagger for her age - swoops into the office out of nowhere and opens it for him, pulling out a rubber bracelet and handing it to the child. Alex sighs heavily.

CHRISTIE

What're we talkin' about?

ALEX

Nothing you have to worry about.

NICK

Christie, get out of the office.

CHRISTIE

Aw, c'mon! That's no fun!

ALEX

Exactly.

Alex waves the child in the office away with his new Deep Water Band.

ALEX (CONT'D)

All the rules to the deep end are on that paper. Don't lose it and have fun!

Christie circles around to the front of the desk and leans over it. She tries to be cute, but she's underage and no one looks at her that way.

CHRISTIE

Did we do something wrong?

NICK

You are right now, by being in here. This office is for managers only.

ALEX

Mrs. Gibbons is just being her angry self, okay? Now get out.

CHRISTIE  
Well why is she angry?

A beat. Alex sighs.

ALEX  
I literally do not know Christie.  
That's the point.

Christie shrugs her shoulders, making it apparent that she has no real concern but just wants to be a part of the situation. She hands around despite knowing that she's not supposed to.

NICK  
Christie, I'm serious get-

Nick stops himself with a loud laugh.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Gibbons just sent all the  
managers an e-mail, but it's all  
just nonsense.

Alex checks his phone and chuckles to himself.

ALEX  
God, the shift leaders got it too.

JESS, a tall, dark, and pretty senior guard walks into the office, clearly irritated. She's got the face of someone who doesn't take any bullshit. She's looking down at her phone as well.

JESS  
Did you two get this stupid e-mail  
from Barb?

She looks up at Nick and Alex only to be greeted by Christie. She groans.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Oh, my God, Christie get out of the  
office.

CHRISTIE  
You and Alex are in here!

JESS  
Jesus Christ we've been over this.  
We're shift leaders, we're allowed.  
You're literally not even doing  
anything.

Christie pouts but doesn't budge. Jess glares at her harder and she finally stomps out, moping.

NICK  
She'll listen to you but not me?

JESS  
I'm way more intimidating than a manager. I'm an older, prettier girl.

Nick rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Christie is sitting alone, talking to the camera, interview style. She giggles.

CHRISTIE  
They're just hard on me because they know I can take it.

She smiles, clearly pleased with herself.

CHRISTIE  
I think they're preparing me to be shift leader next year!

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM

A large group of guards are hanging out: playing cards, on their phones, reading, etc. The office phone can be heard faintly in the background.

ALEX (O.S.)  
Phone!

The phone rings several more times but no one moves.

ALEX (O.S.)  
Guys! PHONE!

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE - DAY

Alex rushes into the office and answers the phone frantically.

ALEX  
Parkwood Pool Manager's Office,  
this is Alex spea-

Alex pulls the phone away from his ear and a man's voice can be heard yelling loudly through it.

STEVE, a pugnacious and quick-to-anger man, is on the other end.

STEVE (O.S.)  
WHAT the Hell are you all doing  
that you can't answer the phone?

ALEX  
Sorry, Steve, I don't think anyone  
else heard it and I was sitting.

STEVE  
So WHY the Hell are you answering  
the damn phone?

ALEX  
Um, no one else heard it...

STEVE  
You want to tell me what this  
e-mail from Barb is all about? I'm  
gone for FORTY-FIVE minutes and  
everything goes to shit?

ALEX  
I wish I could, Steve... She just  
stormed down here and started  
yelling about nothing.

Steve shows up in the Manager's Office holding his cell phone to his ear. He continues talking without hanging up.

STEVE  
So what did she send this e-mail  
for?!

Alex jumps, scared from Steve's sudden appearance behind him. He turns around.

ALEX  
I really have no idea! She's just  
being typical Barb. Y'know, angry  
about not having anything to be  
angry about.

STEVE  
Are you... So nothing actually  
happened?

Alex looks at Steve apologetically.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
That woman is going to put me in a  
grave one of these days.

Alex laughs, and Steve stares at him with a long pause.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Make sure to call me if something  
ACTUALLY goes wrong.

Immediately after he leaves, Nick returns.

NICK  
Did I just hear Steve screaming? I  
thought he left.

ALEX  
You heard that from the garage?

NICK  
You could hear that man WHISPER  
from across the pool. So he was  
here?

ALEX  
Came back because of Barb's e-mail.

Christie rushes back into the Manager's Office.

CHRISTIE  
OMG. I just read Barb's e-mail...  
Was there actually a live lobster  
on the premises?