

PISS COACH

By: Cameron Lehr

CAST

MIKE: Piss Coach.

TERRY: Shy pisser.

CHRIS: Other Guy in the bathroom.

LIAM: Walks in at the end.

INT. BATHROOM

CHRIS belly's up to the urinal and starts his business. MIKE and TERRY file in uncomfortably close to each other. Mike whispering in Terry's ear as he stands at the urinal.

MIKE

Alright kid it's game time you got this! Whose gonna take that piss?

TERRY

(Whispering)

I'm gonna take that piss.

MIKE

Whose taking this piss?

TERRY

I'm taking this piss.

MIKE

That's right.

Chris looks over concerned about their situation.

CHRIS

Hey everything ok over there?

TERRY

Huh me?

CHRIS

Yeah just a lot of chatter, and that guy is like right behind you.

TERRY

Oh all good man this is my piss coach.

CHRIS
Ah gotcha.

A Beat

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I'm sorry what?

Mike sighs and heads over to Chris. Chris covers his penis in defense. Mike hands him a business card.

MIKE
Mike Ubota Piss Coach.

TERRY
Mike! Mike! I think we've got something.

Mike Rushes back over and crouches next to the urinal.

MIKE
Alright kid just like we practiced you've got this!

Terry breathes slow in concentration.

CHRIS
So you like help guys who can't piss in public.

MIKE
That's right! Now please let us work.

TERRY
Fuck! I lost it Mike.

MIKE
That's alright kid, don't stress too much stay loose. Relax and it'll come back.

TERRY
No Mike I think we should just bag it man I've been standing here for too long people think I'm weird.

MIKE
Nobody's paying attention kid you're fine just relax and let it flow.

CHRIS
I'll admit I'm paying a little bit
of attention.

TERRY
See! Mike I can't do this.

MIKE
No! Come on kid this guy he's
nothing.

CHRIS
Hey!

MIKE
He's nothing, he's dirt, we piss on
guys like that don't we?

TERRY
That's right, we do.

MIKE
Show me!

CHRIS
I don't get it, why don't you just
use the stall?

MIKE
NO STALLS!

CHRIS
No Stalls?

TERRY
No Stalls!

CHRIS
Why not?

MIKE
Yeah why not?

TERRY
Because Stalls are for quitters.

MIKE
That's right baby now come on, make
it rain!

Chris smugly flushes his urinal and zips his pants.

CHRIS
Well *I'm* done!

TERRY

Fuck!

Chris walks slowly towards the sink.

MIKE

Kid they don't call it a pissing race. It's a pissing contest. It's not measured by speed or distance. When we're talking piss it's straight volume, and buddy you ain't pissed in five days!

TERRY

God you're right!

CHRIS

Wait what's going on?

MIKE

Show him kid! Show him what a real
pissar looks like!

CHRIS

Wait no!

TERRY

OH GOD!

Terry piss's holding his arms above his head. Creed's *With Arm's Wide Open* plays.

CHRIS

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Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooo!
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MIKE

Yes! You're doing it. You're doing it.

Chris and Mike kneel on opposite sides of Terry's Urinal
yelling at his Penis.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You stop it! Stop 'pissing'
right now! Stop it! Knock it
off, you stop pissing right
this minute.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Keep it up kid! This is what
all the trainings been for.
Think of your wife! Think of
your kids!

LIAM walks in see's the scene. Everyone freezes.

LIAM

Nope.

Liam turns heel and leaves.

BLACKOUT