

INT. HOT TUB AREA - DAY

Kristen finds Ralphie soaking in the hot tub. Kristen wears a crazy array of exercise gear, including fanny pack, ankle weights, pedometer, stop watch, and whistle.

KRISTEN

Hi, Ralphie. Troy isn't feeling well, so I'm going to be the one training you.

RALPHIE

I don't know about that. Ahhh, I think I'm just gonna hang here like one of those hot springs monkeys. This is more my pace.

KRISTEN

Don't worry, we'll take things your pace, I promise. We're going to have a fresh start.

RALPHIE

Troy almost killed me yesterday. There's no way I can even turn my neck to the left.

(demonstrating)

See? I shouldn't have trusted him. But I for sure don't trust you.

KRISTEN

Why not?

RALPHIE

You don't know the first thing about exercise.

KRISTEN

What gives you that idea?

Ralphie eyes Kristen's over-enthusiasm for gear.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Come on, let's get our workout on.

RALPHIE

I'd rather acquire a flesh-eating disease.

KRISTEN

(re: gross hot tub)

Stay in there, then. (beat) Or if you value your skin, dry off and meet me in the gym.

A sexy swimsuit girl comes into view. To see her, Ralphie looks to the left despite the pain.

RALPHIE

(in pain)

Ooooooh!