

HYPOTHETICALLY

Written by

Not Bob

One Week Challenge
August 2025

EXT. SHADY PLACE - DAY

A wooden picnic table, weathered with age, positioned under a tree. SOUNDS of heavy machinery in the distance.

Two construction WORKERS, wearing hard hats and filthy jeans and tees, lumber to the table.

BOB, 40s, portly, carries a metal lunch box, which he plops on the table. STAN, 20s, lanky, sits opposite. He opts for a fabric cooler bag. They also have Thermoses.

They sink into the benches, remove hats, and wipe their brows. They gulp water and dig into their lunches.

BOB
Whatcha got today, Stan? Another PB
and J?

STAN
PB and A.

BOB
The hell is A?

STAN
Apples. Slice them up real thin.
Gives the sandwich a nice crunch.

BOB
You never heard of crunchy peanut
butter?

STAN
Well, sure, but I like my peanut
butter smoooooth and creamy. What
about you, Bob?

BOB
I happen to like crunchy peanut
butter.

STAN
I meant "what about you" got for
lunch?

BOB
The all-American sandwich, ham and
cheese.

They unwrap their sandwiches, eat while they converse.

STAN
Is that a dill pickle on the side?

BOB
Claussen's spear.

STAN
I never had one of those.

BOB
You never had a Claussen's spear?

STAN
Never had a Claussen of any kind.

BOB
You don't know what you're missing.
Showcases the pickle, takes a bite.

BOB (CONT'D)
Mmm, mmm.

STAN
I believe I do now. ... Say, you,
uh, think I could have a bite?

BOB
Nope.

STAN
You can have a bite of my PB and A.

BOB
Nope.

STAN
Trade you my applesauce cup.

BOB
You got a cup of applesauce AND an
apple sandwich? Lemme guess. You
got an apple in there too?

STAN
No. Banana. I'll trade you my
banana.

BOB
You're not getting my pickle, Stan.

Bob nibbles more of his pickle. Stan watches, jealous. Bob nibbles and nibbles, devours the whole thing. Stan huffs, looks away, bites his sandwich. Silence for a beat.

BOB (CONT'D)
What? We're not gonna talk now?

Stan chews, tries not to make eye contact.

BOB (CONT'D)
Alright. How bout this? I got a question for you. Hypothetically, of course.

Bob looks around, makes sure they're alone.

BOB (CONT'D)
Let's suppose ... you accidentally ... shit your pants.

Stan snaps his head, stares Bob right in the eye.

STAN
Now why would I shit my pants on purpose?

BOB
What?

STAN
You said "accidentally." Is there a reason I'd do it on purpose?

BOB
Alright. Suppose you just shit your pants then.

STAN
Are we talking diarrhea?

BOB
It don't matter.

STAN
Well, hypothetically, is it diarrhea?

BOB
Whatever! It's not important.

STAN
I bet it was the food I ate last night, wasn't it?

BOB
Stan, you're getting side-tracked here.

Stan realizes, wags his finger.

STAN
Chinese food! That always gives me
the runs.

Bob stares at him, frustrated, but goes with it.

BOB
Alright. Let's suppose you got
diarrhea from last night's Chinese
food.

STAN
What'd I eat?

Bob glares at him. Stan laughs.

STAN (CONT'D)
I'm just messing with you. I get
the same thing every time.

BOB
And the next day--

STAN
Kung pao chicken! You know why they
call it Kung pao? Cause that's how
it hits you at two in the morning.
Kung pao!

Stan laughs. Bob's not amused. Nostrils flaring. Stan notices
and straightens up.

BOB
Alright. So after the Kung pao, you
know, the next day, you accident--
(corrects himself)
I mean, you just shit your pants.
Alright? Have I set the scene for
you? Now, let's suppose, it's later
on.

STAN
How much later?

BOB
Couple hours. I don't know, four or
five.

STAN
I'm sitting in shitty pants for
five hours?

BOB

No! No, you've changed into a fresh pair. Alright? You're wearing a fresh pair of pants. But some time has passed since the incident, and your wife now is doing the laundry and she refuses to clean your soiled underpants.

STAN

I'm not married.

BOB

Hypothetically.

Stan really puts some thought into this one.

STAN

Hypothetically, would I get married?

BOB

No! Hypothetically, you ARE married! And after you shit your pants, your wife refuses to clean em for you. Alright? Now, what would you do?

Stan mulls the question. He's really into it now. Forgotten all about the pickle.

STAN

So ... is it diarrhea?

BOB

Does it matter?!

STAN

Yes, I think it does. If it's diarrhea, it'll soak into the fabric. I think that'd be easier to deal with than if it was a big turd. Is it a big turd?

BOB

No, there's no turd.

STAN

Then it IS diarrhea.

BOB

No, not even. More like a wet fart.

STAN

Oh! Okay. This, I can relate to.
Your fart lets you down. Now we're
getting somewhere.

BOB

Well? What would you do?

Stan thinks some more. Bob is on the edge of his seat.

STAN

How many farts are we talking?

BOB

Stan, really?!

STAN

Just one? Or is it a symphony of
farts here?

BOB

Forget the whole thing!

STAN

I'm sorry. Hypothetically, how many
farts are we talking?

BOB

One. Just one fart. Maybe two.
Alright? Three, tops.

STAN

You're sure? No more than three?
Cause if you get up to, like, five
or six, you might as well call it
diarrhea.

BOB

Two. Let's go with two.

STAN

Two wet farts? That doesn't seem so
bad. And my wife refuses to clean
it, huh?

BOB

She sure does.

STAN

Well, I suppose I'd have to ...
clean it myself.

BOB

Clean it yourself? Really?

STAN

Uh huh. I guess so. I want clean underpants.

BOB

But she's already doing the laundry.

STAN

But it's MY mess.

BOB

Yeah, but ... Ah, to hell with ya!

He swats his hand and chomps into his sandwich. Stan shrugs. Silence for a beat.

STAN

Say, Bob? Why'd you ask anyway?

BOB

No reason.

STAN

Did, uh, this happen to you?

BOB

So what if it did?

STAN

So nothing. A few wet farts? That happens to everybody. Don't feel bad, buddy.

Bob nods, appreciates the compassion.

STAN (CONT'D)

So, uh, did you wash your underpants?

BOB

No.

STAN

You left them all smelly in the hamper?

BOB

No. I threw em out.

STAN

You threw away perfectly good underpants?

BOB
They weren't perfectly good.

STAN
All because of two wet farts?

BOB
It wasn't two wet--

Bob stops himself. He's said too much. Stan senses it.

STAN
It wasn't farts, was it, Bob? It
WAS diarrhea?

Bob looks away. Now he's avoiding eye contact. Stan gasps,
realizing the truth.

STAN (CONT'D)
Oh my god. A big turd?!

BOB
I couldn't help it! I was stuck in
traffic on the way home!

STAN
Why didn't you use the porta-potty
before you left?

BOB
I can't go in those things. They're
disgusting!

STAN
So is shitting your pants!

Bob shushes him and looks around. Stan starts packing the
remains of his lunch.

BOB
What're you doing?

STAN
I can't lunch with you anymore.

BOB
Don't be like that, Stan.

STAN
I'm sorry, Bob. It's bad enough you
shitting your pants. But to expect
your wife to clean it up?

He shakes his head, gets up to leave.

BOB
She does the laundry anyway!

STAN
When's the last time YOU did the
laundry? You know, hypothetically.

Bob's silence speaks volumes. The FOREMAN, a burly, middle-aged WOMAN strolls up to the table, holding a clipboard.

FOREMAN
Now that's what I like to see. A
ten-minute lunch, and Stanley's
ready to get back to it. Wish
everyone had that kind of work
ethic.

She glares at Bob. He huffs, shoves the last bite of his sandwich in his mouth.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
A few more hours of clean up here,
and we'll be all set. I was
thinking. We should celebrate the
completion of our contract. What do
you say we grab a couple of cold
ones, huh?

STAN
Yeah, maybe.

FOREMAN
And get a bite to eat. How about
Chinese?

	STAN		BOB
No!		No!	

FOREMAN
Then a couple of cold ones, it is.
And Bob, honey, don't forget to use
the porta-potty before we leave.

BOB
Yes, dear.

His wife strolls away. Stan grabs his hard hat and lunch cooler, follows her. Bob stands up, sighs. He walks to the porta-potty on the other side of the tree. Goes inside.

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ugh. Disgusting.

FADE OUT.