

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE IN YOUR PANTS

By Bradley Walton

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ISBN: 1-60003-573-6

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CHARACTERS

(5 roles either gender, plus extras; doubling possible)

KENNEDY	A thrill-seeking teenager who tends to domineer Logan
LOGAN	Kennedy's comparatively timid teenage sidekick
GAME STORE CLERK	
MRS./MR. JACKSON	Logan and Kennedy's math teacher
MALL COP	

EXTRAS: The director is strongly encouraged to add MALL PATRONS. Anywhere from 1 to 10 or more...it's up to you. The play will work fine without them, but it will definitely be funnier if there are passers-by reacting to LOGAN in the mall.

DOUBLING: The GAME STORE CLERK can also double as JACKSON, the MALL COP, and as a MALL PATRON. With doubling, the play can be performed with as few as three actors.

STAGING

The play can be performed on a bare stage, or with simple furnishings to suggest locations. Scene one is set in Kennedy's basement. Scene two is set in a mall. An optional checkout counter may be used for the game store.

PROPERTIES

- Stapler (Make Sure It Is Empty!)
- Cell Phone
- Thermos
- Camcorder (Or Cell Phone)
- Shoulder Bag (If Using Camcorder)

COSTUMES

KENNEDY and LOGAN are both dressed in normal teenage attire, but nothing particularly nice or fancy. The GAME STORE CLERK, JACKSON and the MALL COP are dressed to match their jobs.

AUTHOR NOTES

Folks, intentionally stapling yourself or someone else in real life is both painful and kinda dumb. Don't be dumb and in pain. Please. (Wearing a diaper full of coffee really isn't too bright, either.)

I was quite proud of all the places that *Wake Up and Smell the Coffee in Your Pants* *didn't* go. I think I managed to toe the line at "squirm-inducing" without crossing over into "blatantly disgusting." Really, for what it is, this script is incredibly restrained. Granted, "what it is" is a play about someone walking around a mall in a diaper full of coffee, so "restrained" is a relative concept.

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SCENE 1 - KENNEDY'S BASEMENT

AT RISE: KENNEDY and LOGAN. BOTH are in their teens. KENNEDY is slightly crouched, as if bracing for something, and is facing away from LOGAN, whose face is a mixture of concern, alarm, and nausea. LOGAN is holding a stapler, which is folded open as if to staple something to a bulletin board. The stage may be bare, or decorated to suggest a basement.

KENNEDY: Go on—do it!

LOGAN: Are you sure?

KENNEDY: Yeah.

LOGAN: Kennedy, I think this is gonna hurt.

KENNEDY: It'll be great.

LOGAN: It'll hurt.

KENNEDY: It'll hurt, but it'll be great.

LOGAN: Things that are great aren't supposed to hurt.

KENNEDY: Sure they are, Logan.

LOGAN: Name one.

KENNEDY: (*faces LOGAN, somewhat exasperated*) Birth.

LOGAN: What?

KENNEDY: Birth is a great thing. And it hurts. A lot more than this.

LOGAN: That's completely different!

KENNEDY: No, it's not!

LOGAN: How can you possibly—*possibly*—compare bringing a baby into the world with me stapling your back?

KENNEDY: They both hurt.

LOGAN: But birth is like, a really cool beautiful thing...and this is just...kinda gross.

KENNEDY: Have you ever watched somebody give birth?

LOGAN: I know you haven't.

KENNEDY: I saw a video in health class.

LOGAN: You saw a video?

KENNEDY: Yes.

LOGAN: In school?

KENNEDY: Yes.

LOGAN: Of a birth?

KENNEDY: Yes.

LOGAN: You're lying.

KENNEDY: No I'm not.

LOGAN: Somebody actually filmed the birth of their kid—

KENNEDY: People do it all the time.

LOGAN: And shared it with a school?

KENNEDY: Probably not the school directly, but, y'know...one of those companies that sells videos to schools.

LOGAN: No! Nobody would do something like that—that's disgusting!

KENNEDY: Yeah, birth is pretty disgusting. That's the point.

LOGAN: No—not the birth part—the selling it to a video company part. Why would somebody do that?

KENNEDY: Probably the same reason people post crazy videos on the Internet. The quest for fame. And also maybe for the same reason we're stapling each other's backs—because we can.

LOGAN: Whoa—wait. I never said I was gonna let you staple my back.

KENNEDY: Well if you're doing mine, I'm gonna do yours. That's fair.

LOGAN: Why would I let you staple my back?

KENNEDY: Because I'm letting you staple mine!

LOGAN: I'm not gonna staple your back if you're gonna staple mine!

KENNEDY: Oh, come on! Don't be a wimp! (*Turns his back to LOGAN and braces himself.*)

LOGAN: (*reluctantly putting the stapler against KENNEDY's back but not pressing down*) I'm not a wimp—I just don't like pain.

KENNEDY: Sissy.

LOGAN: I'm not a sissy.

KENNEDY: Sissy sissy sissy sissy!

LOGAN: Stop it!

KENNEDY: Sissy wimpy crybaby!

LOGAN: You're gonna make me mad.

KENNEDY: Oooh...what's the sissy gonna do—slap me with his wet diaper?

LOGAN: I am not a sissy! (*Punches down on the stapler.*)

KENNEDY: Ow!

LOGAN: Oh, shoot. Shoot. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—

KENNEDY: Ogurrph. That. Hurt! Wow. Oh boy. Ah. Heh.

LOGAN: Are you okay?

KENNEDY: I'm as okay as I can be for having a staple in my back!

LOGAN: It was your idea!

KENNEDY: You were the one who went through with it!

LOGAN: Because you made me mad!

KENNEDY: Turn around. My turn to do you.

LOGAN: What? No!

KENNEDY: Yes! Fair's fair.

LOGAN: You did that on purpose!

KENNEDY: What?

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LOGAN: Made me mad so I'd staple your back so you could staple mine!

KENNEDY: So what if I did?

LOGAN: You coerced me...or tricked me...or something.

KENNEDY: You're the one who fell for it.

LOGAN: I didn't do it willingly!

KENNEDY: Nobody was holding a gun to your head.

LOGAN: But I wouldn't have done it if you hadn't made me.

KENNEDY: I didn't make you do anything. You did it on your own.

LOGAN: You're not going to let me out of this, are you?

KENNEDY: Nope.

LOGAN: You're sadistic.

KENNEDY: You're the one who put the staple in my back.

LOGAN: You're the one who made me put it there.

KENNEDY: I didn't make you. Already said so. Pay attention.

LOGAN: I am paying attention.

KENNEDY: Good. Now turn around.

LOGAN: Why?

KENNEDY: So I can staple your back! Why do you think?

LOGAN: I don't want you to staple my back.

KENNEDY: You should have thought of that before you stapled mine.

LOGAN: I did!

KENNEDY: You should've thought harder. Now turn around.

LOGAN: Please don't.

KENNEDY: Stop whining.

LOGAN: I don't like pain.

KENNEDY: It's not that bad.

LOGAN: You said it hurt.

KENNEDY: It did hurt. But it wasn't that bad.

LOGAN: If it didn't hurt that bad, why do you want to do it to me?

KENNEDY: Because it'll be good for you.

LOGAN: How?

KENNEDY: It'll be a new experience. It'll expand your horizons and make you a better person.

LOGAN: You're full of nasty, stinky brown stuff.

KENNEDY: Oooh...I'm so offended.

LOGAN: Do you think you're a better person than you were two minutes ago before I stapled your back?

KENNEDY: Definitely. And now I want to share. (*Presses stapler against LOGAN's back.*) Are you ready?

LOGAN: No.

KENNEDY: On three...

LOGAN: Please...

KENNEDY: *(slowly and deliberately)* One... *(Slams fist down on stapler.)*

LOGAN: OOOWWWW!

KENNEDY: Hah! You should see the look on your face!

LOGAN: I wasn't ready yet!

KENNEDY: I know! Wow! You look like Darth Vader's light saber
you're so red!

LOGAN: You're sick!

KENNEDY: You'd better calm down before a bunch of Ewoks show up
and slap you around!

LOGAN: It's not funny!

KENNEDY: You're right—it's hysterical!

LOGAN: Stop laughing! *(Punches KENNEDY in the stomach.)*

KENNEDY: Ow! You hit me!

LOGAN: Yeah, because you deserved it!

KENNEDY: I get to hit you back!

LOGAN: No you don't!

KENNEDY: Yes, I do! *(Punches LOGAN in the stomach.)*

LOGAN: Ow!

(KENNEDY slaps LOGAN. LOGAN slaps KENNEDY back. KENNEDY head-butts LOGAN. BOTH react in pain. KENNEDY grabs LOGAN's nose.)

LOGAN: Hey! Leggo my nose!

KENNEDY: Why?

LOGAN: Because it hurts!

KENNEDY: *(letting go of LOGAN's nose)* You have no tolerance for
pain!

LOGAN: I know that!

KENNEDY: How are you going to be able to handle what we do next?

LOGAN: I'm not going to handle it!

KENNEDY: You need to have confidence in yourself.

LOGAN: You need to stop pretending you're the Grand Inquisitor.

KENNEDY: If I can do it, you can do it.

LOGAN: Just because you do it, doesn't mean that I have to.

KENNEDY: What's the fun of doing new things if I can't share the wealth
of the experience?

LOGAN: Wealth? You call pain wealth?

KENNEDY: It's valuable sensory information.

LOGAN: It's pain. It's bad.

KENNEDY: It's good. If it wasn't for pain, you might put your hand into a
hot zucchini casserole and burn your fingers without even knowing it.

LOGAN: In the first place, I don't cook. In the second place, if I could, I would never bake a zucchini casserole. And in the third place, I have enough common sense not to plunge my hand into a piping hot zucchini casserole!

KENNEDY: But what if it was there and you didn't see it, and you leaned into it?

LOGAN: Even without the pain, I'd know I'd stuck my hand somewhere it didn't belong, and I'd take it out.

KENNEDY: But it could feel like a soft, relaxing moisture treatment for your hands if you couldn't feel the searing pain. You might decide, "Oh, this is nice," and decide to leave it there...only to pull your hand out an hour later and discover the remnants of your charred, blackened fingers.

LOGAN: If I stick my hand in something moist and funky that I didn't know was there, I'm going to take it out. I don't care how refreshing it feels.

KENNEDY: What have you got against moist and funky? That's half the skin care products on the market.

LOGAN: I have nothing against moist and funky things if I know they're there and I know where they came from. It's surprising moist and funky things of unknown origin that I have a problem with!

KENNEDY: Really?

LOGAN: Yeah.

KENNEDY: Let me ask you something then.

LOGAN: What?

KENNEDY: And I want you to think about this.

LOGAN: What?

KENNEDY: I want you to think hard.

LOGAN: I can't think about it if you don't tell me.

KENNEDY: You're obviously pretty die-hard on the no-pain bandwagon.

LOGAN: Pain is bad.

KENNEDY: If I gave you a choice between pain and funky moistness of known origin, which would you choose?

LOGAN: Is this a trick question?

KENNEDY: This is a completely straightforward question.

LOGAN: Pain...or funky moistness?

KENNEDY: Of known origin.

LOGAN: I'd have to go with the funky moistness of known origin.

KENNEDY: Deal.

LOGAN: I didn't agree to anything.

KENNEDY: Sure you did. I said I was giving you a choice.

LOGAN: I thought we were talking about a hypothetical preference.

KENNEDY: Absolutely. But what good is the hypothetical unless it's grounded in reality?

LOGAN: Depends on how bad it is.

KENNEDY: This isn't bad. This'll be awesome.

LOGAN: Awesome and bad are the same thing when you're involved.

KENNEDY: You have no faith.

LOGAN: I have faith that whatever you say next will be very, very bad.

KENNEDY: I want you to put on a diaper.

LOGAN: It wouldn't fit.

KENNEDY: An adult diaper

LOGAN: No.

KENNEDY: Okay. Fine. There's 4,998 staples left. We can just play with those instead.

(Beat.)

LOGAN: What happens after I put the diaper on?

KENNEDY: You wear it.

LOGAN: For how long?

KENNEDY: Not too long. Couple of hours.

LOGAN: Do I get to put my clothes on over top of it?

KENNEDY: If you want to.

LOGAN: I want to.

KENNEDY: Okay. Sure.

LOGAN: Do you expect me to use this diaper?

KENNEDY: No. That would be disgusting.

LOGAN: So you want me to walk around wearing a dry diaper?

KENNEDY: Of course not! What's the point in that? We're going to dump coffee into it.

LOGAN: What?!?

KENNEDY: Calm down. It'll be room temperature coffee. Not scalding hot. Not iced. It'll be comfortable.

LOGAN: Wet diapers are not comfortable.

KENNEDY: Have you worn a wet diaper recently?

LOGAN: Babies cry when they need a diaper change. They do that for a reason.

KENNEDY: Some diaper brands are better than others.

LOGAN: True.

KENNEDY: Of course it's true.

LOGAN: What brand did you have in mind?

KENNEDY: I'm not up on the adult diaper market. I figure we can go online and do some research.

LOGAN: So you can find a good brand.

KENNEDY: So I can find the worst brand on the market.

LOGAN: The worst brand?

KENNEDY: Sure. If it's too good, you might not be able to feel the coffee.

LOGAN: Why would I want to be able to feel the coffee?

KENNEDY: Because I want you to be able to feel the coffee.

LOGAN: What if I don't want what you want?

KENNEDY: You'll get it anyway. Because I'm a good friend.

LOGAN: No you're not.

KENNEDY: You'll have some great stories to tell your grandkids.

LOGAN: I'll have some great stories I'll be too ashamed to tell my grandkids.

KENNEDY: Depends on your grandkids. (*browsing the Internet on his cell phone*) Okay...let's see...adult diapers...adult diaper reviews...

LOGAN: Adult diaper reviews?

KENNEDY: Yeah. Like, movie reviews...only of adult diapers. Here's one. Hmm...that looks pretty high quality...like it might be the *Citizen Kane* of adult diapers. Don't want that.

LOGAN: What about *Raiders of the Lost Ark*? Do they have that? Or *Avatar*?

KENNEDY: We don't want that end of the list. Let me scroll down. Here we go...this is starting to look promising. Okay...right here. This looks like the *Plan 9 From Outer Space* of adult diapers. People really hate this brand. (*Beat.*) But they hate this other one more. A lot more. Wow. Wow. That's disgusting.

LOGAN: So if the one was *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, what does that make this?

KENNEDY: *The Star Wars Holiday Special*.

LOGAN: I am not wearing anything of any kind that could be compared in quality to *The Star Wars Holiday Special*.

KENNEDY: Think of your grandkids.

LOGAN: No!

KENNEDY: Then think of my grandkids.

LOGAN: If you want to do this yourself, go ahead, I'm not stopping you.

KENNEDY: What are you, nuts? I'm not putting on an adult diaper and dumping coffee in it and then going to the mall.

LOGAN: The mall?

KENNEDY: Sure, the mall.

LOGAN: No!

KENNEDY: You keep saying that.

LOGAN: Why the mall?

KENNEDY: Why not the mall?

LOGAN: It would be humiliating.

KENNEDY: Only if you walk funny.

LOGAN: Of course I'd walk funny!

KENNEDY: But you see, by going to the mall, it would force you to not walk funny.

LOGAN: How?

KENNEDY: Because you'd be trying not to be humiliated by walking funny.

LOGAN: Huh?

KENNEDY: You'd be trying really hard to walk normal so people wouldn't stare at you like a freak.

LOGAN: Do you seriously think that would work?

KENNEDY: Sure! But you're welcome to prove me wrong.

LOGAN: *(completely losing track of what they're really talking about)* I would love to prove you wrong about something and rub your face in it.

KENNEDY: Well, this is your chance.

LOGAN: If I proved it, would you actually admit it?

KENNEDY: Sure.

LOGAN: All right. Let's do it.

(BLACKOUT.)

Do Not Copy

SCENE 2: THE MALL

KENNEDY is standing onstage, holding a Thermos and a shoulder bag. LOGAN enters, walking just a little bit funny.

KENNEDY: How'd that go?

LOGAN: Nobody else was in the bathroom at least, so I caught a break there.

KENNEDY: Good for you.

LOGAN: Yeah. So. It's on now.

KENNEDY: I can tell.

LOGAN: You can?

KENNEDY: You're walking kind of funny.

LOGAN: I am?

KENNEDY: Just a little.

LOGAN: Do you think anyone here in the mall can tell?

KENNEDY: Probably not.

LOGAN: Only probably?

KENNEDY: Probably.

LOGAN: But not definitely?

KENNEDY: Definitely not definitely.

LOGAN: How definitely not definitely?

KENNEDY: Probably not definitely.

LOGAN: What are we talking about? I forgot.

KENNEDY: Me too. Probably wasn't important. Does it fit okay?

LOGAN: Kind of. Feels weird.

KENNEDY: Don't worry about it. That feeling of weirdness, you'll forget all about it here in a second.

LOGAN: Really?

KENNEDY: Yup. *(Holds up Thermos.)* Time to pour the coffee in your pants.

LOGAN: You mean in the diaper.

KENNEDY: In the diaper in your pants.

LOGAN: Do we have to?

KENNEDY: Of course we have to. Don't you want to prove me wrong?

LOGAN: Yeah. I do.

KENNEDY: So suck up and deal with it.

LOGAN: I think you should do it, too.

KENNEDY: I can judge the results of the experiment more objectively if I'm not wearing a diaper full of coffee.

LOGAN: When did this become an experiment?

KENNEDY: When you decided you wanted to prove me wrong.

LOGAN: If you're the one doing the judging, then you can cheat and declare the results however you want.

KENNEDY: You know, you're right. Not that I would, but I could. And I respect your concern. *(Reaches into his bag and pulls out a small video camera. Alternatively, a cell phone camera could be used and the dialogue changed accordingly.)* That's why I brought this video camera to record you so you can watch the video yourself and see if you agree with how I call it.

LOGAN: What if we don't agree?

KENNEDY: Then we'll post the video online and let people vote.

LOGAN: You're just trying to get an embarrassing video of me to post on the Internet.

KENNEDY: If you can walk normally, then you have nothing to worry about. And I think you can do it. *(Unscrews lid on Thermos.)*

LOGAN: Get ready to eat those words, because I'm gonna prove you wrong. *(Beat. The figurative light bulb sputters for a second over LOGAN's head, and HE questions what HE's gotten into.)* Hey. Wait a minute...did I...

(KENNEDY dumps the coffee into the back of LOGAN's pants.)

Aaaaghh!

KENNEDY: What? Is it too hot?

LOGAN: It's cold!

KENNEDY: It is?

LOGAN: Yes!

KENNEDY: It shouldn't be. I made it fresh before we came to the mall.

LOGAN: Ohmygosh.

KENNEDY: *(looking in Thermos)* Huh. Weird. *(Puts Thermos in bag.)*

LOGAN: The only weird thing here is you.

KENNEDY: You're the one wearing the diaper full of coffee.

LOGAN: You're the one who thought it up. Did you dump the whole Thermos in there?

KENNEDY: Yeah, but it was only about half full. I didn't want you to overflow before we'd even started. How does it feel?

LOGAN: Disgusting.

KENNEDY: I dumped some of the coffee grounds back into it.

LOGAN: What did you do that for?

KENNEDY: It seemed wrong to let them go to waste.

LOGAN: I hate you.

KENNEDY: Does the feeling bring back childhood memories?

LOGAN: Strangely, yes. But not ones that I'd have wanted to remember.

KENNEDY: Ready to head down the mall?

LOGAN: I guess so.

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KENNEDY: Let's go, then. You lead. I'm going to follow you with the camera.

LOGAN: You don't want to be seen with me.

KENNEDY: I can't film you as well if I'm standing right next to you. Now go.

(LOGAN starts walking—very awkwardly. KENNEDY starts filming. An optional MALL PATRON enters, passes LOGAN and gives him a very strange look, then exits hurriedly.)

LOGAN: How am I doing?

KENNEDY: Great.

LOGAN: Did that person who just passed us look at me funny?

KENNEDY: No.

LOGAN: You're lying.

KENNEDY: Let's go in the game store.

LOGAN: Why?

KENNEDY: I thought you liked video games.

LOGAN: I'm concentrating too hard on not waddling to think about video games right now.

KENNEDY: I like video games. Let's go in.

(The GAME STORE CLERK enters. An optional rolling checkout counter may be brought onstage to represent the game store. During the following exchange, KENNEDY stays at a distance, trying to hide the camera.)

CLERK: Hi. Welcome to Game Bin. Is there anything I can help you with today?

LOGAN: No. We're just looking. Thanks.

CLERK: If you need anything, just let me know. *(Sniffs at LOGAN.)* I'm sorry, but we don't allow drinks in the store.

LOGAN: *(holding up both hands)* I don't have a drink.

CLERK: Oh. I'm sorry. I could've sworn I smelled coffee.

LOGAN: S'okay.

CLERK: I do smell coffee, though.

LOGAN: Really? I don't.

CLERK: Where's that coming from?

KENNEDY: Not me.

LOGAN: Must be the coffee shop in the book store.

CLERK: That's on the other end of the mall.

LOGAN: Wow. They must've made a really strong batch of coffee.

CLERK: I've never smelled it all the way up here before.

LOGAN: Maybe there's a new coffee shop on this end of the mall.

CLERK: No.

LOGAN: Are you sure?

CLERK: Positive.

LOGAN: Weird.

CLERK: Very. (*Sniffs at LOGAN.*) Y'know...I think that smell is coming from you.

LOGAN: No.

CLERK: Seriously. I kinda think it is. Did you spill coffee on yourself?

LOGAN: No.

CLERK: Or maybe drink so much that it's seeping out through your pores?

LOGAN: No. I'm a diet soda person, myself.

CLERK: Is it your clothes? Did somebody switch your laundry detergent with coffee?

LOGAN: Maybe. My mom gets confused sometimes.

CLERK: Really?

LOGAN: Yeah.

CLERK: I'm sorry.

LOGAN: She tried to serve us fish food for dinner one night last week.

CLERK: Fish food?

LOGAN: Yeah. She thought it was food with fish in it, not food for fish.

CLERK: You'd think that with fish food being in the pet department, she'd know the difference.

LOGAN: Well, she grew up on a farm. "Pet" is just another word for "livestock" to her.

CLERK: That's awful. What'd they raise on the farm?

LOGAN: (*very nervous*) Corn.

CLERK: Just corn?

LOGAN: Mostly.

CLERK: What about the livestock?

LOGAN: Oh, yeah. Um. They raised Chihuahuas and basset hounds.

CLERK: And corn.

LOGAN: Yeah. It was pretty intense. It's no wonder she turned out the way she did.

CLERK: Are you okay?

LOGAN: Yeah. Sure.

CLERK: You seem a little tense.

LOGAN: No. No. Not at all. Thanks for asking, though. Um. See ya. (*Begins to leave.*)

CLERK: Did you hurt your leg or something?

LOGAN: Um. No. Why?

CLERK: You're walking kind of funny.

LOGAN: Nah. It's just your imagination.

(LOGAN and KENNEDY leave the store. The CLERK exits and the counter, if used, is removed from the stage. Throughout the remainder of the play, there may be optional MALL PATRONS who cross the stage and silently react to LOGAN's walk and mysterious coffee odor.)

That was very awkward.

KENNEDY: Only because you let it be awkward.

LOGAN: Because I let it? How could I not?

KENNEDY: You're letting yourself be too aware of the diaper and the coffee.

LOGAN: The sales clerk kept bringing it up. He could smell it. How am I supposed to not be aware of it when other people are asking me about it?

KENNEDY: You should be aware of it, sure. Just don't obsess over it. Think of it as perfectly normal.

LOGAN: It's not normal.

KENNEDY: Of course it's not. If it was, it wouldn't be any fun. This is an exercise in mind over matter.

LOGAN: Mind over diaper is harder.

KENNEDY: The diaper is matter. So's the coffee.

LOGAN: You have no idea how acutely aware of that I am.

KENNEDY: You must unlearn what you have learned.

LOGAN: No. Absolutely not. Don't go quoting Yoda on me. Yoda would never do this to Luke.

KENNEDY: Luke was on Dagobah for like, weeks. Maybe more. No way did we see all of his Jedi training.

LOGAN: Jedi training does not involve wearing diapers or...or Jedi training pants. Did you see any diapers in *The Empire Strikes Back*?

KENNEDY: Sure. Luke is wearing one in the bacta tank on Hoth after the wampa attack.

LOGAN: I don't think that was supposed to be a diaper.

KENNEDY: It looked like a diaper.

LOGAN: It wasn't a diaper.

KENNEDY: Prove it.

LOGAN: I can't.

KENNEDY: Then I say it was a diaper.

LOGAN: Okay. Fine. I'll concede that it could have been a diaper.

KENNEDY: It was definitely a diaper.

LOGAN: Would you stop arguing? I'm agreeing with you!

KENNEDY: No you're not. I say it was. You say it could have been. Not the same thing.

LOGAN: Can we skip that part of the movie and talk about Dagobah?

KENNEDY: You can't admit I'm right.

LOGAN: No. I can't. Can we talk about Dagobah?

KENNEDY: Sissy.

LOGAN: I am not a sissy! Please.

KENNEDY: Boy, you're pathetic. Fine. Dagobah. Talk about Dagobah.

LOGAN: There were no diapers on Dagobah.

KENNEDY: Just because we didn't see any doesn't mean they weren't there.

LOGAN: Oh, come on.

KENNEDY: Do you think something doesn't exist just because you don't see it?

LOGAN: Of course not.

KENNEDY: Then that proves it. Diapers on Dagobah.

LOGAN: You can't argue that something is there just because you *don't* see it.

KENNEDY: I just did.

LOGAN: Yeah, but—

KENNEDY: But I just did.

LOGAN: But—

KENNEDY: No buts. I did it. Done. Now let's move on.

(THEY walk a few steps. LOGAN waddles.)

LOGAN: How's my walk?

KENNEDY: Beautiful.

(MR./MRS. JACKSON, a math teacher, enters.)

JACKSON: Hello Logan. Hello, Kennedy.

KENNEDY: Hi, Mrs. Jackson.

LOGAN: *(very awkwardly)* Hello.

JACKSON: Are you feeling okay, Logan?

LOGAN: *(indicating the affirmative)* Uh-huh.

JACKSON: You look...uncomfortable, somehow.

LOGAN: No. I'm extremely comfortable.

JACKSON: You're not embarrassed to be seen talking to your math teacher outside of school, are you?

LOGAN: No. Of course not. Why would you think that?

JACKSON: Just the way you're shifting your weight back and forth between your feet, and you have this look, like a deer that's just realized it's about to be hit by a car because it's trying on underwear in the middle of the road.

LOGAN: Underwear? No. My underwear is good. Great. Perfect. No underwear problems here. Not at all.

JACKSON: Are you sure everything's all right?

LOGAN: Positive.

Wake Up and Smell the Coffee in Your Pants – Page 18

JACKSON: Kennedy didn't put you up to something stupid, did he?

KENNEDY: What? You think Logan's acting funny, so you blame me?

JACKSON: I've taught both of you long enough to know that there's a pattern. When Logan gets into trouble, it's usually your fault.

LOGAN: But I'm not in trouble. Am I?

JACKSON: You're acting like you think you're in trouble. *(Beat.)* Do you smell coffee?

LOGAN: Yeah. I think somebody just walked by with a cup. Smells really good, huh?

JACKSON: No...it wasn't somebody that just walked by. I've been smelling it the whole time I've been standing here talking to...you. *(Stares hard at LOGAN.)*

LOGAN: What?

JACKSON: Except you're not holding a cup of coffee.

LOGAN: No.

JACKSON: *(to KENNEDY)* Whatever it is that you're doing, please be done with it before you get to my class tomorrow.

KENNEDY: But I'm not—

JACKSON: Yes you are. I'll see you tomorrow. Try to behave yourselves. *(JACKSON exits.)*

KENNEDY: Did you hear the way she was talking to me? I can't believe she talked to me like that!

LOGAN: Why?

KENNEDY: She thinks you're up to something and she blames me.

LOGAN: But she's right.

KENNEDY: I know she's right, but still, that takes some gall. Why is it that teachers don't have any respect for their students?

LOGAN: I dunno. Maybe because the students don't have any respect for their teachers?

KENNEDY: Yeah, but we're teenagers. We're supposed to be disrespectful.

LOGAN: We are?

KENNEDY: Sure. We're still young. We're still accumulating the experience that comes with age.

LOGAN: Yeah, but don't we have enough experience by now to know we shouldn't act like jerks around our teachers?

KENNEDY: It kind of *seems* that way, but I'm still working on gaining more experiences so I can be absolutely sure.

LOGAN: *(walking again...awkwardly)* I think *I'm* the one getting the new experiences today.

(A MALL COP enters. HE passes KENNEDY and LOGAN, nodding politely to THEM. As THEY pass, the COP turns his head and looks at LOGAN strangely.)

COP: 'Scuse me.

LOGAN: Um. Us?

COP: You. What are you trying to pull?

LOGAN: Nothing. Why?

COP: You're walking around like you got zucchini casserole in your pants.

LOGAN: Um. No. No sir. No zucchini casserole here.

COP: I didn't mean that literally.

LOGAN: No. Of course not.

COP: Don't take me for a fool.

LOGAN: We wouldn't dream of it.

COP: I'm not talking to both of you. He's not walking funny. I'm talking to you. Mr. Funny Walk.

LOGAN: Was I walking funny?

COP: Do you think I'd be having this conversation with you if you weren't?

LOGAN: Probably not, no.

COP: Definitely not. There is no probably.

LOGAN: Of course not.

COP: You're walking very funny.

LOGAN: (*pointing at KENNEDY*) He said I wasn't walking funny.

COP: Then he's got bad judgment. That or he's lying. He got any reason to lie to you? He got any reason to make you look like a fool?

LOGAN: Why don't you ask him?

COP: Because I'm talking to you.

LOGAN: No. He doesn't have a reason. He doesn't need a—

COP: Just answer the question, kid. You're not making yourself look good here, you know?

LOGAN: Does me walking funny in the mall...is that a bad thing?

COP: Real bad.

LOGAN: How bad?

COP: You're scaring the customers. When the customers are scared, they leave. When they leave, they don't spend money. When they don't spend money, the stores don't make money. When the stores don't make money, they go bankrupt and close and the employees lose their jobs and the economy sputters and dies.

LOGAN: But it's not actually against the law?

COP: No. It's worse.

LOGAN: Really? How?

COP: It's one of those things that should be illegal, but isn't because the politicians just leave it up to common sense. What we have here is a failure of common sense. Now. Walk normal.

LOGAN: Sure. Sure. Be happy to.

(LOGAN takes a step. It is not a normal-looking step.)

COP: Don't blow me off, kid.

LOGAN: I would never blow you off.

COP: You're not convincing me.

LOGAN: I'm really sorry about that.

COP: You better be. Now get on your way and walk like a normal person.

(LOGAN takes a couple of steps. They are not normal-looking steps.)

You come here often?

LOGAN: Fairly often.

COP: Not anymore you don't.

LOGAN: Still no good with the walk?

COP: Don't act all innocent and stupid with me. Have you been drinking? *(Sniffs at LOGAN.)* Have you been drinking...coffee?

LOGAN: I might've had a coffee-related incident occur relatively recently, now that I think about it. Sir.

COP: How much coffee did you drink?

LOGAN: Um. Um. Um.

COP: That much huh? No wonder you got problems, you got that much caffeine in you. Listen, kid. Caffeine's a drug. And drugs are bad. They teach you that in school?

LOGAN: Drugs are bad. Yes, sir.

COP: So if drugs are bad and caffeine's a drug, then caffeine is bad.

LOGAN: If you say so, sir.

COP: No, not because I say so. Because that's the way it is. You go drinking caffeine, that's bad for you. You go drinking lots of caffeine, it turns you bad. I bet if you look at this country's prison population, most of those inmates drink coffee. You think that's a coincidence?

LOGAN: Definitely not.

COP: Darn right it isn't. Cause and effect. Trust me. I'm a mall cop. I know these things.

LOGAN: Absolutely, sir.

COP: And you, kid...you're turning bad. You're turning so bad I can practically smell it. *(Sniffs at LOGAN again.)* It's the smell of evil is what it is. You're rotten. *(Sniffs at LOGAN a little lower down on LOGAN's body.)* Rotten to the core. Now get outta here.

LOGAN: Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir.

(KENNEDY and LOGAN begin to exit. LOGAN is still walking funny.)

COP: Kid, are you even capable of walking normal?

LOGAN: Apparently not, sir.

COP: Do you got some kind of problem? Is there something that is preventing you from walking like a normal human being?

LOGAN: Yes, sir.

COP: What?

LOGAN: I'm wearing a diaper full of coffee, sir.

COP: Uh-huh. And did you drink this coffee?

LOGAN: No. Sir. It went from point A to point C without passing through point B.

COP: Well, on the one hand, that's a good thing. On the other hand, it raises a whole new set of questions. A lotta questions. And the one that's burning hardest in my mind is this: Are you at least wearing a good diaper?

LOGAN: No.

COP: Better check the ratings next time, then. Next question is this: Is this your idea of fun, kid?

LOGAN: (*pointing at KENNEDY*) This idea was his, sir.

KENNEDY: Hey! Don't go blaming me. You're the one who went along with it.

COP: Not what I asked you, kid. Is this your idea of fun?

LOGAN: No, sir.

COP: You don't think this is funny?

LOGAN: No, sir.

COP: Well, why not? I think it's pretty darn hysterical.

LOGAN: You do?

COP: Heck, yeah!

LOGAN: Oh. That's good. Right?

COP: (*yelling out loud to everyone within earshot and pointing at LOGAN*) Hey, everybody! This kid's wearing a diaper full of coffee!

(*The MALL COP exits, laughing uproariously.*)

KENNEDY: Well, that turned out surprisingly well.

LOGAN: Speak for yourself.

KENNEDY: What? We stayed out of trouble, didn't we?

LOGAN: I have been publicly humiliated.

KENNEDY: Yeah, that was pretty cool. And I've got some great video to post on the Internet.

LOGAN: I haven't even seen the video yet.

KENNEDY: You don't need to. You proved me wrong. No question. Congratulations.

LOGAN: Huh?

KENNEDY: I said I thought you'd be able to walk normally. You said you'd prove me wrong on that. And by golly, you sure did. I definitely learned a lesson.

LOGAN: But...but...I didn't...you...aw, nuts.

KENNEDY: (*sarcastic*) You really put me in my place.

LOGAN: You can't post that video if we're not in dispute.

KENNEDY: Sure I can. It's my video.

LOGAN: Of me.

KENNEDY: It's still mine.

LOGAN: You can't.

KENNEDY: Sissy.

LOGAN: You've humiliated me enough already.

KENNEDY: Wake up and smell the coffee in your pants. It's not humiliation. It's the quest for fame. You didn't even have to have a baby. And you've already got your first fan—that mall cop. Did you see how hard he was laughing? We could make money at this.

LOGAN: No!

KENNEDY: Super sissy.

LOGAN: I am not a super sissy.

KENNEDY: Who needs a cape when you've got a diaper full of coffee?

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from WAKE UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE IN YOUR PANTS by Bradley Walton. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

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