

WATER IN THE LOO!

By

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lights up

On stage are a table and blocks.

Enter CHASE PIDZNARICK. He is a greasy, pimply young fellow wearing a tuxedo a tad too big for him (or too small, depending on the actor). In one hand he carries a broom and portable dustpan with a handle, in the other he has a cardboard cup of movie popcorn. He sets the popcorn on the counter (table) stuffs some in his mouth and begins sweeping debris into the dustpan. He makes those weasely moaning sounds under his breath as he chews. After a moment he sets the broom and dustpan aside, turns his back to the audience, unzips his fly and begins urinating.

From out of the shadows steps NAPOLEON. He is a short, French emperor wearing a uniform and carrying a sword on his hip. He has long black boots on his feet. His right hand is thrust into his vest. He creeps around the stage, looking to and fro, his eyebrows undulating as his mind plans the conquest of the Men's Room. Eventually Chase catches Napoleon's movement out of the corner of his eye. He jumps back in shock.

CHASE

Ahhh!

He zips up, trying not to pee himself. Napoleon is frozen in place.

CHASE

Shit!...Shit!

Napoleon darts back and forth and scurries off stage. Chase runs downstage and pantomimes holding open the Men's Room door. He calls out to the audience.

CHASE

Uncle Todd! Uncle Todd!!!...

(listening to Uncle Todd's response.)

We got another Napoleon!...Shit!

...What?!...In the Men's Room!

Big-ass thing, about this high, all greasy hair curls and shit. I swear to Christ the sword on the frickin' thing was about this long...Swear to Christ!...Huh? Well, he shot under the stall and squeezed through the air vent...No! No way, I'm not goin' after it!

(He shivers, disgusted.)

Ughhhhh, I hate those little bastards. They're all French and

(MORE)

CHASE
 everything. Tryin' to overrun
 Europe, and shit. No way I'm
 touchin' that thing...Yeah, we had
 one last month, we had the
 exterminator out here and
 everything...Okay! Okay, I'll call
 'em! Christ, hold your water.

He takes out his cell phone and dials. As he does, Napoleon
 peeks around the corner, timidly. Chase turns quickly to see
 Napoleon. Napoleon scoots away.

CHASE (CONT'D)
 I see you, you little
 bastard--Hello! Waterloo
 Exterminators?...Yeah. This is
 Chase Pidznarick of the Oak Creek
 Budget Theaters...Yeah, we got a
 Napoleon problem...Yeah, well
 that's what you said last time.
 Okay...Okay, well get someone out
 here, chop-chop...'Kay, bye.

Chase grabs his broom and warily creeps around the Men's
 Room. He hunts carefully, as he is afraid and disgusted by
 the creature.

As Chase peers around corners, the Napoleon comes from
 behind, staying close to the walls like a rat. Chase sees
 the Napoleon and goes after him, swatting with the broom.

CHASE (CONT'D)
 Ahhh! Got ya'! You frickin'
 shit-bag!

He swings again.

CHASE (CONT'D)
 Ya! Ha! Ya! Ahhh!

The Napoleon scoots away and Chase drops his broom,
 shivering and contorting in disgust.

CHASE (CONT'D)
 Oh God! He almost touched me! Jesus
 Toast Crunch! Oh, ughhhh, that
 little beggar! God-damnit, I hate
 those things! God damnit!

He swings open the door again.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Uncle Todd?!...Uncle Todd, I almost had the bastard! Ugly mother, all wine stains and shit!...What? No, they're comin'! Jesus.

He hunts around again.

Enter MILDRED STOWIAK. She wears one-piece coveralls with a decal on the back saying Waterloo Exterminators. She has a tool belt around her waist and carries a toolbox and a portable garden sprayer; the kind with a pump handle and spray wand. She is older, stooped and her face is weathered. Her mouth is contorted as if she has no top teeth. Her hair is tied up in a bandana. She approaches Chase.

MILDRED

'Scuse me...

Chase yips out a girlish scream and jumps back.

MILDRED

Mildred Stowiak, Waterloo Exterminators.

CHASE

'Bout time.

MILDRED

You said you maybe got a Napoleon problem?

CHASE

Not 'maybe." A big one. A big-ass Napoleon problem.

MILDRED

'Cause we was out here sprayin' last month.

CHASE

I know...

MILDRED

Thought we got rid of 'em all.

CHASE

Well they're back...One is, anyway.

Mildred peers around.

MILDRED
You sure it's a Napoleon?

CHASE
Positive.

MILDRED
It's not maybe a little Kaiser
Wilhelm, or something?

CHASE
No! I'd know a Kaiser Wilhelm from
a Napoleon, duh!

MILDRED
They can look a lot alike.

The two start to hunt around.

Napoleon makes his way on stage behind them. The lights change and Mildred and Chase freeze. Napoleon steps downstage and addresses the audience.

NAPOLEON
(Thick French accent.)
As my armies marched through the
cold air return, we made our way
passed the concession stand,
stopping only to eat whatever
cheese nachos had been dropped on
the carpet. From there we marched
around the garbage can and began
our ultimate conquest of The Men's
Room. Vive La France!

The lights change back. Mildred spots Napoleon.

MILDRED
Gotcha!

The Napoleon scurries away as Chase squeals and hides behind her.

MILDRED
Yep, that's a Napoleon, all right.

CHASE
Ugly little dude.

MILDRED
Yep.

CHASE
Big-ass thing.

MILDRED
Well he ain't missed many meals,
that's for sure. But he's a young
one.

CHASE
Really?

MILDRED
Oh yah, cause when they get older
they end up on horseback. Big white
thing.

She rears back like the famous Napoleon portrait.

CHASE
(Fascinated and disgusted.)
No way!

MILDRED
Is he the only one?

CHASE
Yeah?

MILDRED
You didn't see any little
Josephines runnin' around?

CHASE
Little what?

MILDRED
The female. Yeah, they usually
travel in pairs, but not always.
You gotta watch it, once he hooks
up with a Josephine, you'll be up
to your keester in these buggers,
wantin' to rule the world, and
stuff. Then you have to pull all
the wallboard off...it's a mess.

CHASE
Ewww!

She opens her toolbox.

MILDRED
But don't you worry, sir. We'll
take care of it.

CHASE

You'd better, 'cause as Assistant Manager of Lowe's Oak Creek Budget Theater, I have a responsibility. You see those poster marquees when you came in? We provide the finest in second run, quality Hollywood features at a discount price to the good people of the surrounding area. We currently feature Cloverfield, Enchanted, I Am Legend, The Fog, and on two screens, Dr. Suess' Horton Hears A Who. And our customers cannot enjoy a quality cinematic experience when they got a disgusting little French Power Monger scurrying around their feet when their tryin' to take a leak! Plus my Uncle Todd owns the place, and he'll ram a Twizzler up my ass if we don't get rid of it!

Mildred pulls a piece of cheese on a crust of bread from the toolbox.

MILDRED

This should do the trick.

CHASE

What's that?

MILDRED

Brie on a baguette. They can't resist. They'll bite off their own head tryin' to get to this, I'll tell ya'.

She puts the cheese and bread on the floor.

MILDRED

Now...we wait.

They both sit on the blocks, staring at the cheese. There is silence for a moment.

CHASE

So...You see a lot of this kind of stuff?

MILDRED

Oh, sure. We handle Napoleons, Stalins, Kaisers, Ghengis Khans that get under the floorboards,

(MORE)

MILDRED
Mussolini swarms, Tojo beetles, you
name it.

CHASE
Sick! How can you do this kind of
job?

MILDRED
Oh, you get used to it. I just came
from the Denny's on Layton. They
were swarming with a Hitler
infestation.

CHASE
Gross!

MILDRED
About twenty of them little
dictators, all goose-steppin'
around in the non-smoking section.

CHASE
Uber-Gross...

MILDRED
Those little turds pop when you
step on 'em, too. You should see
it! Funny! And stink! God, they
reek like sauerkraut farts.

CHASE
(Chuckling.)
Excellent!
(He looks into her eyes.)
That was a wonderfully vivid
description. The way you worded
it...it was like I could almost
smell it, right here in the room.

Napoleon sticks his head out and timidly scurries in as
their romantic interlude continues.

MILDRED
Really?

CHASE
(Nodding.)
I think you're really hot.

MILDRED
You should see me with my teeth in.

CHASE

No...I want you just the way you are right now, my little cactus flower. Gums and all.

She leans in closer to him and breathes.

MILDRED

Mmmmmm, you smell like a Kit-Kat bar.

CHASE

How old are you?

MILDRED

Fifty-Eight.

CHASE

Cool, that's older than my Mom.

They slowly move in for an extremely over-done French kiss; tongues wagging out. But before they meet the lights change again as Napoleon picks up the cheese and baguette and smells it. He speaks out to the audience again.

NAPOLEON

Ahh, the smell of home! Oh to see the sunlight dancing off the lavender fields of DeJune Su Mere once again. The wine, the song, the laughter of the children in the streets of Marseilles. But I must be strong. We have traveled a long and arduous path; climbing the top of the Waste Management dumpster, under the Toyota Pick Up with the oil leak, through the drain pipe and now, finally, the conquest of the Men's Room is at hand. Soon the paper towels and foamy hand soap will be ours. I will be strong...I must be. For France!

He chomps into the bread as the light changes.

Before the couple can kiss Chase sees Napoleon and screams again.

Napoleon scurries about with the bread and cheese in his mouth.

The two work their way on to either side of Napoleon. They have him trapped. She jumps on to Napoleon's back, wrestling him to the floor.

MILDRED
Got him!

CHASE
Gross!

MILDRED
Hold him for me!

CHASE
What?

MILDRED
Hold him for me while I get the
noose!

CHASE
No way!

MILDRED
Get down here, you greasy little
coward!

He hunches down reluctantly and she pulls him on top of Napoleon. She gets up and takes a rope from her toolbox.

CHASE
Oh God! Oh God this is so gross!

MILDRED
Hold him another second.

Chase starts to make retching noises.

CHASE
Ohhhgllh...I'm gonna puke. Oh
God...I'm gonna hurl. I'm gonna get
a disease. I'll get the
loosey-poops and blood's gonna
shoot out of my anus!

She pulls him off of Napoleon, pulls the emperor to his feet and ties a rope around his torso, pinning his arms to his side.

MILDRED
There...that ought to hold him.

Chase gets up, hanging his head in shame.

CHASE
I'm so ashamed.

MILDRED

Now, now, slugger, there's nothin' to be ashamed of. Remember, I'm a professional. Right now we gotta take care of this little critter.

CHASE

How're you gonna kill it? Hey, you could put it in a paper bag and stick the opening around the tailpipe of my car.

MILDRED

No...you can't kill 'em really. The most humane thing to do is send 'em into exile. That usually takes care of it.

CHASE

So...I guess, due to my rampant and disgusting display of cowardliness, you're probably not gonna want to, you know...do me.

MILDRED

Oh, for Pete's sake, 'course I do! Let me just dump off this vermin, soap out my cooter and we'll meet back here in fifteen.

She exits with Napoleon.

CHASE

Excellent. I'll go get some Raisinettes.

He exits. The lights change. Napoleon enters.

NAPOLEON

And so, here I sit in exile. From my rain-soaked shoebox on the pavement by the Hardee's drive-thru I can still see my ripe, shining Men's Room waiting for conquest. The smell of the bubble-gum disinfectant, the gentle whirring of the hot air hand driers, the minty freshness of the pink urinal cakes. Someday I will return to her. I will travel across the vast stretches of asphalt, brave the freezing wastes of the air conditioned lobby and plant the

(MORE)

NAPOLEON
proud flag of my mother country
into the mildewed grout of her
stained ceramic tiles. This I vow!
Vive La France!

MUSIC UP: THE BEATLES ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE. BLACKOUT

THE END

Water In The Loo By Anthony Wood

Subject: Napoleon Location: A Men's Room Two Men One Woman

Cast: Chase Pidznarick - Young movie theater usher Mildred
Stowiak - Vermin exterminator Napoleon - Emperor of France