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[1:22]

A chair is center stage. Actor enters.

Hi. My name is John...John Spenser.

The actor sits down, mimics starting a car, driving.

One day I was driving along in rural Vermont, and I had to pee really badly. I drove a while further, but there was no sign of a gas station or a restaurant. I had to pee so badly by now that I was desperate.

I pulled over, and it happened to be right by an old New England cemetery. I walked a short way into the cemetery, and began to relieve myself. I tried to be really careful not to pee directly on top of any of the graves, and I had just started to pee when I realized that I was peeing right on top of a corpse. When I read the headstone, it was my own name: John Spenser!

Instantly my sphincter closed up like a steel trap, and I ran back to the car without even zipping up, and drove away as fast as I could. I was still driving when my sphincter finally relaxed, and I just peed in my pants while driving. Not proud of myself...I just really couldn't hold it any more.

When I got back to the motel I cleaned myself up, but suddenly I realized that I had peed on myself *twice* that day; the first time I peed on my own corpse, then I peed on myself again in the car.

I started laughing, and then fell down, I was laughing so hard.

A stagehand appears at the side of the stage, holding a towel. During the lines below the stagehand hands the actor the towel, which he wraps around his waist. He exits wearing the towel.

That might have made me pee on myself again, but I decided to pee on myself anyway, just for fun this time. You know-third one's a charm.