

Adventure Cabaret

I accidentally peed on my own grave

[1:22]

Screen: The following story is based on a true story told to me by my brother in law. The story has been elaborated for humor.

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. mThat 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.

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.