

The Toilets are Coming by Dawson Moore (dawsonguy@juno.com; 907.255.5325)

*Jerry sits next to his carry on bag at the waiting gate of SFO Airport.
Peter rushes on and stumbles over himself, falling at Jerry's feet.*

Jerry! Jerry, we have to get out of here!
PETER

What are you talking about?
JERRY

It's coming, it's crazy, it's crazy and it's coming!
PETER

What... what have you done!?
JERRY

I haven't done anything.
PETER

Oh, sure.
JERRY

I just wanted to use the bathroom. It's all automated now.
PETER

Uh... and?
JERRY

PETER
No, I mean it's COMPLETELY animated. Ceiling to floor, stall to door... I walk in through a sliding door of tinted glass, slip around the auto-mop android, accidentally get paper towels spit at me by the motion sensors in the machine, walk into the stall that is only obscured by projections of walls, all leading up to the toilet. And, Peter, I am telling you... first it flushes at me as I enter, then it flushes under me while I'm going, then, as I'm scrambling to escape, I hear it's voice.

JERRY
What?

PETER
It said "Get out. The airport is mine." Then it farted and began to rise up. Peter, we have to go! It's rising!

Jerry grabs Peter and drags him to his feet. They struggle.

PETER
(simultaneous) Come on, you have to come with me, stop fighting me!

JERRY
(simultaneous) Let go of me, you're being insane!

JERRY
Screw you, I'm out of here!

Jerry runs off as Peter stares after him. He shakes his head and laughs a little... and then hears something behind him. He slowly looks over his shoulder and his jaw drops. He looks up, as the sound of a mob rises. The lights fade out, and in the darkness, there is a giant flush. End of play.