

The Pants
by Christopher Venckus

WHO: Herbert, Frank, Bill, Tim, Lisa

SCENE: Herbert standing (STAGE RIGHT) in his office is trying to adjust himself in his pants. He is feeling the fabric and looking his legs all over. Frank enters (STAGE LEFT) and is about to enter Herbert's office but waits to watch Herbert in amusement.

HERBERT

Oh yeah...these are great. These are incredible. These are--

FRANK

Hey Herb, I came by to see if you were going to the party.

HERBERT

(Startled to see Frank watching him)

Uh...yeah. I didn't see you there.

FRANK

Got yourself some new duds, huh?

HERBERT

Came in the mail today.

FRANK

Really? Buying pants through the mail?

HERBERT

Oh yeah! Check em out. I got em through one of those ads. Only five bucks and they're reversible.

FRANK

Only five bucks? And reversible? Twice the value.

HERBERT

You really think so?

FRANK

Oh yeah...at least they're better than those plaid belt-bottoms you usually wear.

HERBERT

I'm trying to get used to them. They're kind of scratchy.

FRANK

Scratchy? What are they made of some polyester mix or something?

HERBERT

I don't wear polyester crap! They're made out of some new Euro-Fabric. It's brand new, still in the testing phase, but I found this company that is selling them to the public dirt cheap.

FRANK

Did you say Euro-Fabric?

HERBERT

Yeah...you heard about it?

FRANK

Uh...no...no, I never heard anything. First time.

HERBERT

Well, I'm finally gonna get a date with Lisa in Marketing. Once she sees me at the party in these pants...oooooh baby!

FRANK

Oh yeah...everyone will have to watch out for Herb.

HERBERT

What does that mean?

FRANK

Oh, nothing. I'll see you at the party.

HERBERT

I'll be there in a second.

(Herbert plays with his pants some more while Frank crosses to STAGE LEFT to join Bill, Tim, and Lisa (all co-workers). They are standing in a group in darkness until the lights slowly come up on them. They are all holding drinks in their hands.)

FRANK

Hey guys, wait until you hear about Herbert's new pants--

(Frank keeps talking about the Euro-Pants to the group.)

HERBERT

I'll show those guys. With these pants I'll get Lisa.

FRANK

...and when they are exposed to moisture they can cause a burning sensation to the skin. That's why no one in the U.S. is selling them. If it decides to rain you could be in for some pain.

HERBERT

Oh yeah man, these are cool. (to himself)

(Keeps looking at his pants, then comes over to the party.)

FRANK

(Sees Hebert approaching.)

Shhh you guys, here he comes.

BILL

Hey there big guy.

LISA

Hi Herbert.

TIM

Hey Herb.

BILL

Wow! Check out the pants guys. Totally cool.

TIM

You must of spent big bucks. Pretty nice.

FRANK

I told ya Herb, they're great.

(Everyone has started to crowd around Herb in a half circle.)

LISA

Those are nice pants Herb. They look good on you.

(Herb comes very close to Lisa as he is so happy that she is even talking to him.)

HERBERT

You really think so? I --

(He trips and spills some of Lisa's drink on himself which sends him into immediate pain jumping around as his legs and crotch are burning.)

Holy mackrel...son of a... ..e...i...e...i...o. Wow...holy cow...son of a sea cook.

(Herbert is still jumping around a little, but bending over making wild faces.)

LISA

Oh, my gosh! Are you okay?

(Lisa starts to bend down toward Herbert as he is recovering. However, as he comes up he hits her glass once again only to spill more liquid on his pants.)

HERBERT

Aww maaaaan! Holy moley! Geez!!! Son of... This sucks! Man this hurts. Oooooohhhh man!

(Herbert is jumping and bending up and down continuously. Lisa begins to approach him again for assistance. Herbert is almost out of breath. The others continue to watch with amusement.)

BILL

Maybe we should help him.

TIM

Yeah, may we should help old Herb.

(Bill and Tim go to pickup the punch bowl sitting on a table downstage left.)

LISA

Can I help--

HERBERT

No, no...get away. No more...please.

LISA

What if I--

(Backs away from Lisa slowly toward STAGE CENTER, but doesn't see Bill and Tim approaching from behind with the punch bowl.)

HERBERT

No, no...please. I can't take any more of this. I'm gonna pass--

(As Herbert says the last line he is looking straight up only to see Bill and Tim about to pour the punch over him.)

Aaaaaaaagggggghhhhhhh!

LIGHTS OUT