

CoolPants
By Patrick Cronin

Int. classroom-day

Students are entering class and sit down. Chit chatting

Professor walks in, puts down a briefcase, pulls out his lecture notes, and places a picture of his daughter (astonishingly ugly) on his desk.

PROFESSOR STRIDER

Alright, alright, hey everyone. We have a lot to get to today. What did we do last time? Or... right, right we were looking at the transition from realism to modernism. We've heard of Malevich correctomundo?

MAUREEN

Ummmmmm professor Strider? Don't we have our papers to turn in?

Unanimous grumbling

PROFESSOR STRIDER

Jeez yeah, can we pass those in guys? Is everyone here? Ohh, of course, it looks like we are still waiting on...

In walks Antonio wearing oversized and high waisted pants. Along with a v neck t-shirt exposing an attractive amount of chest hair.

PROFESSOR STRIDER

hint of distaste

Antonio

Sylvia releases a turned on sigh

Antonio drops paper in the pile without looking and proceeds to sit next to Maureen. Professor looks at it.

PROFESSOR STRIDER

Antonio, this is a single page.

SYLVIA

His thoughts are just so knowledgeable
yet... concise.

PROFESSOR STRIDER

Are you sure you want to turn this in
as a final draft Antonio?

Antonio runs his hands through his amazing hair (on head)

ANTONIO

Ahhhh introduction to writing.

KARL

confused

What?

MAUREEN

This was an eleven page assignment,
Antonio. Nothing worth saying about the
realists' views on consciousness could
be written in one page.

snarky laugh

ANTONIO

Ahhhh maureen, and you have never said
anything worth listening to. Ahhhhh
besides I am wearing big pants, I have
deep thoughts, and even deeper pockets

PROFESSOR STRIDER

Um, no, no Antonio, I am going to have
to agree with Maureen here. This first
paragraph is rather, rather unseemly.
Actually it's just nine words. All you

wrote is: Realists apothegmized,
through direct circumlocution, their
consciousness as transcendental. I
think you may have opened a thesaurus
and picked the biggest words possible.

ANTONIO

Ahhhh big words, big ideas, i'm just
the deliverer.

SYLVIA

sigh of pleasure

And those pants. It's like I just want
to be in them.

Professor Strider has kept reading

PROFESSOR STRIDER

Antonio this whole paper is horrible.
It makes absolutely, absolutely, no
sense.

ANTONIO

Ahhh professor strider I sculpt my
prose imagining I am delivering a
powerful message to parliament, wearing
big pants, surrounded by important
people. Ahhh you are none of those
things you may not comprehend

PROFESSOR STRIDER

I'll have you, have you know I hold a
degree in Contemporary World Literature
and have written multiple, multiple,
editorials for the Hanover Flyer. I am
familiar with good prose and this is
not that. And, and, and your pants are

ridiculous. They lack any form of utility.

Antonio, unfazed, pulls out a pack of cigarettes. It's empty. He pulls out an entire airport value pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

MAUREEN

Ummm this is a *building* Antonio. You can't smoke in here.

Ignoring Maureen

ANTONIO

Ahhh professor strider, what do you know about beauty ahhhh when is the last time you saw your daughter?

PROFESSOR STRIDER

Hey, hey keep my daughters name out of your mouth

ANTONIO

Ahhhhh I need a cigarette. Strider you need pants, whatever those are, they are not going to cut it. Ahhhh you could really pull off some corduroy bell bottoms. Only read my paper once you have them on.

PROFESSOR STRIDER

Flattered

Oh. You think I could pull those off?

Antonio ignores him. Stands up. Pulls out cigarette.

ANTONIO

Ahh Maureen would you like to go makeout on the patio?

MAUREEN

Well I shouldn't...

Antonio extends a hand. They both walk out.

End.