

The Bus Driver Who Disliked The Smell Of The Bus's Bathroom (after people pooped in it)

Int. Bus.

We are just underway. The Bus Driver turns on the intercom to make an announcement.

Bus Driver

Welcome aboard Sprint Bus. This is the 8:35 to New York City. There is no smoking on the bus, and no loud cell phone conversations. Please text, rather than talk. We have free WiFi onboard, so feel free to use that, but if you watch a youtube clip or something like that, please keep the volume low and use headphones. Please also use headphones if you're going to listen to music. The bathroom is at the rear of the bus. If you can avoid it, please don't poop in the bathroom. It will smell bad.

I-95 is looking clear all the way to New York, so our total travel time should be the scheduled 4 hours and 35 minutes. That would be a long time to smell poop, so please try not to poop in the bathroom.

Make sure your luggage is stowed securely. We're going to be picking people up at a couple stops along the way, so please don't keep any bags on your seats. And try to keep those people in mind who'll be joining us. They don't want to smell poop either.

I'm not saying you shouldn't poop if you have to.

Your seat can recline if you'd like to take a nap. If the bus is too warm, just let me know and I'll turn on the AC. If you absolutely have to poop, I'll understand. I'm just saying if it's avoidable, if you can hold it, please try to. We're all in this together.

We can talk about what should have been done. The bathroom should have been given better ventilation, the owners of the bus should have invested in high pressure hydraulics, rather than a water based system that leaves poop behind. We can't change the past.

If you're looking to me to be perfect here, well, I can't claim to be. I've used that bathroom. And not just for peeing. I've pooped in it. And people have smelled my poop. For hours. That's a fact. But we can do better. This isn't about being perfect, it's about being the best we can be. So I can't promise that I'm not going to poop in that bathroom on this ride, but, dammit, I can promise that I'm going to do everything in my power to avoid it. That's all I ask of you. Let's make this the bus ride we wanted when we imagined, our eyes wide in our cribs, what it must be to ride a bus. The joy it must entail. The mystery. The power: to be able to move about the country unencumbered. Let's make this the least poop smelling ride we can. We owe that to that kid we were.

We'll be stopping at a Burger King in a couple hours so I can take a break, and you can get some lunch. Their bathroom... is out of service.