

## THE NITTANY NOTES SKETCH

by Fred Coppersmith

(This should in no way be thought to represent how things *actually* operate at Nittany Notes and is intended solely for humorous purposes.)

A storefront. HARRY, the clerk, stands behind a counter.

HARRY  
(waving after an unseen  
customer)  
Bye! Thanks for shopping at Nittany  
Notes!

Enter CUSTOMER.

HARRY  
Can I help you with anything, sir?

CUSTOMER  
Yeah, I was wondering -- do you have  
Business 482? I need the lecture notes  
since the last midterm.

HARRY  
(scanning a list)  
Hmm... Well I don't see it here on the  
list. Do you remember the course title?

CUSTOMER  
Yeah, it's "Introduction to Autoerotic  
Asphyxiation". Does that help?

HARRY continues to look over the list, as if he hasn't  
really heard the name of the course.

HARRY  
Well I don't know. It *might* help if --

Long pause. HARRY looks up.

HARRY  
I'm sorry. What did you say?

CUSTOMER  
It's "Intro to Autoerotic  
Asphyxiation". You know -- when you  
deprive the brain of oxygen by hanging  
yourself while you manually stimulate  
your --

HARRY

Yes, yes, yes! I know what autoerotic asphyxiation is, but --

CUSTOMER

Oh, did you take the class, too?

HARRY

What? No! There is no class!

CUSTOMER

What do you mean?

HARRY

The University doesn't offer a class like that!

CUSTOMER

What, are they dropping it next semester?

HARRY

No! They never offered it! God, that's disgusting!

CUSTOMER

I don't understand. Look, I could really use those lecture notes. I mean, I did okay on the last midterm and everything -- except for a couple of rope burns -- but I missed last Tuesday's lab, so...

HARRY

We don't have them! The class doesn't exist!

Pause.

CUSTOMER

The class doesn't exist?

HARRY

No! Of course it doesn't!

Long pause.

CUSTOMER

Look, if this is about money --

HARRY

It's not about money! There is no class!

CUSTOMER

You keep saying that. Look, I have my class schedule right here if you want to see it. I mean, that ought to be proof enough, right?

HARRY

You know what? Yes, actually I *would* like to see your class schedule. I would like to see where it says, "Intro to Autoerotic Asphyxiation". Please, show me where it says that.

CUSTOMER

All right then.

He pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to HARRY.

CUSTOMER

There!

Long pause. HARRY stares at the paper. The CUSTOMER stares at HARRY.

CUSTOMER

See?

HARRY

This is not a University schedule.

CUSTOMER

Yes it is!

HARRY

No it isn't. This is a plain piece of paper with the words "Do you want to come back to my place?" written on it.

CUSTOMER

(beat)

It's on the back.

HARRY turns the paper over.

HARRY

Nooooo... On the *back*, there's a crudely drawn sketch of a naked woman having sex with a dog...

The CUSTOMER chuckles and takes the paper from HARRY.

CUSTOMER

Oh yeah. I forgot about that. That's  
for my art history final exam.

Long pause.

HARRY

Get the hell out of here!

CUSTOMER

What?

HARRY

You heard me, you sick freak! Go on,  
get out! Autoerotic Asphyxiation! God!  
And to think I was almost starting to  
believe you!

Long pause.

CUSTOMER

So you *don't* want to come back to my  
place?

HARRY

No! Does it *sound* like I want to go  
back to your place?!

(sighing angrily)

Damn it, why does this sort of thing  
only happen when I'm here? Look, we  
sell notes. For classes. Not guides to  
getting yourself off while hanging from  
a rope!

CUSTOMER

It's *for* a class!

HARRY

No it's not!

CUSTOMER

Yes it is! Look, I've got the rope and  
special ointment in my backpack if you  
need a demonstration!

HARRY

No! No, I *do not* need a demonstration.  
Believe me, that's absolutely the *last*  
thing I need! Now get the hell out of  
here before I call the cops!

Enter TODD, the manager.

TODD

Harry, what's going on out here? What's all this shouting for?

HARRY

I'm sorry, Todd, but this -- this sick pervert came in here looking for notes on autoerotic asphyxiation, and I've been trying to tell him --

TODD

Business 482, sir? Right here, here you go.

He hands the CUSTOMER a stack of papers, while HARRY looks on in shock.

TODD

That'll be five-fifty, sir.

CUSTOMER

Thank you! Finally! At last, some service!

The CUSTOMER pays for the papers, glares at HARRY, and exits. Pause.

HARRY

Todd, what the hell was that? We don't actually sell notes on autoerotic asphyxiation, do we?

TODD

(laughs)

No, but he's been coming in here maybe three or four times a week and it's usually just easier to humor him. He show you that picture of the dog?

HARRY

With the woman and the harness and -- yeah, yeah he did. You know, it's really sick what some people get off on.

TODD

Yes, yes it is.

Long pause.

TODD

So, you wanna go in the back and spank each other with rubber chickens again?

HARRY

Yeah, okay. But this time I get to hold  
the cantaloupe.