

Sniffers
By Spencer Funk

On a Seattle Sidewalk. Strangers:

- A. It's been nice chatting
- B. Yeah it's been real nice
- A. I'm headed back home now
- B. You want me to walk you?
- A. No thanks, I think I got it.
- B. (*casually*) Well, can I smell your feet?

Beat

- A. What kind of question is that?
- B. No biggie. Just a favor in return
- A. Return. for what?
- B. For helping you break the law?
- A. Shit. you didn't help me none.
- B. But I didn't hurt you none.
- A. yeah, and?
- B. can I?
- A. can you...?
- B. smell your -.
- A. You're kidding.
- B. I'm not.
- A. Dude...
- B. Please?
- A. Yo, I appreciate you not throwin me under the bus, but I gotta go. Like now. I don't have time for your weird, fetish foot smelling thing.
- B. I'll give you fifteen bucks if you give me your socks. And I still won't gab on you.
- A. Maybe... another time we can... ya know..
- B. Well then can I have your number?
- A. uh.... (*considers*) yeah
- B. (*passes over his phone for her to enter her number*) Thanks, thanks, I really appreciate it.
- A. Don't mention it. Ever.
- B. You know, not many people go for it.
- A. You don't say.
- B. I do.
- A. You do.
- B. Do you?

A. Excuse m-
B. smell shoes?
A. *(pause)* ...one or two
B. Addidas?
A. Uh...
B. Nikes?
A. Sometimes...
B. Vans?
A. *(suddenly very passionate)* No. I like them mid-winter snow boots all damp and sweaty. It's like "wake up nose, we're here!"
B. Oh those are good! I used to have a girl; runner; woke me up after she ran in the morning.
8am: *(take a big whiff and smiles)*
A. That is so sexy
B. Yeah. she thought I was a freak though.
A. Let me give you my real number
B. You gave me a fake?
A. You were trying to smell my feet!
B. I'm still trying to smell your feet.
A. But now I'm going to let you! *(she takes his phone and begins to enter her number)*
B. Oh yeah you are, come here!
A. Not here!
B. Why not!
A. There's people
B. You should never be ashamed of who you truly are! Let me tell you-*(forgets her name. looks at his phone)* Margie - ever since I laid eyes on you.
A. today? *(she hands back the phone)*
B. Yes! Ever since I laid eye on you today, I sensed a connection.
A. Oh yeah?
B. Yes! a comfortability. An ease.
A. Kay. but I'm not all about to take my clothes off in the street.
B. Just your shoes, sweet thang.
A. Why don't we hold off.
B. Listen -*(forgets again)* Margie - It's a once in a lifetime opportunity, that two sniffers wind up together. Don't you believe in destiny? *(beat)* These feet have walked their whole life, just to find you.
A. *(looks at him.)* You mean it?
B. You better believe it.
(B. undoes the velcro on his shoe. A. gasps.)
A. You dog.
(B. undoes the second velcro. A. gasps.)
A. Oh, stop!
B. *(removes his shoe slowly and holds it to his nose)* Come and get it - *(forgets again)* - Margie!

She flings herself on him. They roll to the ground tearing off each others shoes and wildly smelling each other's feet. Tongues out. Groaning. Face to foot. Laying opposite ways in the middle of a sidewalk.

A stanger enters. Sees them. Stops. Waits a moment. Finds a way around the writhing pair. But he falls. On them. All three stand up. The stranger exits - violated.

A. So...

B. Yeah.

A. Let me give you that number.

B. Right.

A. *(enters it into his phone)* Call me soon. *(exits with one shoe on. B smiles. Lights out)*