

The Real Story of the Terre Haute Bathroom Club:

How a Bunch of People Who Hang Out in Public Restrooms Beat MENSA

CAST:

Bobby Roo - Rude, nasty man

Donna Dollop - Rude, nasty woman

STU BAT - Leader of a group hunting Bobby

PLINY - Stringy old guy

Janine Johnson - MENSA Chairperson

Grant Cod - MENSA employee. Test giver

BOBBY: My name is Bobby Roo and I'm the founder of the Terre Haute Bathroom Club.

(Gentle footsteps, doors opening, closing)

BOBBY: Alright, right this way. Sorry about the mess, I don't like to spend a lot of time at my casa. That's why they call me Bobby Roo. I'm always hopping around, heh heh. I don't know how long you got to talk to me, but make it quick. Because I have a very busy schedule, 24 hours a day, I'm feeling good all of the time. (sits down) Fortunately for you, I like talking about the Bathroom Club about as much as I don't like washing my hands. So let's get started.

(Dramatic violin music) (like the Chef's table level dramatic)

BOBBY: The year is 1979. In order to explain the Terre Haute Bathroom Club, I got to explain some stuff about myself. See, I'm a real alley cat. Mee-ow. A real stray dog. I like to wander. I like to poke around. Maybe sometimes, I get my nose a little dirty. I have a reputation around town. The only person that really knows me from way back is Donna.

(sound of a woman chewing gum loudly)

DONNA: My name is Donna Dollop and I'm a member of the Terre Haute Bathroom Club.

DONNA: So listen, I met Bobby Roo in the late seventies. A lady isn't afraid to tell people her real age. I'm (mumbling) years old and I'll tell anybody. You can't tell from me now, I'm a mess now, but I was hot to trot back then. Head to toe Jordache. Me and my girlfriends used to cut a little slit into our jordache jeans right where the leg and the butt meet up so a little bit of our butts would come out when we walked. We tried to make it look like an accident but it really drove guys nuts back then. So Bobby walks up to me, he says, "Excuse me miss, I think some other people might be too embarrassed to tell you this, but a little bit of your butt is poking out of your jeans."

BOBBY: Yeah, I told her her butt was out, in slightly more eloquent terms, and she turned to me and said "thanks, they are jordaches". So I just kind of smile, lick my mustache and say, "oh yeah, we're gonna get along just fine."

DONNA: Bobby had an insanely thin mustache at the time. It was so thin, you had to look at him for like 4 seconds before you even saw it. But after you saw that mustache, it's all you could look at. To call it a pencil mustache would do it no justice. It was like, 2D. It's like the entirety of his upper lip was a little strip of felt. I never kissed him, but other girls would tell me it was like if a human had a small cats tongue above their mouth. Like, abrasive. Like, if you were dating Bobby, you'd get these little rug burns all over your face. Again, I never dated him.

BOBBY: At that point, me and Donna were scooging up and down the block. Putting on shows in public parks. We were beached whales laying down and spraying our saltwater all over the block. Yeah, me and Donna were real close. She was my right hand slizz. Me and her made rooms stink together. One time we did it in a car while it was being towed. The car wasn't either of ours.

DONNA: Bobby started getting into trouble because, well, local husbands started putting two and two together. Their wives would have all these rug burns all over their mouths from his little mustache, and it was a lot of wives, and the husbands started teaming up to find him.

BOBBY: I mean I don't think you have to mention that if we're just talking about the bathroom club and the MENSA thing. Yeah, I know what she's talking about, no, I don't wanna talk about it.

DONNA: These husbands were very well coordinated. They ran multiple cars of two guys each and they scoped out different local places that Bobby might be at all times. Public parks, dive bars, under bridges, under buildings, gravel lots, gravel roads, dumps, shipwrecks, ruins, gas station parking lots, grocery store parking lots, grocery stores, business schools, night schools, I mean, it was hard, he was all over the place. One time, he called me and I had to go down to the bay and fish him out of a crab trap. What were you doing in the bay, I asked. How'd you get in that crab trap? He wouldn't tell me.

BOBBY: I like to shine in the night time. I'll leave it at that.

DONNA: I think, in 79 when this all went down, that group of husbands was pretty big. We're talking 18 to 20 guys, I think. It was like a legit organization. I think they rented office space. They had a name too. What were they called?

STU: Right here?

(chair shuffling, sitting)

STU: My name is Stu Bat and I'm the founder of the Terre Haute Screaming Eagles. We came up with the name because, uh, well, uh, what else are you gonna call us, you know? Trent got us some gear and we got a map of the city and it wasn't gonna fit in the garage, so we pooled some money and rented a spot. They asked for a name.... What are you supposed to say? We're the shamed men? We're the cuckolds? Right now, granted, cuckold is a pretty politically powerful word but back then all it meant is that your wife was letting other guys get it. So, Terry, he died a couple years back, but he just told the guy "Screaming Eagles". The agent said, what? And I repeated him, I said "we are the Terre Haute Screaming Eagles. And from that day forward, that's what we called ourselves. And we never talked about it. Because we all knew we couldn't. The pain. We couldn't face the pain... my wife cheated on me with Bobby Roo while I was having a Blue Moon tap installed in my basement bar. I'd been saving months for that. She knew how important that was to me.

BOBBY: I was being tailed as I was tailing. Getting tail. Not sure if that last one landed or not so I'll elaborate.. I'm fucking all these women, you know? That's what I've been trying to tell you this whole time. I've been alluding to it a lot.

STU: It didn't take long to figure out that Bobby Roo would spend hours a day in public bathrooms. We'd root him out of, let's say a Kroger bathroom. He'd hit the bricks and we would lose him. Later on, we would find him in a bathroom in the park.

BOBBY: It was a real bad time for me. I didn't know what they would do if they found me. They found all my good spots. They knew all the public parks I hung out at, under bridges, that kind of stuff. I couldn't go creep around my favorite shipwrecks anymore.

STU: The shipwreck thing was a big surprise. There's not a lot of water around here. This is Indiana we are talking about. We ran him out of his apartment and then found out he was living in like a Steamboat. Like a Mark Twain style wrecked up steamboat on the Wabash river. Yeah. When we went inside, we found he had a hot plate and big tv and a big, stiff towel pitched up in the corner. I'm talking very stiff. One of the guys said he saw a bird land on the towel and immediately die.

DONNA: He kept trying to get me to some shipwreck for a few weeks, said he had something purple and hard to show me. I said if your penis is purple, you should go to the doctor. He swore up and down that he wasn't talking about his penis, he was talking about something else. So I go over to the shipwreck and he showed me his penis, and it was purple, so I drove him to the hospital.

STU: We thought about smashing the place up, but, you know, he was living in a Shipwreck. If we broke something we might accidentally make the place cleaner.

DONNA: I thought, this is crazy, his penis is really sick, but he's trying to pretend it's fine, right? I guess the river water had gotten into his penis and something in there really liked the environment that was his penis and it made its home there.

BOBBY: I was born with a large urethra. It had been mostly a blessing before the river water incident. I could nut really fast because it was so wide. Like a frosting pipette. I just want the listeners at home to know, that uh, I'm smiling right now. I'm smiling really hard.

STU: While we were still kicking around the shipwreck, one of the Screaming Eagles who worked at the hospital gave us a call and told us he was there. We all headed over. But we didn't know what we would do when he found him. We knew we didnt want to kill him. But we didn't just wanna yell at him either. We argued about it the entire drive over. I mean, our ideas ran the gamut from indian burns to, um, you know, chopping his legs up. Just chopping them up. I was starting to get worried about what we were gonna do to this guy, you know?

DONNA: All of a sudden, we hear this big commotion in the lobby. "Chop his legs up! Chop his legs up!"

STU: I do not recall chanting that. But, um, it was all a blur. And I guess that's what we settled on.

DONNA: They were pushing doctors, nurses out of the way. Flipping sick old guys out of wheelchairs. They were really amped up.

BOBBY: When I heard them, you know, I knew I was going to meet my fate. I accepted death, I really did. I had been a rooster all my life, and I guess now it was time for my chickens to come home and roost.

DONNA: Bobby is useless at this point, he's monologuing to himself. Mumbling shit like, going to the great big parking lot in the sky. He called himself a used condom making its last rotation around the toilet bowl before being flushed into hell.

BOBBY: Yeah, I was ready to meet my maker, look him in the eyes, and tell him thank you for creating a world where I constantly felt good all the time and I got everything I wanted and that

felt good too. And every single day I woke up and did whatever I had to do to feel good immediately and it always worked and I always felt good and then I died.

STU: I do have a distinct memory that, well, the plan as it was when we saw Bobby Roo lying in the hospital bed, and just bear with me, this wasn't MY plan, you know, we had just got so worked up, you know, and honestly we all had bonded so much as men trying to find this guy, that uh, yeah, I was talking about you know, cooking him up on a flat top grill, and uh, chopping, the leg meat from him with, while uh, dual wielding turners, you know, the flat top grill spatulas, and uh, chopping his legs up as we cooked them like they were a big Philly cheese steak style meat.

DONNA: Our room faced the elevators. So I heard the rabble, saw the elevator ding, and I saw, easily twenty guys walking straight towards us. They were taking their hands and imitating the motion of like, chopping something up really finely. They were talking about cooking him, and a few were talking about eating him after they had cooked him. And uh, I know that was not a logical thought. Not because Bobby didn't deserve to die, he kinda does, not for anything in specific, just generally as a person, it's like, you know, if he did die, it'd be like oh well. You know? One of those things.

STU: I made eye contact with him. I'll never forget it. There was just... nothing in his eyes. No fear. No peace. Just... present. It's like when you make eye contact with a dog when it is going to the bathroom. And I start walking towards him. And then just - bang! In a split second, someone flipped the hospital bed, and him and that woman - I don't know who she was, but she had denim earrings, like seriously, like, hoop earrings made out of denim - but him and her go tumbling out of that window. And all hell breaks loose. I didn't... know if he was dead or not, but you know, there I was, a random suburban dad, and I was prepared to hunt this man, chop his legs up on a flat stove top, and uh, I was mentally and physically prepared to eat his legs. And that's not who I wanted to be. So I left the Terre Haute Screaming Eagles. So, uh, yeah, sorry, that was the last time I saw Bobby Roo.

(dramatic violin music)

(sitting down sound. Then an overly long bong rip, then coughing)

PLINY: I'm Pliny. Nobody ever says my last name. And if nobody says my last name, if nobody knows my last name, then I guess it ain't my name, right? Because if it was my name people would certainly be calling me by it. See what I'm saying? Just Pliny is fine. And, uh, all you need to know about me is that I'm a tie dye shirt kind of guy.

I met Bobby Roo a few years prior. I used to sell herbs de provence as fake weed down at the Over Under Club. It was called the Over Under Club because it was Over the dump but under the fish cannery. Bobby Roo used to come there wearing a red velvet blazer and a kangol hat and he would pretend to have no feeling in his right hand so that he could talk women into

letting him touch them. Guy like me, heh, I don't think that line would work, but some guys just got it.

BOBBY: That was another reason why they call me Bobby Roo that I forgot to mention. The Kangol hat. Like a kangaroo. Bobby Roo. That's why I said hopping around earlier. I just wanted to make that clear because you guys also didn't get my slick little saying where I alluded to having sex with all the women. I know they were subtle, but still. You guys need to sharpen up.

DONNA: Pliny is the type of guy who just kind of seems like you imagined him. Like he seems, by all accounts, to be an imaginary person. He would just show up places out of nowhere. He would disappear while you were having a conversation with him. One time, he knocked on my door at 3 am. He said "follow me and all your wildest dreams will come true". I went back to bed. I thought I was dreaming still and I was trying to wake up. That's just the vibe he puts out there. Smells exactly like the ocean. Closest ocean is like, 2000 miles away.

PLINY: I owed Bobby one. One time, some frat kids came to the Over Under Club. They were upset that I had sold them a regional culinary herb blend instead of the high quality marijuana that I had promised them. They showed up with violence in their eyes. Bobby made everything cool, chilled those guys right out.

BOBBY: Just a couple kids out looking for a good time. I can relate to that. I intercepted them and told them they shouldn't be out here chasing the green, but uh, the pink. I told them me and them were going birddogging down at the Pink Canary Gentleman's Club. That smoothed out those roosters ruffled feathers right quick.

DONNA: I was actually working at the Pink Canary at the time. Not as a stripper, but I was bartending. They wouldn't let me strip or give lap dances anymore because they said I did too much stuff for free and it made the other girls mad. Bobby showed up with these three frat kids. He told me to set them up with a free dance with the girls while he went back outside and rifled through their car and bags and stuff.

PLINY: So, at the time that Bobby was at the hospital, I was at the hospital too. That was just a coincidence. I wasn't sick, though. The hospital, Monsanto International Airport and Hospital, was currently being renovated. So they had all those garbage tubes hooked up to the windows. While, I may be a weird old man, but I'm still plenty shifty and spindly and I can climb real good, so I was shooting up those trash chutes all the time. If wanted some food, or some medicine, you know, clothes, scrubs, whatever I wanted really. I'd just chute up those tubes. At one point I was going all up and down the tubes and I was wearing a lab coat and a stethoscope and I even talked to a few patients.

So I heard a commotion. They started talking about chopping up a guy, right, and I knew of only one guy at the hospital/airport that they could have been talking about. Bobby Roo is just the kind of guy, you know, I got no problem with him personally, but a lot of other people tend to wanna chop him up. So, when they close in I popped out of the chute, grabbed his hospital bed,

tipped him over down into the chute, then I threw Donna in there, too. I figured yeah, they might die on impact, but you know, I guess I didn't think about that part, actually, at the time. I actually do remember thinking that this always worked in cartoons at the time. I don't want to implicate myself in a crime but, uh, on that day my shirt was very tie dyed if you catch my drift.

BOBBY: So, uh, we all going tumbling down this big trash tube, just like, all elbows and assholes flailing around, and we all, you know, fumble into a big pile, all laying on top of each other in a big, uh, like construction sized, garbage can, you know, with like, uh, filled to the brim with, you know, needles and medical waste, and we all started laughing. Laughing real hard. I kind of consider that to be the very first meeting of the Terre Haute Bathroom Club.

DONNA: So we crawled out of that medical waste and we went into action mode. See, what you don't get is that we thought they were still tracking us at that time. Bobby really thought they were going to kill him, Pliny's reputation was pretty bad and he had a lot of enemies, and I had my own troubles in the community at the time.

PLINY: We all just sort... collaborated. We had this wide ruled notebook between us where we had maps, schedules, power rankings, all of different public bathrooms in the area. We met constantly and scoped out new public bathrooms to use, change in, masturbate in, that kind of thing.

BOBBY: At that time, you know, I was on the run. Pliny had sold enough fake weed that nobody would even let him into their establishment. And Donna had been kicked out of most retail stores in Terre Haute.

DONNA: I had some disagreements with some people. And some people can be so dramatic and love to, you know, exercise what little, pitiful power they had. It's all just interpersonal stuff and jealousy.

PLINY: I once saw Donna in a Jordache outlet store on Wabash and she was just grilling this girl. I don't know what for, but she was pointing her finger in this lady's face and she was just yelling, How Dare You, How Dare You, and the woman was just speechless, like her mouth was wide open. You know. So Donna just keeps shoving her finger in that woman's face, you know, until her finger was actually in this woman's mouth. And she doesn't even stop, she starts leaning forward, yelling I will make your life a living hell, do you know how much money I spend here, do you think ill let anyone just talk to me like that... stuff like that. And while leaning forward she pushes her finger down the woman's throat a little bit, i guess it hit something, something happened, and she ends up puking everywhere. It turns out that the lady didn't even work there. She didn't even speak english. The radio was on in the store and Donna had heard the disc jockey on the radio say that the next song was by the band Supertramp. And in her head, you know, she just heard that word and assumed it was a person insulting her and she just flipped out on the nearest person.

DONNA: It's in my blood, you know. I got Italian blood, and Irish. A little bit of Catalanian and uh.. A little Greek too. I basically got all the angriest races, so, you know, it's that, it's not my fault.

BOBBY: Donna liked to blow off steam by going into really small boutique stores. They always hire pretty little things to work at those places. Little songbirds with flowers in their hair and pleated skirts. You know the type. Donna would demolish those women. She'd walk in, browse for a bit, and then ask to use the bathroom. Of course, they don't have a public bathroom. So that's when the real magic happens.

DONNA: Excuse me? No PUBLIC bathroom? Excuse me miss, do you piss? Do you shit? When you have to shit, where do you go? Because that'll be fine for me too. Do you just shit on the floor? Is that what you do? You shit on the floor and you pick it up and you throw it in the trash? No? So you can either walk me to the trash can so I can see your shit in it or you walk me to the toilet like a human being?

PLINY: One time a lady sarcastically told Donna that, yeah, I shit on the floor, and uh, Donna called her bluff. She shit on the floor. I think it was a, uh, Guess Jeans store.

DONNA: Whatever they say, I never shit on the floor of Guess Jeans. That was a nasty rumor that was being spread by the surveillance cameras at Guess Jeans.

BOBBY: Part of the reason Donna was on board with the Terre Haute Bathroom Club was uh, she had this new boyfriend she was living with at the time.

DONNA: His name was Tré, with that fancy little e. You know, I thought that was so impressive. So cosmopolitan. I really wanted to impress him, you know, especially being this little midwestern girl. We met when he was an airline pilot and I an airline stewardess.

PLINY: Did she tell you guys that he threw her out of the plane?

DONNA: You know, I just thought that the customers were really curt and rude and they would hit that button and they didn't care if I was sitting down or not. You know. Come here. Come here. I'm a passenger. I want a ginger ale. I want to drink a hundred beers. Very rude.

PLINY: She actually was the first person on the don't fly list. It used to be an actual list, you know? It started with her. 1. Donna Dollop. Then it continued. Yeah. Apparently that was her first and last day on the job. Apparently she bit, like, a dozen people. It doesn't sound like a lot but, honestly, you go anywhere and start biting people, they'll restrain you by five or six. Think about that and it is way more impressive.

DONNA: You know, Tré was having a really bad day. Apparently the plane had hit a couple geese or something. But you know, he did the sweetest thing then. He knew how bad the customers were getting to me so he just comes out from the cockpit, he pulls me off of the crowd, he puts a parachute on me, and he throws me out of the plane. I remember thinking as I

was falling that that was the sweetest thing. When I landed, you know, I figured out where he lived, and I just kind of moved my stuff in. He was resistant at first, but I won him over. Part of the reason that I won him over was by exaggerating certain things about myself. If you are going to bend my arm about it, I told him that I never have to go number two. I won't tell you what a number two is, though. A lady never tells. But here's a hint. Number one is peeing.

BOBBY: So Donna goes all-in with me and Pliny on this public bathroom kick that we are on, and, you know, within two months we had a full map of Terre Haute complete with the location and schedule of every public bathroom.

PLINY: We'd all go do our weird little fringe activities during the day and night, gather info, and then we would meet up exactly at 6 o'clock at the library to trade notes and consolidate them into the big master notebook. This naturally drew some attention, and just one by one people started asking us questions. Most people thought it was really immature, but a lot of people really liked the idea.

BOBBY: That's when we made the Terre Haute Bathroom Club official. You got to have some sweetness though. A hot tip. A little cold hard cash. Maybe a tip about a basement bathroom in a little used civic building that isn't checked every day. Even after no one was staking out my apartment, I just... I just didn't spend that much time at it. It was about the thrill of the hunt, tracking, skulking around town, sneaking all over the place, keeping a handful of sand in your pockets at all time so that you can throw it at a security guard if he asks what you are doing here... oh yeah, I got off to it. I got off to it big time.

DONNA: I think the first to join was Little Carmine.

PLINY: Carmine was a little guy, middle management type with a haircut that looked like the Big Boy mascot. You know, the awful big headed cartoon child that carries hamburgers?

BOBBY: Carmine was a cool guy, wore suits, you could tell he was a... cut above the rest of us. Not the type to get his hands... dirty. Me? Metaphorically and physically speaking, my fingers are fucking covered in nasty shit. Metaphorically, though I meant in a highly sexual way. I guess I didn't really think about the physical filth would completely overshadow the metaphorical filth. I guess I'm a unique thinker.

PLINY: I guess being hunted by dozens of husbands for a few months really messed with Bobby's head. Way more than we thought.

DONNA: He was paranoid, yeah, but he was more horny than he was paranoid. I think it was just that his hygiene definitely suffered but that he seemed to be into it.

BOBBY: I had met this awful woman. She was at a high school hockey game and she had stood up on the wall to show her tits but before she could, the referee threw a hockey puck at her stomach and she threw up. Her name was Agenda, I think. She went to the men's bathroom to

throw up more because she said she got along with guys more than girls. I held her hair back for her and after that it was game over. One time, we were making out and one of my teeth fell out and she accidentally swallowed it and she thought that was the hottest thing that ever happened. So I leaned into it. Sorry if I stink, but I'm used to it. It gets me what I want.

DONNA: The last person to join that I considered a core group member of the Terre Haute Bathroom Club was Bobo.

PLINY: Bobo was a good kid. Never figured out what his deal was.

BOBBY: Bobo.. lot of questions about that guy. Baby Huey type. Grown man with, uh, two hairs on the top of his head that stuck straight up, like a large baby. Things would happen to this guy all the time that made you wonder about him. It seemed like every single hour a fly that he was looking at would land on his nose and he'd go crosseyed. He said "which way did he go, which way did he go" alot. So you make some assumptions about the guy, you know, I think we were all sitting there the day we met him making the same assumptions.

DONNA: He showed up, asked what we were doing, and we told him we were cataloguing all the public bathrooms in the city. ANd he seemed into it. He was licking this large ice cream cone at the time. Food isn't allowed in the library, by the way, I just think like - you know - they just took one look at him and said "alright". He kept licking the ice cream cone too hard and making the scoop of ice cream fall off of the cone and onto the table. And then, he would pick the scoop up with his hands, put it back on the cone, and do it again.

PLINY: Then he leaves, right. And we see him pull away in a fucking... in a fucking...

BOBBY: Brand new 1979 Mazda RX7, slick little red convertible, long hood, 1.1 Liter engine, curved and aerodynamic, cherry red, that car was a clit on wheels. Just needs a little flick to get going.

DONNA: We were just stunned to see Bobo, this guy we met who walked into the women's bathroom twice on accident while we were there, we were stunned to see him peel out of the parking lot in this fucking exotic, brand new sports car. Then Bobby said something really disgusting, compared the car to something I am far too classy to bring up, and we were speechless.

PLINY: Sick fucking car.

DONNA: We never figured out what his deal was. We knew he basically only ate chocolate and he constantly had a stomach ache, so that's why he joined, um, we know he lived in a more upscale style apartment that he never invited us to, and that he did have a day job as a person who tests cotton candy. I don't know if it was to see if it was safe, or to give feedback, I don't know. Bobo never talked about himself much. He mostly, like, got hit in the head with flower pots

all the time. And then the flower would, uh, wilt. He was that type of guy. He was more like a Looney Tune than a person.

BOBBY: He never let me drive the car. He said it was because my driver's license was fake. It was fake. My name on it was Jonathan Tremendous-Pleasure. But there's no way he could have known. I wanted to take it down to the 41 to pick up some community college girls at the travel stop and see what part of the upholstery this old, dry aged dick would ruin with my brine. Yeah. Far out.

PLINY: So, basically, that was the crew. People floated in and out, would meet up for a couple weeks, or on and off depending on the season, but that was the main crew. Bobby Roo, Donna, me, Bobo and Carmine.

BOBBY: We had, uh, one in particular. One bathroom that was the cat's pajamas. Mee-ow.

PLINY: Now that... that was a bathroom. 3 stalls, a urinal -

DONNA: Men and a woman's bathroom, huge, magazines AND they febrezed it so it smelt good -

BOBBY: It was in a small annex building to the library in a private meeting room. Real intimate feel to it. Lots of exits. Like four exits in case - things went south and not in the erotic way.

PLINY: It was our little paradise.

DONNA: I mean, it was nice. No exaggeration. You could have took your shoes off in that bathroom.

BOBBY: Scrubbed ever morning. They scrubbed that real good. Scrubbed the sin right off so ole Bobby Roo felt just fine. Bunions just kissing the cool linoleum floor. Allright.

PLINY: That was the home base for us.

BOBBY: I'd been through a lot in my life... but uh, that one hurt. When MENSA took that bathroom away from us.

Part 1 - Done

(music swelling, violin)

JANINE: Hello, my name is Janine Johnson, I am the Local Secretary in charge of Western Indiana MENSA. I have sat on the board of four non-for-profits, have over twenty years of

management experience at a Fortune 500 company, I have an Executive MBA from Washington University, I'm the first woman with short hair to ever climb to the top of Mount Everest, I was the last civilian off who didn't make the cut for NASA Group 8 in 1978. They cut me because I wanted my space suit to have business lady shoulder pads. I have accomplished a lot. And you want to interview me about a Terre Haute Bathroom Club?

BOBBY: Did you talk to Professor Glasses? Is she still like... yelling at everybody? Let me guess, she yelled at you guys, right?

JANINE: I just wanted to make sure that is what you wanted me to talk about and that you were proud of yourselves. Are you proud of yourselves? Don't want to ask me about anything else? Are you sure? In July 2004, I was with Blackwater in Afghanistan and I became the first upper middle class woman to commit a war crime. Want to ask me about that? No? You sure? Just the bathroom stuff. Sure. Sure.

DONNA: Professor Glasses is like, "buhh I went to college I'm smarter I'm smarter than everybody. Listen to all the shit I did listen to my resume I'm soooo prestigious. We've all done stuff, BITCH. I once got thrown out of a train by Bobby Flay. If he would have given me another ten seconds, he woulda liked it.

PLINY: So, I'm guessing Bobby and Donna aren't going to be any help on this. She's probably talking about that disgusting thing she tried to do to Bobby Flay. So I guess I'll fill you in on the details from that night. I get there around five. I see that the annex door is locked and that there is a sign behind the glass that said reserved. Well, I didn't even know that that place could be reserved, and it never had been before, so I went to the front desk to check it out.

JANINE: In 1980 the Unitarian church annex that we had been renting our weekly meeting space and testing from had a small fire that facilitated a renovation. I looked elsewhere for a suitable location and found that the local library had a slot in their annex buildings for Fridays and Saturdays. I informed our treasurer who in turn booked the annex for a rental period of one year on Fridays and Saturdays. That's it.

PLINY: Front desk lady told me it got rented out by some club. I said what club. She said MENSA, they are a bunch of smart people that meet up and talk with other smart people. So I said when are they done? She said they got all night. I said, damn, I guess I'll come back tomorrow. She said they got tomorrow too. I said damn. Well, I really liked that bathroom, so I told the lady, alright, I'm going to join the club. They probably won't even notice me. I probably won't even leave the bathroom. Then she said you can't join the club. She says you got to take a test to join the club. So I said sign me up. And she says she is just a librarian and that I should go talk to them. I said Fair Enough.

DONNA: Me and Bobby walk by and see Pliny in the main building talking to the.... What are those called? They work at the library. They sit behind that desk. The like... uh... Book

Secretary or whatever. Book Janitor. Like grocery stores have stockers or shelvers... but for the books. It has its own word. Its... its not authors though...

BOBBY: I see Pliny at the front desk and I, uh, flash a little smile. I think. Oh you dirty dog. You're finally taking my advice and trying to slip that gritty, loamy dick into some dried up book lady skooze.

DONNA: Anyway, Bobby starts getting all horny when he sees Pliny talking to the librarian, he just starts doing these low, growling moans of his and licking his lips pretty fast.

BOBBY: (Bobby does a series of low, growling moans while licking his lips) I was excited to see Pliny start taking more sexual initiative and that got me thinking about sex that I could have and that's all I could think about. The thing about Pliny, what strikes me about him sexually, is two things. He seems like a guy who can only cum if he is on all fours like a dog and that, this one i'm certain of, his cum would make a woman very, very sick.

PLINY: I wanted to figure out more before letting Donna and Bobby know because I didn't want them to cause a scene and get us all banned from the library. So I made up a little lie to keep them busy for the next two nights.

DONNA: Pliny told us that Sammy Hagar and Guy Fieri were hanging out at a Ruby Tuesday and that they were going to have a Tit Contest. A Tit Contest is where two men bet on how many tits they can suck in one night. You better believe I was heading down there. At first, I thought he was making it up.

BOBBY: Bobby Roo wouldn't miss a Tit Contest for the world. If a Tit Contest gets serious enough, women just assume you are a part of it. And sometimes you can get some sucking in before they realize that you aren't Sammy Hagar.

PLINY: That got rid of em pretty quick. It actually turned out that Sammy Hagar and Guy Fieri were both there, and that they were coincidentally having a Tit Contest.

DONNA: Guy Fieri sucked my tit, just one, and then he took a drink from a milkshake real quick and pretended that sucking my tit gave him a milk mustache. It was so funny. Not a dry eye in the house.

BOBBY: None of the chicks there bought my lie about being the drummer in Hagar's new band, mostly because I couldn't remember the name of the band and guessed "Pussy Party". But I did convince a girl that I lost all feeling in my left hand in Iraq and she agreed to sit on it as long as I stopped talking to her. But I felt it all. I felt EVERYTHING.

PLINY: So I bought a day and some change with Bobby and Donna out of the way, and I got to work on this whole MENSA Annex thing. I snuck into the bathroom and when their meeting started, I just tried to blend in.

JANINE: On the very first meeting we had at the annex, everything seemed fine. We ran through the last minute meetings, new members, and then this bizarre looking man shambled out of the bathroom. He put his hands in his pockets and started whistling and sat down. Kind of how, like, people would act inconspicuous in a cartoon. He kind of looked like a human Hanna-Barbera drawing. Like an older Shaggy with a little bit of Scrappy Doo DNA. So I asked him who he was and if he had signed in yet.

PLINY: You know, I played it cool, I had an alibi and everything. She hands me the form and I sign it and hand it right back.

JANINE: He had signed it as "Professor Bigtime" and, well, he clearly wasn't in MENSA. He was wearing what appeared to be mesh shoes and one of his toenails had clearly cut through the mesh and reached fresh air. He had a mushroom growing out of his left ear. He did have a really nice pocket watch, though. His pockets on his board shorts had holes in it, though, so he tucked it into his underwear. Didn't know how to place that.

PLINY: She does the whole, I don't see your name on our registrar, you know, she plays the game. She knows I'm not supposed to be there and I know that I'm not supposed to be there, but she doesn't wanna say it. So I'm just stretching for more and more time, making stuff up. Pretty believable honestly. I was doing quite well.

JANINE: He said that he was a Phrenology Professor at Hamburger University. I asked him to leave.

PLINY: So I said, you know, alright, alright, you got me. I'm not Professor Bigtime. But I do want to join your organization, so sign me up and you can continue. She says that I gotta take the test. So ok, I said, I'll take the test. She says you gotta take the test tomorrow. I said okay I'll wait til then. She said you cannot wait until then. So I said well that's fine I'll just go wait in the bathroom. She says why would you want to hang out in the bathroom all night? ANd that's when I freaked out and I sprinted as fast as I could out of the room.

JANINE: He was being weird and obstinate but the second I asked him why he wanted to spend so much time in the bathroom, he just started freaking out. I am not exaggerating. It was an old school freak out. Just flipping tables, knocking stuff on the floor, just screaming this single monotone AHHHHH without even breathing.

PLINY: (Monotone, almost bored) Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh (for like, as long as you possible can in one breath)

JANINE: It seemed pretty apparent that we had some kind of elderly, unstable, bathroom obsessed man in our midst. For about thirty seconds, he screamed, flipped a table, poured a bunch of soda on his head and just made gestures at the bathroom door. It was odd.

PLINY: You know, I sent Donna and Bobby away, because I didn't want this very thing happening. So I was, as I was freaking out, feeling a bit low. I get it all out of my system and sprint for the door to leave with my dignity intact. That's when she did it. That's when she made an enemy for life.

JANINE: I do not recall what I said to the old man after he freaked out and left, no.

BOBBY: When Pliny told me what Professor Glasses said, man, I uh - Listen. I told Pliny how it is. I'm a crazy, fringe type of person. Let's get her. I'll put lye in my fingernails and scratch her up. I'll swallow acid and spit it at her. I'll chew her up - no trick to it - i'll chew her up. I'll chew her with my teeth. I'll fuck her car. I'll start a chemical fire in her house. Electrical fire. Whatever. I'll do whatever it takes. I'll set traps everywhere. Nailguns rigged up to a tripwire. That kind of stuff.

DONNA: I was stunned. I mean. Who does that? Who says that to a person.

PLINY: She called me... immature. She said hanging out in toilets is immature. It cut me really deep.

BOBBY: I wanted to kill her. Can I say that? Is that illegal to admit? I did. I tried to, even. I couldn't find her house. I tried following her home by, uh, skitching on her car, you know, with my skateboard. She slammed on the breaks once or twice to try to get rid of me, but I held on. Then she got on the freeway, uh, and really flying, going like a hundred miles an hour. I was wearing these loose fitted clothes, stuff I was into at the time. Real loose billowy button up shirts. Zubaz. It sort of became like a big parachute and she was going so fast that all of a sudden, before I know it, I'm just flying through the air, you know, on an updraft, going over a hundred. And, uh, I know it sounds crazy, completely, unbelievable, unrealistic... like uh, it seems like a Looney Tune bit, but it is what it is, and I uh, I eventually just sort of a landed into the bed of a truck filled with straw for, uh, chickens, and uh, when I landed I stuck my head up, and one of the chickens laid an egg on my head. I understand you if you don't believe me. It's... childish even, as far as lies go, only really logical if you are inside of a cartoon. But it is what it is. That's how mad I got. You don't call a Terre Haute Bathroom Club Member immature. It's an attack on all of us.

JANINE: I had thought, surely that was the last I would be seeing of them. You know? It is really immature to have a bathroom club though, right? From what I understand, they all have houses. They have houses with bathrooms in them. Why are they so fixated on public restrooms? And why are they so insistent on using the one that is in an annex building that MENSA uses? It almost doesn't make any narrative sense at all. It is almost all completely ridiculous and fabricated, right?

PLINY: Well, after that first run in, I went home to lick my wounds. I thought long and hard about what my next move was. And it just kept gnawing at me. MENSA. Just a club for smart guys who think they were more smarter than me. But what if I proved I was more smarter than them? How could I prove more smart? Me the most smartest for sure. But how? That's when it all clicked. I called an emergency meeting for the next morning. Only Bobo showed up. I guess

Bobby and Donna did some nasty stuff with Sammy Hagar or something and couldn't make it. Donna woke up in Sammy Hagar's car, which I guess is shaped like a surfboard. So I said, maybe tomorrow, and he said ok. And then the next day they all showed up. And I looked at Donna, Bobby and Bobo and I said "Bobo, you are getting into MENSA." And then a butterfly landed on his nose.

DONNA: I mean, it was a solid plan. The first step was to hook Bobo up with the Bobby's spy guy. I never knew what for - or why Bobby had a spy - but he had a spy.

PLINY: I would ask Bobby, why do you have a spy? And he would just grin. I asked, is it a sexual thing? And he just grinned even bigger. Then I was, well, I was little scared, so I, you know, wanted to clarify, so I said, you know, is it safe? Is this safe? Is everyone safe? And then he just grinned even bigger than before. So, that's when I learned to stop asking Bobby questions.

BOBBY: He's a pretty good spy, real James Bond type, can get in anywhere. Oh, he's good, he's good at what he does. Oh, yes. Oh yes indeed. It makes everyone really jealous that I have a spy.

DONNA: It made me incredibly uncomfortable to realize that Bobby had a spy because I realized when he brought him in is that Bobby's spy was actually, um, well he might not have been a guy I dated in the past, because he told me his name was James Bond Jr, and now I probably realize that was a fake name and that Bobby was just spying on me.

PLINY: Anyway, Bobby's spy hooked us up with big fake coke bottle glasses with cameras in them, earpieces, audio surveillance equipment, big old listening horns, shoes that have mirrors on the top of them so you can see everything more better, pens that take video, stuff like that.

BOBBY: We rigged up Bobo head to toe in spy shit. He looked fucked up. Those glasses made his eyes look huge. He looked like Baby Huey pressed up against a fishbowl. The next Saturday morning that came around, we enrolled Bobo into the MENSA test. And we were going to beat it.

(music swelling)

GRANT: My name is Grant Cod, I oversee testing for the Western Indiana MENSA chapter, I am a graduate student at Indiana State University getting my Master's in Public Administration, after which I hope to become a City Manager or Policy analyst. Originally, I had hoped to enter the political realm and run for political office, but, uh, I have been informed by multiple people, sometimes on the same day, multiple times, that I do not possess the acumen or ability to be charismatic - to any one - in almost any way.

PLINY: The testing guy knew my face. So I was out of the operation. I positioned myself in the main library at one of the desktop computers. The plan was to just google everything I saw through Bobo's spy glasses and to whisper it into this earpiece so he could write it down.

DONNA: It was my job to introduce myself to the test giver - He was a lumpy, odd little guy. We all called him Captain Spock, because he reminded us of that famous nerd Spock.

BOBBY: Donna screwed it up from the get go. She was supposed to offer the guy hand stuff straight from the jump.

PLINY: Donna didn't like the plan, but technically, she did agree with the plan initially.

DONNA: No one just wants to jump straight into hand stuff. From soft... to hand stuff. That would be so awkward for most guys, right? Like even though they want to get with me because I'm hot as shit or whatever, there still has to be a little... a little dance, a little seduction. It's way too brazen to just walk up to some nerd and go "can I give you hand stuff?" Seriously, that was their plan.

BOBBY: Hand stuff would have worked.

PLINY: I do think the hand stuff would have worked.

BOBBY: Listen, Director - ask Captain Spock if it would have worked? Ask him if she walked up and said "Do you want some hand stuff?" would you have let her do it.

GRANT: Since I have already given up on running for public office I guess I can just say, yes, if she had followed me into the bathroom or something, if it was off of the Library floor, yes, probably. I wouldn't be proud of it, I wouldn't tell anyone, but yes, I would have allowed it to happen.

DONNA: They didn't even tell me why I was supposed to do that. They didn't mention any documents he had, or any specific reason why I was supposed to do that. It was a dumb plan.

PLINY: No, I don't remember why she was supposed to do that.

BOBBY: Why? Uh, I remember. Uh. Oh, yeah, I thought it would put him in a good mood so he would grade easier.

DONNA: Okay, I don't care what he said, why would that make it easier? We were already cheating on the answers to the test.

GRANT: What I remember from that day is that we had two potential members taking the test. These tests have to be overseen pretty rigidly. No uses of any technological devices, no talking, limited bathroom breaks. These tests can only be taken once. There is no redo. So, I get there

early, like ten thirty or so, and I go to the Library to check in and get let into the annex. First thing that happens is that a woman comes in and starts talking to me. She said you look pretty strong. I said thank you ma'am but maybe you should get your eyes checked. She said wow you're a genius and I said well I don't know about that. And then she said you are pretty hot for an egghead. I said thank you ma'am. She said don't call me ma'am call me Donna. I say okay Donna my name is Grant. She said I don't care what you are called but I know a great piece of meat when I see one. I said thank you ma'am I mean thank you Donna. She said I bet you eggheads are really good with the ladies because you know where all the ladies buttons are. I said I don't know what you mean. She said all the different g-spots. I said what's a g-spot. Then she it was in her jean shorts. I said thank you Donna for teaching me about the g-spot. She said Oh Jesus Christ man don't you get it. I said get what. And then she said I forgot why I'm even trying to get you all horny and stuff. I said thank you for trying that - to do that to me I mean, Donna. She said do you have to go to the bathroom I said no thank you. Then she said I should go anyway. And then she said, fuck it, nevermind. I'm gonna go jack someone else. I said thank you. And then she left.

BOBBY: I was running Chaos Operations at the time. That's what I called it when I clambered on the roof, stomping on it, trying to scare people and mix stuff up. If at any time Bobo was about to get found out, I was going to go flying through the skylight to extract him.

PLINY: We were all in position. Bobo pulls up in his 1979 Mazda RX7, I tell you, that thing was flying, he came swerving in, sliding right up to the curve, going like 30 in the parking lot. It was far out man.

BOBBY: Yeah, I saw that from the roof. Bobo is like the protagonist from Grand Theft Auto 3 if he had permanent cauliflower ear and 100/20 vision. That car though, oooh. Like a little jet turbo fueled dog dick darting around ton, blowing it's little dog jizz everywhere.

PLINY: I immediately sit him down and start jamming stuff into Bobo's ear, putting these big glasses on him, a backpack full of batteries on his back, you know, he's not fighting back, he knows the plan, I'm running wires from the glasses to the backpack, you know, throwing in the bluetooth thing or whatever Bobby's spy got. We head back to the computer, we do a couple checks, things seem to be working good, I can see what he sees with his glasses, it's all set to go. I was having a lot of fun, to be honest. I felt like the hacker in Ocean's 11. Not iron man's friend. The Jewish one. Well, I don't know if it ever said he's Jewish in the movie, but like, cmon man. Can you cut this if it is bad but if it isn't bad could you leave this in?

BOBBY: So I'm sitting on the roof for a few minutes, just waiting. Then I see Donna come walking out of the annex. It's hard to look at a woman and tell if she just jacked somebody or not. Women are deceptive by nature, it's part of sexual evolution. Women don't want to broadcast their sexual activities for fear that it would lower their sexual value. So looking at her I couldn't tell if she jacked the guy off or not. Because of the inherent deception and penchant for trickery that all women were born with.

PLINY: I was working as fast as I could to get Bobo ready for the test, and I don't know how but Bobby is tapped into the audio, and he tells us that Donna left the annex and that "her hands appeared dry". So I start rushing faster and faster, just testing everything real quick, you know, the whole time he's going on one of those misogynist rants that he likes to go on so much.

DONNA: I saw him up on that building, and I'm frustrated already, you know, because the guy was like, a mannequin. He just froze up. And then I was like, even more frustrated because I don't even know why this was my job. You know, I should have been the one taking the test to join MENSA. And then this asshole on the roof yells something, and I can't make out exactly what, but I can just look at Bobby's body language and can tell he's going on another misogynist rant. So I'm like ok. Ok. I got you. Maybe I got my own plan in this little thing after all.

PLINY: I just pushed Bobo into the annex. I thought it was a good plan and I wanted to see it through.

GRANT: After the woman that talked about jacking me off but didn't left, I was pretty confused. We only had two people signed up to take the test and most of the time, people that sign up to take it don't even show up. So I was expecting to sit on my phone and watch a bunch of Youtube videos of animals of different species being friends with each other. But then this really big guy walks up, and he's wearing these big glasses and this backpack and, you know, his back is covered in wires, and I immediately thought, You know, this guy looks like the real deal to me. This guy looks like a genius. With glasses that big? You gotta be kidding me.

PLINY: Well, Bobo goes through the door, right, and the guy doing the test was just... way, way nicer than I anticipated. He says oh you must be here for the test, hello, I'm sure it won't be a problem for you, have a seat, do you need anything, any water, I'm looking forward to you joining us, etc. He asked him what he thinks of standardized testing. I don't even know what that is. I told him to scoff and say "it is what it is".

GRANT: We had a pretty good conversation about academia and higher education in general. I waited about fifteen minutes to see if the other person would show up, and they didn't, so we got started. I noticed something was unique about this man right away. He was writing so feverishly and passionately that he broke pencil after pencil.

BOBBY: I was watching through the skylight. We hit a hitch in the plan because Bobo wiped a bunch of peanut butter on his glasses. So, you know, immediately in my head, I gave up. You know? Like, if you're going to have these big plans, it sucks when they don't work out, and I didn't want to be disappointed, so when I saw the glasses were messed up with the peanut butter I just looked into the parking lot and I saw a single mother and I just jumped off the roof into a bush so I could go talk to her and get to know her more better.

GRANT: During the test, I did notice some odd behavior, but I just assumed it was odd behavior like, uh, that geniuses do. Like when they talk about geniuses in movies they are always like, talking to themselves or peeing in jars. Sometimes, people are so smart that they see equations

floating around in the air while they were thinking. I thought that was happening with Bobo. I still don't buy it. I don't think he cheated on the test. He kept saying Sorry, I'm hungry, I'm bored, my glasses hurt, me hungry, I need to take a number two, stuff like that. Thought he was Beautiful Minding. My bad.

JANINE: We did not hear about the young man talking during his test, no. Or any of the other suspicious stuff that Grant somehow missed. He tried to explain it to me that he thought that the man was Beautiful Minding, but I didn't know what that meant.

GRANT: I told Janine that I thought he was Beautiful Minding, and she said that's not a thing, I said have you seen the movie, she said yeah, I said with the equations and stuff, and she said so what? So I said, that's what I thought he was doing. And she said seeing equations? And I said yeah. And she said no, those were digital effects. I said yeah, I know, but he actually saw them. And she said how do you know? And to be honest, I guess, yeah, I guess I didn't know that he saw equations. I just thought... I don't know.. I just thought it was cool. That that would be a cool thing that would happen. I just never really analyzed it, you know.

PLINY: So Bobby jumps off the roof, you know, mid-misogynistic rant. He had actually finished the first one, the first misogynistic rant, and he was cool for a minute, and then started a whole new one about, I think it was about how women don't respect power anymore? I am not sure. He kept saying "it is natural for women to want to taste the lash." I was like, shut up man, and he jumped off the roof. Could have just like, taken the stairs. But he says he's good with the bush thing. He calls it Assassins Creeding. I don't know what that means. I didn't see Bobby all week after that, so I guess he was mad at me.

JANINE: I got a report from Grant via email right after, that notified us that we had a new member of MENSA. Bobo. I didn't think much of it at the time.

GRANT: So we finish the test, Bobo was done in like, you know, 30 minutes. I was really impressed. He scored really high. There was only one really weird thing. Even though he wrote everything normally, he only signed his name with an X. Kind of like how illiterate men did like 150 years ago? That was odd. But, again, Beautiful Minding. I was pretty locked in to thinking this guy was beautiful minding. I had just watched Beautiful Mind the night before.

JANINE: I added Bobo to our roster for the meeting next Saturday and that was that. I was a little confused as to why Bobo had no last name, which I thought would be something easier to clarify in person. Having one named, I considered that they were either a Guru or a Cher-type person. Like a Cher, or a Prince, or... Tiesto.

GRANT: I was excited to see what Bobo would bring to the table at our meetings. New blood was always exciting.

JANINE: Bono, I guess counts, Adele, Beck. Beck is one. Sinbad, if you remember him. Liberace. Hammurabi. If you wanna go way back, Hammurabi. I don't think we even invented

last names yet so I'm not sure if he counts. Confucius. Same thing I think. Sting. Remember Sting. And Fergie too. I think there are two Fergies.

GRANT: Since it's all wrapped up, I start packing up my stuff and cleaning up, getting ready to leave. I start walking to my car and up rushing up in front of me is the jacker woman. You know, the one from earlier, who came in and said stuff about the bathroom, and trying to make me horny and stuff and then got mad at me I think.

DONNA: I had this elaborate plan where I was going to actually take the test and prove I was smart enough to join without cheating. I'm not dumb. I'm not a dumb person. Do you think a dumb person could get a restraining order from Neil DeGrasse Tyson?

GRANT: I was leaving, so I said the testing was over. Also, she didn't sign up. So she said actually, you were waiting for someone, and that person was me. And so I said what's your name. And then she paused and looked at me for a really long time. I was looking at her, she was looking at me, and she was just kind of quiet, then she said "Sarah". So I said earlier you said your name was Donna. And she said it's also Sarah so I said ok. AND then she just sighed and started reaching for my belt buckle. She started undoing my belt buckle, you know, out in front of the library, you know, next to the parking lot. And I said what are you doing, this is the middle of public. And she said well I'm not going to a second location with a guy like you. There's no way I'm going to your sparse, depressing apartment. And that hurt my feelings. I didn't even want to get jacked.

DONNA: You know a guy like that, you know, back then, it was probably like Thundercats and Dungeons and Dragons stuff. He-Man. Even if you look at modern nerds, or even 90s nerds, you know those guys at least tried to have a single hobby that women might also like. No one hated pussy like 80s nerds did. It was all swords and cartoons and - it was just awful. 80s nerds make nerds now look like Peter North. There was no way I was going to see what his twin bed looked like.

GRANT: Obviously, my apartment is very depressing, I don't even sleep on a twin bed. I sleep on a wrestling mat on the floor because of a back thing. I don't have to defend myself though. I don't have to explain myself to anyone, especially a woman in a sequined denim vest who is trying to masturbate me in the middle of the street.

DONNA: At that point someone who worked for the library came out with a hose and started spraying me. Well, us. I caught the worst of it, yeah. But they got him too.

GRANT: I understand the Library's decision to spray me with the hose. We live in a society with rules. The hose was warranted. I just shamefully slunk off, you know, classic dog posture, head low. My car was parked there but I just left it and ran home.

DONNA: That's the last I saw of the gang until a week later. We made it so Bobo was going to sneak into the MENSA meeting where we would get revenge. You know, revenge for them

calling Pliny... what did she call him? I can't remember what it was but I do remember the feeling it gave me, which was that I wanted revenge.

PLINY: I didn't see Bobby or Donna all week. They just went off the grid. It's not that unusual. One time Bobby just got caught in the sewer system and couldn't get out. Donna gets free flights from her pilot boyfriend and then they get into a fight and, you know, he abandons her in like, Fort Worth or something and she's got to take a 2 day bus trip back. It happens.

JANINE: It was supposed to be a normal meeting. We were going to discuss adding a small lecture series to our weekly meetings that would be given by a different member each week. Topics would range from physics to biology to political theory to history, extremely focused and nuanced discussions on relevant topics, futurism, the emerging computer market, globalism, colonialism, that's the kind of stuff WE talk about. WE don't discuss bathrooms, finding bathrooms, hanging out in the bathrooms, crapping, pooping. We are a collection of geniuses, who have paid to join a club for geniuses, and we talk about stuff for geniuses, and we have all these titles and these PHDs and these awards for civic service, and we look at those and look at each other and we all tell each other just how accomplished we are, how many great things we have done, and how smart we all are. Sure, no one ever consults with us, you know, the President never goes like, hold on, what's MENSA think about this, or anything but... you know, they could. If they just rang us. If they ever got on the horn and, you know, wanted to know what we thought of Nuclear Disarmament or something. Just one call away. Or even Congress or something, if they wanted us to talk to them, or whatever, we would do it. Even the news. The local news. I don't know why they don't ask us anything. Like, honestly. We are an organization of GENIUSES. We talk about stuff like... Voltaire. And no one cares. No one cares. That's so impressive. We talk about Voltaire in our FREE TIME. Can you even imagine? And these fucking dogs, they are LOWER than animals, they are subhuman. And you make a documentary on them. On the bathroom guys. And we are what, the villains? Because we're smart? And we're mad that no one is like, fucking thanking us for being so smart? That we aren't in Congress talking about smart shit and everyone applauds? You should be fucking ashamed of yourselves.

PLINY: That Friday was, uh, the big moment. The meeting. I meet up with Bobo before hand, and uh, there was a problem. Bobo hadn't taken off the spy stuff since I last saw him. He'd been wearing an earpiece, the glasses, and a backpack full of batteries and other stuff the whole week. It had gotten so hot from just constantly running that, you know, it melted and I think it made Bobo pretty sick. He couldn't see anything because of how thick the glasses were, and I took out this hard drive and it was just a week of watching Bobo's life. And just -- no one believes me, but Bobo is basically constantly fucking the most beautiful women I had ever seen constantly. Constantly. Like, they just show up at his door. He just constantly got the easiest and most high quality sex I had ever seen in my life. I guess the battery ran hot and he had it on when he slept, some wires melted and I think the fumes stunk up the room, uh, he showered with it on I think... he was in rough shape. His eyes were red, he couldn't breathe, he could barely talk. I had to do some quick thinking. I had a plan. I decided to weekend at bernies it. By

that I mean, I just put sunglasses on him. I can't lift him up or anything. I guess that's not really a plan I just gave him sunglasses.

JANINE: The meeting starts. I ask our new member to introduce himself, he kind of waves it off, Grant says he isn't feeling well and we should just move along, so I move it along. We start handling some of the more boring business, you know, nothing to exhilarating, you know.

GRANT: Yeah, Bobo looked quite sick, um, which scared me. I don't if you've seen A Beautiful Mind, but uh, yeah, it ends with him not doing so hot. So I started to get pretty scared for the guy.

PLINY: I was having difficulties talking to Bobo, because he was not responsive. You know, we had a whole plan. And now Bobby and Donna didn't show up, I was like, man. This is a big waste of time. I'm the only on this. And then things started getting weird.

GRANT: Bobo really perked up when the guest speaker started. They were a food scientist discussing McDonalds and the problems with fast food. And, you know, all of a sudden Bobo gets the steely, sagely look in his eyes. He's asking all these questions, almost leading the conversation, and his knowledge of the fast food process with, you know, genius.

JANINE: I was very happy with the new member at that time. Bobo displayed a real wealth of knowledge regarding modern fast food science. He knew all about the process of treating the lean beef scraps with ammonia, forming the paste, the wealth of antibiotics, the types of antibiotics. Potassium sorbate, food additives, food coloring. It was a long conversation. We went fifteen minutes over the allotted time. The only odd thing, at the end everyone was in agreement, saying they would never eat McDonalds again. And Bobo looked personally hurt by that. He kept saying, why, why? He got visibly depressed, he started slumping. And just then, some awful woman kicks open the door and starts yelling about jacking some guy and pointing at Grant.

DONNA: I had to take a bus from Fort Worth all the way back to Terre Haute, but it ran through Daytona Beach, so I stayed there for a few days, you know, because Supertramp was in town and I was trying to get jacked in, so I could have a kid and stuff. I wanted to trap them, you know, legally, to me, financially. But when I got back, I was seething with anger, I wanted revenge. That nerd that I was trying to jack basically screwed me over by not getting jacked by me. So. I wanted to cause a scene.

PLINY: Donna comes in, I only got audio at this point, but she's screaming about jacking, and Supertramp, and stuff like that, and she kept saying that one of the nerds cheated on him or something. Honestly, I don't know what she was trying to say.

DONNA: I said, you know, this little nerd here said that if I jacked him off he'd put me in MENSA. And I did it and I'm not in MENSA. And he goes 'you never jacked me and I never said that.' I said 'don't lie for all these people.' He goes, 'I'm not lying, you grabbed my belt and we got

sprayed with the hose, but I never think you actually even touched any of the stuff.' And I said are you sure? And he said yeah. You didn't jack me. I said Oh. And I thought for a second. And then I said 'you would have let me in MENSA if I would have jacked you, right?' And he said 'probably not.' And then the mean lady, professor Glasses, says 'Probably?' And I'm like 'stay out of this, bitch, this is my man.' And he says 'I'm not your man'. And I said 'Oh?'

JANINE: This woman just stood there, in like, head to toe white denim, just staring blankly at Grant. He didn't know who this woman was. So I very politely asked her to leave.

GRANT: When Janine asked her to leave, Donna just turned to her and just said, is this bitch the one you are cheating on me with, and I said no we aren't together, me or you, or me or her, so, you know. No one's had sex with me. No one's jacked me. So I feel like I shouldn't be in this situation.

PLINY: At this point, I think Bobo was still festering about the McDonald's thing. And the mood of the room changed when Donna entered it, which is normal, but I think Bobo felt too negativity, so he started screaming McDonalds and flipping tables. Now, he's a big guy. He's strong. He's all core strength, no glamour muscles. His torso is just like a big elbow, he's solid. So I abandon my post and start running in to deescalate.

JANINE: At this point, with one woman screaming about jacking it and another, larger man flipping tables, I headed for the exit. I was stopped by one of the most ghoulish sites I had ever seen.

BOBBY: A week prior, when I had jumped off the roof because I was bored, I missed the bush. I really botched. It was like two stories tall, and uh, even though I'm young enough to get the job done and old enough to know what I'm doing, if you catch me drift, I'm not as young as I used to be. Later on, doctors would tell me that I shattered both of my ankles and my kneecaps, and the entirety of my right arm. And when I fell, I didn't want anyone to know I botched, so I crawled under the bush so no one would see me. But then I got lightheaded and I fell asleep. I think I rode the dragon of infection and blood loss for about a week straight, constantly coming in and out of consciousness, seeing my life flash before my eyes, that kind of thing. The second I got the strength to stand, I did. I just headed into the annex and all those nerds were there.

JANINE: A very bloody and broken man, who just looked like old hamburger meat from head to toe, he just stops and he looks me up and down. He's just sizing me up. I froze. It was horrid. And he slipped into this sick little disgusting sly smile, looking right at me. A bone in his leg was out and you could like, he was a guy with mold on him. He had mold on his body. Like fuzzy, teal mold. And with his one working arm, he struggles down to start, you know grabbing his genitalia.

BOBBY: I saw this lady, Professor Glasses, and I uh, you know, something kicked in instinctually. I realized I hadn't had sex in over a week, and yes, while I did need medical attention badly and could very easily die during any type of sex, my primary need won out over

my animalistic survival mechanisms. Oh yeah, I wanted her. I don't know if medically my dick could get hard or not, but, it'd still do something. So I just lit off one of my killer lines.

GRANT: So this zombie looking man walks through the door and he's covered in mold, you know, like he's bread or something, and he grabs his dick and asks Janine if she wants to take a ride on the Bobby Copter. And she says What? And he says the Bobby Copter. And she goes excuse me? And he says do you wanna take a ride on the Bobby Copter. And she goes who's Bobby? And he immediately starts throwing up, a lot, and it is dark colored throw up, which, I'm not a doctor, but that is a bad sign.

PLINY: I burst through the door, and there's Bobby, throwing up blood, and other colors, I guess like, he was throwing up all 4 humours. Yellow, red, black and uh. Looked like a good amount of baja blast, so like, Teal? And Bobo is flipping tables, Donna is sunburnt as hell, and she's just yelling, focused on Janine, so she starts grabbing her by the hair and spinning her around, which is her main move in a fight if the woman doesn't have earrings.

JANINE: I get attacked by a badly sunburnt woman in head to toe white denim, and she starts pulling my hair, I attempt to push her away, and in this I accidentally grab her big, hoop earrings. I was just trying to get away.

GRANT: I guess Janine and Donna started fighting over me or something, um, this really old, crusty guy barges in and heads straight for Bobo. He's stripping him of his backpack, and I see all these wires and camera and all this stuff that's on Bobo, and I start to put the pieces together... see, in a A Beautiful Mind he thought he was working for the CIA when he wasn't, he was just schizophrenic. But what I didn't realize is that Bobo must be smarter than the Beautiful Mind guy, because he actually does work for the CIA. So I immediately attack the Old man, thinking that he is some sort of counterspy.

BOBBY: It was a real big mess. Like the parking lot of the Daytona 500 but with a tiny bit more puke and blood and way less jean shorts. Let me tell you something, a man who is unafraid of hanging out in urinals can have a lot of low quality sex at the Daytona 500.

JANINE: There was blood, vomit, broken furniture, earrings, hair and other things tossed everywhere. People were mumbling about McDonalds, jizzing, the throwing up man was having some sort of horny memory out loud about the Daytona 500, he kept pretending to try to break up the fight of me and the other woman when in reality he was just basically rubbing against us. His hands were both broken and you could tell it put him in immense pain to touch us, but I think he was kind of leaning into the pain and making that part of the sexual experience somehow. Grant was attacking an old man with a chair, and actually got him pretty good in the head and he was still talking about A Beautiful Mind and the CIA. It was an absolute mess.

PLINY: I took a chair to the head pretty good, you know, but I've been around the block a few times so one chair is like, okay buddy, sure, you got me. I did what I usually did and played dead.

JANINE: At this point, the Library staff showed up and opened the door and started spraying everyone with the hose.

DONNA: I immediately ran. I had gotten a really fringed out and permed up haircut in Daytona Beach, I had gotten it bleached pretty thoroughly and the hairdresser had told me that if any water touches my hair for the next three days it would just turn into a playdoh like consistency permanently. I left the Terre Haute Bathroom Club that day. It just seems like it had run its course.

PLINY: I played dead all through hosing. Basically a shower. I flipped over at one point and they actually got my back for me. Nice staff there.

BOBBY: I actually got too horny trying to break up the fight and I got physically aroused. The problem was that I didn't have enough blood left in my body to do so. Something in physiology decided that, uh, my penis needed the blood more than my brain did, and the second I got hard I also passed out. I was in a coma for ten years. While I was in hospice care, you know, they soon discovered that I would get deathly ill if I didn't, you know, get taken care of in the genitalia region with some hand relief, if you get my drift. I was only in the coma for ten years, but I faked it for another year because they were regularly jacking me off.

PLINY: Bobo, me and him lost contact for awhile. I heard he was doing IT stuff in Tulsa for awhile and then a few years back he passed away. He got his head caught in a bannister and was dead in under 15 minutes. It's just one of those things I guess.

GRANT: Our MENSA branch folded after that. We got banned from the library, you know, all of us. It's a little disappointing, actually. Not the MENSA stuff, but uh, you know. No one ever jacked me off. They talked about it a lot, but you know. No one ever jacked me. Whatever.

PLINY: Since MENSA was banned from the library, you know, I considered it a win. Cause and effect. Professor Glasses called me immature. So you know what I did? I ruined her club by causing a bunch of people to freak out, get violence, puke, bleed everywhere, do weird, illegal and immoral sex weird stuff. Now that I think about it... I guess that was kind of immature.

JANINE: We lost a lot of members. Western Indiana MENSA became absorbed into Central Indiana MENSA and I lost my leadership Secretary position. But everything turned out okay. In the 90s I got to take a picture shaking Bill Clinton's hand. You think anyone of those cavepeople ever got to do that?

(Narrator voice) (NICK)

Bobby Roo emerged from his Coma in 1993. He was shot in the torso in 1995, when he tried to climb onstage at a Lisa Loeb show in order to show her some of his lewd photography. He was

in a coma for another ten years until Doctors realized he was faking it. Currently, he lives in Terre Haute where he owns a website that claims itself to be the Wikipedia of women's feet.

Donna Dollop is currently living in New York City. She won a lawsuit against the Jordache Jeans company in 1992 after her denim earrings got caught on a subway car and dragged her around the city for three days straight. She is currently living with her new boyfriend, Bill Clinton.

Stu Bat currently lives with his wife in Terre Haute. He was briefly arrested by the FBI in a 2016 mixup after it was revealed that a different group also named the Terre Haute Screaming Eagles had started up as a white nationalist militia slash esports streamer collective. Stu Bat was released shortly. He is not respected by his wife or children.

Pliny still lives in Terre Haute. He currently lives in an olds folks home. Other residents often complain that Pliny uses their bathrooms and goes through their stuff.

Grant Cod finished grad school in the mid 80s. He worked on the Dukakis Campaign for President in 1988, where he was described in the paper as "a more unattractive and less charismatic George Stephanopoulos. He still has not been jacked off.

Janine Johnson eventually became the leader of the Central Indiana MENSA in the early 90s. She worked at Monsanto, Raytheon, McDonald Douglas and IBM. She is currently works for a startup that connects consumers who want exotic meat with zoos who have aging animals.

(some music, then)

BOBBY: When you get older, you look at the enormity of your own life. You can hardly believe all the things you've done, the places you've been, the relationships you've had with people. You get a new perspective. If I could do it all over again? Change one thing about my life? Well. I wish I would have cum more. Yeah. That's it. That's the only thing that ever really mattered to me.