

CHEESECAKE

by

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INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

VELVET eats cheesecake and sips her coffee while LESTER timidly stares at her from across the table.

VELVET

I love cheesecake. I come here all the time because of the variety they have. So many options. The blueberry is the bomb when you're feeling tired and crabby. It kinds of just melts right into your mood and somehow cheers you up a bit when warming your tummy. I'll get the strawberry when I'm feeling hyper, the cherry when I'm feeling horny, the raspberry when I'm sexually satisfied and the coconut cheesecake, well, the coconut cheesecake is for when I'm feeling like one crazy bad ass bitch.

LESTER

What do you want from me?

Handing him a piece of paper and pencil.

VELVET

I want you to write down a list of names of all the people you work for.

LESTER

Do you realize what will happen to me?

VELVET

Yep.

LESTER

Why are you doing this?

VELVET

Look, see this?

Velvet holds up a piece of cheesecake on her fork.

This is the very last piece of my coconut cheesecake, which should give you a clue as to how I'm feeling right about now. I'm going to put it in my mouth, chew and by the time I begin to swallow, your hand better be scribbling its ass off.

Lester picks up the pencil.

LESTER

You've already neutered me. I'll never be the same...wasn't that enough?

Velvet puts her fork down and stares at Lester.
Apparently not. Okay, okay, I'm doing it now. I'm scribbling my ass off as you put it.

Lester writes on the paper. He slides it back across the table.

Here...I can't think of anyone else. That's everyone, everyone I know.

Velvet stands up to walk away.
They will kill us both.

VELVET

Oh, almost forgot.

Velvet rests a ziploc bag on the table containing Lester's balls.

Memory sake.

Lester looks inside the contents of the bag turning green.