

MICKEY'S CAKE

by

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INT. OFFICE - DAY

BOB streamlines toward ALISON, his intern.

BOB

Alison, I'm going in for a deuce.
Can you go make a fresh pot of
coffee while I release this
unforgiving monster into the
world?

ALISON

Ummm, okay.

BOB

What's wrong?

ALISON

You can just go use the bathroom,
you don't really need to inform me
of the details.

BOB

What details? (beat) Listen,
after I'm done releasing this sick
and deranged dump load, can you
come into my office, cause I want
to go over your progress?

ALISON

Oh, my, God.

BOB

What? You alright?

ALISON

You, just did it again.

BOB

Did what?

ALISON

Nothing, forget it, it's fine.
I'll go make the coffee now.

BOB

Right. Thanks. Wait! (Bob
freezes)(whispering) Do me a favor
real quick, Ally. Can you walk
over to that closet over there,
the one with the black door handle
and grab me some toilet paper,
please?

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

I'd go but I have a lot of pressure building up right now, I can barely move and I know there isn't any toilet paper left because I used the last roll in the stall this morning and you know...

ALISON

Woah.

Alison walks to the closet.

BOB

Hurry, it's a peeping Tom, a little turtle poking and winking going on.

Alison jogs back with toilet paper roll.
Too much of Mickey's leftover birthday cake. Hold on...don't move. (pause.) No sounds. (beat) It passed. I'm good. I'm good. I can make it downstairs now. Thanks for the roll!

Bob trots away.

Remember! Come to my room when you see I've come back from my drop off, alright?

ALISON

Got it! (to herself) Where am I? Who are these people?