

He growls and again and goes to kick NICE PERSON, who in one skillful move grabs MICKEY's foot and brings him to the ground as he lifts himself.

NICE PERSON

Perhaps this purchase might best be made over at the 'Creamy Love Fun' kiosk.

NICE PERSON exits.

PONOPOLY

What the hell was that?

MICKEY

(rising)

What the hell was that? What the hell was... you... and your... salty seductressing? And that shit about only having *one* true extra special friend? Flirting with another man, less than a minute after having me sign off on our relationship. In ink!

Pause.

PONOPOLY

You have a girlfriend, dickwad.

MICKEY

Uh no, sweet cream, cause I just dumped her so we could be together! You are my extra special friend!

LOUDSPEAKER

Attention. The mall is closing. Please exit the building and have a pleasant evening.

PONOPOLY

You don't even know my name!

MICKEY

It's Clare, isn't it? Wait. What is it?

PONOPOLY

Ponopoly.

MICKEY

Ponopoly, my love, you have made it abundantly clear that we are meant to be together. It was love at first touch.

PONOPOLY

What did that cream do to you?

MICKEY

It wasn't just the cream. I saw your goddamn soul.

PONOPOLY

Sir, I asked you not to be vulgar. Time to leave, okay?

PONOPOLY again tries to
wake the MANAGER.

MICKEY

Cinnabun, you can't deny it! You picked me out of the crowd.

PONOPOLY

I have a quota to meet!

MICKEY

You're seeing someone else? Named 'Quota'?

PONOPOLY

No. I... I have no interest in you. How can I be more plain?
And mall is closed.

MICKEY

No, it's clos-ing.

PONOPOLY

Please. Sir, this is not... how we do things.

MICKEY

Ohhhh. So I should wait outside?

PONOPOLY

I just want to go home...

MICKEY

Seriously? What was with all the innuendo? The signs? The way you touched me sent some pretty clear signals.

PONOPOLY

Is how I demonstrate product. I touch everyone like that.

MICKEY

Whore.

PONOPOLY

Leave now or I will be forced to get my manager!

MICKEY stays. She kicks MANAGER under kiosk, who grunts, but falls right back to sleep. She periodically attempts to wake him for the rest of the scene.

PONOPOLY

You have nothing I could possibly want!

MICKEY

Ah, I knew I forgot something! I know exactly what you want!

PONOPOLY

Really?

He holds out the Salt Dream bag.

PONOPOLY

No.

MICKEY

Yes, my little bunt cake! I remember now. You said yourself that rubbing this on you would make you bend to my every will and desire. So all I've got to do is squirt out some cream, slop it on you, and I've got you. It's irrefusable logic.

PONOPOLY

Irrefutable. And that's what we call a sales pitch. I think this new cream may have addled your brain.