

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN: AFTERNOON.

On the kitchen counter of a typical north Brooklyn apartment, a roll of paper towels with an animated face on it stands at attention. The expression of the eyes alternates between sad, resigned, defeated, thoughtful and angry.

MAURICE

Ugh. Another day of this shit. I can't deal with it anymore. I woke up this morning thinking, "not again. I literally can't take another day of this pointless nonsense. I have dreams. Ambitions. The soul of an artist. I'm wasting so much time here every day, doing stuff that has no meaning and that benefits nobody." Yesterday, my boss comes up to me and says, "hey, I don't need you to come into the office this weekend." Like I automatically would. As if I have nothing better to do than be at his beck and call. Like I'm in some kind of suspended animation, until he calls me and says he needs me to come in. Jackass. I hate my job. I'd almost rather be dead than go through another week of this crap. Why isn't anything in my life working out? I have no career, no money and my girlfriend didn't return my call last night. She's probably sleeping with some other guy. I'll bet she breaks up with me next time I see her. And on Wednesday morning when I was leaving her place, I said, "see you this weekend," she just replied, "let's talk." What the hell does that mean? "Let's talk"?!? Something's definitely up. I just wish I knew what it was. I should record a limited edition album about it. I'll write some tunes. Just me on an acoustic guitar.

(MORE)

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Singing. I'll release it as a limited edition cassette tape, and only make a hundred copies. Pitchfork'll love it. That'll show everybody.

A MAN walks onscreen, and grabs a mug from the towel beside the sink. He pours himself some piping hot coffee from the French press, and spills some. He picks up the roll of paper towels, rips off the sheet with the eyes and uses it to wipe up the spilled coffee as Maurice, surprised, protests and screams in pain. The man crumples up the paper towel, and throws it in the garbage before walking offscreen.

CUT TO: An overhead view of the inside of the garbage can, in which Maurice can be seen with a sheepish expression upon his face.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

I hate my life.

CUT TO: From across the kitchen and on top of the refrigerator, STANLEY the microwave over frowns.

STANLEY

Will you shut up? Yeesh. What a whiner.

- The End -