

CALLING IN CYST TO WORK

Alexis Turrentine

INT. HOME/OFFICE - MORNING

LUCY is calling her boss, MR. BILLINGS on the phone.

LUCY

Hi, Mr. Billings? This is Lucy.

MR. BILLINGS

Hi, Lucy. What can I do for you?

LUCY

I can't come to work, today. I have cancer.

MR. BILLINGS

What? Oh my goodness. That's terrible. I'm so sorry. You must be devastated. Did you just find out?

LUCY

Yes, this morning. WebMD confirmed it. The cyst I have is definitely cancer.

MR. BILLINGS

Wait a minute. Did you say WebMD confirmed your cancer? Lucy, that's not how it works. You need a doctor to confirm that kind of thing. Are you sure it's actually cancer? What does this *cyst* feel like, anyway?

LUCY

It's hard, it's pea-sized and it's growing! It's definitely cancer.

MR. BILLINGS

Yeah, but it's probably just a bump or maybe an ingrown hair or something. Can I ask where it is?

LUCY

It's on my chin. You know, I spent a lot of time in the sun, in my youth. I guess it's catching up to me.

MR. BILLINGS

On your chin? I bet it's just a pimple.

LUCY

No way! I've had pimples before. This one is way bigger and much more painful. I put cream on it days ago and it's still not going away. It's definitely cancer.

MR. BILLINGS

Sometimes, pimples just take some time to go away. Listen, I'm pretty sure this is nothing. I really need you here, at the office, today.

LUCY

I have a papercut and I can't expose myself to all those germs in my weakened, cancerous state. Joan doesn't even use the Lysol I gave her for Christmas. I put together the perfect anti-microbial Secret Santa gift and she hasn't touched it. It's still just sitting on her desk.

MR. BILLINGS

Lucy, we have a cleaning crew that comes in every night. They even wipe down our work spaces.

LUCY

(coughs)

Oh my God. I have TB. What if I'M the one who will infect everyone?

MR. BILLINGS

Lucy, you don't have TB.

LUCY

I get heart palpitations every time Hot Frank walks by my desk and every time I have to do a marketing presentation. I must have a heart arrhythmia.

MR. BILLINGS

That's normal, Lucy. It's called nerves. Hot Frank even gives ME heart palpitations. Damn, that guy is good looking. It's not fair, really.

LUCY

Oh my God. I'm sweating and I feel weak. I'm dying.

MR. BILLINGS

Is your AC on? It's the hottest day of the year so far. Have you eaten breakfast, yet? That could explain feeling weak.

LUCY

I just don't feel motivated anymore.

MR. BILLINGS

Some might call that laziness.

LUCY

I have a decreased interest in sex!

MR. BILLINGS

First, that's rather personal. Second, didn't your boyfriend just break up with you? Look, Lucy, you need to come in to work today. None of these are acceptable excuses for calling in sick.

LUCY

I can't leave my apartment. I'm agoraphobic.

MR. BILLINGS

Since when?

LUCY

Since now.

MR. BILLINGS

You're fired.

LUCY

OH MY GOD...my blood pressure just skyrocketed! This is it. This is how it all ends...

Mr. Billings hangs up. We hear a dial tone.

Blackout.