

# CLOSE SHAVE WITH BOBBY

A Humorous Monolog

by  
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Robert Miller, Sr., stands in front of the bathroom mirror, shaving.

Bobby? What was that? Bobby? (Listens) Bobby? Are you out there? Yes, I thought so. What was that Daddy heard. When did you take the key out of here, you little rascal? Don't play with Daddy this morning, son. Unlock the door like a good boy. (Looks worried) I didn't hear you unlock the door, Son.

(Continues shaving, then hums a little tune. Gets an inspiration) Say, Bobby, why aren't you watching Daddy shave? You don't want to? Oh. I've got a lot of nice foam. Want to make a beard on your face and play Santa Claus?--You know--we had so much fun the other morning, didn't we? I'll bet old Santa would find some nice goodies waiting for him. No? Well, then open the door, Bobby. Daddy's just about finished shaving.

What do you mean you don't want to open the door? I don't have time for jokes. Oh, you aren't joking.

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