

MAN WITH GUN

by

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INT. STARLIGHT DINER - BROAD DAYLIGHT

JACK waves a gun and RUSSEL holds a laundry bag.

JACK

Alright, everybody! This is a robbery! My name's Jack and we want your money.

RUSSEL

Dude, what?

JACK

Don't worry, I got this.

RUSSEL

Don't announce your name you stupid asshole.

JACK

Hey Russel, it's a psychological strategy.

RUSSEL

You are so stupid!

JACK

Be quiet! I'm the man with the gun. So, shut your pie hole and please allow for this robbery to commence. (to people in diner) Sorry folks, as I was saying before my partner in crime rudely interrupted, was that we want your cash and jewelry. Not your credit cards cause that shit gets traced. Russel is going around with an overpriced laundry bag we bought next-door, so don't do your laundry there and place your items calmly in the bag.

Russel reaches a feisty elderly lady.

LADY

I'm not giving you shit.

RUSSEL

What?

LADY

Want my hearing aid? You heard me dipshit. I'm not giving you shit.

JACK (TO RUSSEL)
What's the problem?

RUSSEL (TO JACK)
She says she won't give me shit.

JACK
Okay, fine, just move on, move on,
bro.

Lady starts laughing at Russel.

LADY
Bitch.

RUSSEL
Screw you, lady.

JACK
Stop talking, hurry up!

LADY
I'll kick your ass.

RUSSEL
Yeah, okay.

Lady stands up.

LADY
You see this diamond ring. (she
waves her ring in the air) I bet
you can't take it from me.

RUSSEL
I bet I can.

LADY
Try me.

Lady starts bouncing up and down like a pro boxer, with her
hands up ready to fist fight.

RUSSEL
Oh, yeah? You want some of this?
You want to try this?

JACK
Russel! Are you insane?!

Lady pops a punch in Russel's face. Russel staggers back.

LADY
Bitch.

Russel takes a swing at the lady who ducks and slips a wondrous amount of jabs to Russel's ribcage. Russel winces in pain.

Come on, I got more for you punk,
bitch.

JACK

Russel, she's kicking your ass,
forget it man. You're gonna lose!

RUSSEL

She's like ninety-three! No way
I'm losing.

LADY

Come on cry baby, pucker up.

Lady punches Russel clear in the face, ONE, TWO...here comes the wind up...THREE. She knocks Russel off his feet. He lands flat on a table.

Lady sits down victorious while a few other customers pat her on the back.

JACK

Russel? Russel?

Jack goes over to Russel.
Come on! We need to go.

RUSSEL

Did I get her?

JACK

You got her. Let's go. Hurry up.

Russel gets up.

RUSSEL

I'm up. (he looks at old lady) I
want a rematch.

LADY

That's what they all say.

Russel darts the woman a look and joins Jack in running out of the diner.