

KING OF THE YAWN

by

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INT. JALE'S OFFICE - EVENING

JALE stares up at the clock on the wall. He nods at the clock, stands up and walks out of his office.

Turning to Meg.

JALE

Is that another twinkie? Sure it is. I knew by the scent wafering its way into my office. Doesn't it disturb you every time you try to be discreet with the wrapper? I hear you. We all hear you chewing and swallowing all the while thinking you are diluting the noise. Not today. Not ever.

Points to her mouth.

Unsurprisingly, there's still a smudge on the corner of your mouth. I'll no longer have to stare at dried up food products on your cheeks or listen to your long winded farts or your conversations resonating up to my office window when you're outside with all the other sheep talking about finding someone special. (beat) Where's Dan?

Turns to see Dan.

There's good old suck up to your manager Dan. Wish I could apply the nickname Dan the Man to you but I can't. I will no longer need to watch you embarrass your manhood while you saunter around here like a scared puppy who only wishes to obey his master. I'd like to kick the hell out of you. You are a pathetic, spineless Mama's boy who likes to hide his ba ba and take secret sips when no one is looking. Look at yourself hunched over frightened of your own shadow. Don't worry Danny baby, no one's going to fire you as long as you keep—

Jale barks like a dog at Dan. Dan jumps.

Jale pulls out a hand gun and eyes Ed.

Oh, hi Ed. Good ole Ed. What would the world be if Ed wasn't in it? Give up? Absolutely the same. Ed, you have contributed absolutely nothing to your job. You push pencils around all day and act like you're busy working when all you do is look at nasty videos. Why? Because you're too busy being a closet pedophile but I've been on to you from day one you slimy bastard. Let's just thank God you don't work at a school and teach music class. Disgusting. Go wash your hands and let's get the rap sheet out on Eddie boy.

Noticing Ronda.

And there's Ronda. Ronda dear, nothing but problems and worries and stress. Am I right? Why don't I just put a bullet in your noggin' and call it a day if your life sucks so bad? Always crying, always wining. Drama for who, for what? No one knows because no one truly gives a damn about your daily weeping. You are the biggest cry baby this world has ever seen and you work right here with me and all the other loonies. Waaaaa.

Jale puts his attention on his Boss Harold. If it wasn't the king of the yawn himself. Brought up and brought in by Daddy. Money, money, money. Went to the most prestigious school, drove the fanciest cars, owns the most expensive toys...kidding yourself into thinking you earned it because you have this high ranking position from countless connections and screw overs. Spoiled blind. What a guy! A legend never to be forgotten! Whenever I walk by your office I hear your yawns. Did you know that? YAWWWWN.

(imitates obnoxious yawning)

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Each and every day without fail
because you are so rotten to your
core by way of lack of
achievement, that you have
accepted your surroundings as a
place of comfort and rest. I'd
like to gut you, you spoiled
prick! A born leader who --

CUT TO: KNOCK ON
JALE'S OFFICE DOOR:

INT. JALE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

MEG enters Jale's office.

MEG

Jale? We're all waiting for you in
the conference room. Cake, cake!

Meg smiles.

JALE

Oh. How wonderful. Going away cake
for me?

MEG

You betcha.

JALE

Your idea?

Meg nods excitedly.

JALE (CONT'D)

How thoughtful. Okay. Give me just
a second. I'll be there in a
jiffy.

MEG

You bethcha.

Meg smiles and leaves the room.

Jale takes out his gun.