

WAY OF THE WIFFLE BALL BAT

by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

JANE (mother) is doing paperwork on the living room table.
BLAKE (son) enters carrying a wrapped sandwich and a coke.

JANE
I'm not in the mood okay so don't
start your shit.

BLAKE
I just walked in the room.

JANE
That's all you need to do to get
on my nerves.

BLAKE
I'll go in the other room, forget
it.

JANE
You can come in here but don't
aggravate me.

BLAKE
I won't bother you.

Blake sits on couch. He unwraps his sandwich and eats
obnoxiously.

Jane looks over at Blake already annoyed.

JANE
Are you kidding me?

BLAKE (FOOD IN HIS MOUTH)
What?

JANE
I told you not to bother me.

BLAKE
I'm just eating my food. Can't I
eat?

JANE
You chew like a camel. Eat silent
or go in the other room.

BLAKE
Okay, okay, I'll eat
quiet...(sarcastically) not that
hard.

Jane gives Blake another annoyed look.

Blake starts at his food again. Extremely careful not to make noise. He takes a sip from his can of coke, looks over at Jane and succeeds in getting no response from her.

Blake become confident and stands up while chewing his food. He quietly jumps on one foot and then the other, all the while Jane does not hear or notice.

Blake takes another jump forward with both feet but suddenly appears panicked. He looks at Jane and clasps his throat. He places his sandwich on the couch trying to breathe.

Blake chokes and Jane notices.

JANE

Oh my God!

Jane hurries over to Blake. She can't get her arms around Blake.

You're too big to give the
hiemlich maneuver--oh no!

Jane darts around the living room and finds a plastic wiffle ball bat. She strikes Blake with it two or three times on his back, only causing him pain.

Blake falls to his knees. Jane gets on the couch and jumps on his back toppling them both over to the floor. The impact miraculously dislodges the food stuck in Blake's throat.

Did I get it? Did I get it?

BLAKE

I can breathe, I can breathe,
I'm---

JANE

You idiot! You almost killed me.
You are gonna be the death of me
yet!

Jane gets to her feet.

One of these days. Not today. But
one, one of these days you are
going to put me in an early grave.

BLAKE

I was choking!

JANE

I told you, you eat like a camel!

BLAKE

I was eating silently for you. I need to eat loud, so I don't choke!

JANE

Do me favor. Get away from me. Go inside! Get away, as far away as possible and eat as loud as you want!

BLAKE

Yeah, well that's what I'll do.

Blake grabs his sandwich and begins to leave the room.

JANE

Make sure you clean up this mess.

BLAKE

No reason to hit me with the wiffle ball bat.

JANE

You took me off guard.

BLAKE

Yeah, well you make no sense.

JANE

That's what you get for leaving your things around.