

## TICKING TIME BOMB

Now just hold onto the seat of your pants. This ain't asking. This is telling. The hell I'm gonna let you barge in here and tear me a new one. This mellow melon of mine might not be as ripe as it use to be but it works alright. All right? So, let me guess...you hate me. All right. I can understand that. It's good that you have your own opinion. Speak your mind. I'm fine with that. But this disrespect. Your disrespecting me. That has to change. Some say I'm deranged. My name use to mean something. A name's only good if you can back it up. Good luck making your name by killing me. As you can see, nobody cares. You were able to walk right up my front stairs and kicked the door in. What were you expecting? I haven't had protection in ages.

For full monologue contact me at [me@johnmcgie.com](mailto:me@johnmcgie.com).