

WIND OF CHANGE

Wind blowing.

It's a purging wind. The kind that whip your sins up in a tizzy. Is he still out there mowing the lawn? The man has all the sense of a penny pincher's retirement fund. Remember the last time it blew like this? It killed poor Mrs. Wilkinson's cat, Mr. Wilkinson. Her poor husband wasn't even dead and she names the cat after him. And now he's out mowing the lawn in the middle of a thunderstorm. Just because your wife named a pussy after you doesn't mean you have to be one. It's getting worse out there.

For full monologue contact me at me@johnmcgie.com.