

Listen to Me
by
Robert Campbell

robert@robertcampbell.net
818-752-4391

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

KEVIN, 30s, sits at the table eating cereal, and reading a book.

KATHERINE, late 20s-early 30s, walks in.

KATHERINE
(grabbing a skillet)
I'm gonna try and make an omelet.

KEVIN
(off-handedly)
Knock yourself out.

She winds up to smack herself in the head with the skillet.

KEVIN
(jumping up)
No! Stop! Don't move!

Katherine freezes in place.

KEVIN
Crap.
(speaking carefully)
Uh... Put down the skillet.
(she does)
Forget any of this happened. Go
take a shower, and go about your
day as you normally would.

Katherine leaves the room.

The sound of CHUCKLING fills the room.

KEVIN
(speaking to the air)
Not funny, jackass! And you know
that isn't what I meant when I
wished people would listen to me.

More laughter.

KEVIN
I've still got your pot of gold you
little Irish assbite. And one more
wish. Keep it up, and I'll wish
your pot of gold into a pot of dog
crap. Or better yet, I'll wish you
into a garden gnome, and ship you
to the Alaskan tundra. How'd you
like a polar bear scratching his
ass on your pointy hat?