

ZAP PRONTO JUNIOR

SPECK: Where is that moron? We are never going to round up the intruders if we don't work together. I cannot fathom why they would send one with a towering intellect such as mine on such a brutish mission. Why any common thug should be capable of subduing a couple of earthlings. And then to add insult to matter they would only allow me this, this puny excuse for a weapon. I know it's not the size of the weapon but how you use it. But it has been my experience that size matters. Yes, I have heard tales of a little blue pellet that magically enlarges your weapon but the armory is bristling with so many exquisitely large weapons. Weapons of Mass Destruction. Long, lovely barrels, gleaming with gun oil, of such a size that a single being can hardly handle them. Weapons that spew forth massive energies beyond comprehension. One cannot help but to be in awe of their bulging power packs. You must instantly respect such a weapon and fully submit to every whim of its bearer. Yet they will only allow me the Noisy Cricket. So here I am scouring the wastelands with just this tiny toy. How pathetic. All because of that one incident on Mirkitroid. The fools are merely jealous of my most formidable acumen. They will regret it one day. Mark my words... Where is that idiot?

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