

The Monologue Project

A with no E

© Pete Malicki 2020

Duration: 2 minutes

Gender: Male/Female

Style: Drama

Emotion: Pride, Obsession

Language: Dirty

I put a pot on the stove, balance the thermometer against the rim and carefully measure out the grounds. Gently press down on them with a spoon. Keep a close eye on the temperature as it boils, adjusting the gas as needed. Grounds in the strainer. Heat off, cool for thirty seconds. Precise volume of water in widening concentric circles to get the perfect infusion. Two thimbles of full fat milk and one sugar mixed in using a teardrop bar spoon.

The perfect coffee for the busy executive. How could he close the big deals without it? How could he slam his fist – that passionate slamming of the fist! – against his Californian redwood table as the lawyers shrink away from his piercing gaze and confident man-chest. Every extra lawyer who attends gets their very own fist slam so I never schedule more than three of them in case he flares up his RSI.

Julie from Accounts smirks as I place the tray outside Mr Fryberg's office. I give her my best withering look in return. The office plants all died from that look. Julie's just pissed because her husband's far more likely to have sex with me than her so I suppose I should feel sorry for the snooty cunt.

I sit at my workstation. Filing, travel bookings, conference scheduling, event administration, writing up minutes. Look up at Mr Fryberg's door every minute or two, just in case.

Five PM comes around. I collect the tray and take the coffee to the kitchen. Pour it down the sink. Wash the mug. Squeeze in some detergent. Scrub it. Ignore the smirks from the Sales team.

One of them says, "Hey, what do you call an Executive Assistant without an Executive?"

I don't respond.

"An Assistant! You're not an *EA*. You're just an *A*!"

I rise above it. I could tell him he's an *A-hole* but Mr Fryberg would ignore idiots like this guy so I ignore him too.

The Monologue Project

I go home. Eat. Netflix. Sleep. I get in before seven thirty AM so I can start my preparations. Mr Fryberg might come back today. Or if not today, maybe tomorrow, or next week, or in the new financial year.

Whenever it is he returns, he'll start his day with the perfect coffee made by the perfect A.