

A Monologue

From Last Day of School

A full length play.

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LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

KASSIA, 18

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No! No! Don't... Just say your sorry! That's I want, okay. I just want you to say your sorry! Just say your sorry! Say it! And don't look at me like that like I'm crazy and you actually said it because you didn't! Uh! Damn it! You and you're preppy expensive shirt and dumb Republican hair cut! You think you're always right and everyone else is always wrong. Well guess what, you DID NOT say I'm sorry! You know how I know!? Because the whole time you're yelling at me I'm thinking "this guy is a big jerk for yelling at me for no reason. But you know what? Maybe he's had a bad day? Maybe I should give him the benefit of the doubt and just wait for him to apologize." And I wait, and I wait, and I wait for you to say you're sorry. And you know what doesn't happen? You know what two words I don't hear? I'm. Sorry. I hear excuses: that you yelling at me wasn't your fault, that you're under pressure. Blah blah blah. And then I hear you say "well I *said* I was sorry." Which I know you didn't say because those are THE ONLY TWO WORDS I WANT TO HEAR! AND YOU DIDN'T SAY IT! OKAY! YOU... stuffed shirt! You didn't say you were sorry! Okay! And I... I just hate that stuff. You know when people like... deny reality. When people say they did something but they didn't actually do that thing. It's like talking to a lying six-year-old and it drives me crazy because it makes me feel crazy and I'm not crazy. I'm not. Not right now. Not in this instance. I am sane and you are the one who's... pretending things didn't happen! Okay so... just... admit we live you in the same reality! That's all I ask! You didn't say the words "I'm sorry," so, admit it and then we can move on! Okay! Just... say it! Say you're sorry. (she waits). Okay see, there you go, now we can move on. Thank you.