

A Monologue from

The Incomplete Life
& Random Death
Of Molly Denholtz

by
Ian McWethy

Paige, 17, responds to a waiter at a coffee house who is complaining about having a bad day.

PAIGE

I'm sorry, but do you... have like a best friend. And I mean best friend. Capital B best? Cause if you do, great, good for you, I'm happy for you cause I used to have one too, but... she's dead now. And in two hours I'm going to her memorial service. And, and... apparently I'm not even going to speak. Like I'm not going to get to say anything, Erin Banks will! And I can't for the life of me figure out why she's speaking but... that's what her mom wanted so that's what happening. So I'm just gonna sit, and watch, and hear all these strangers talk about this amazing woman who, who... none of them knew! So that's what's going on with me. That's my day! So just... the point is.... you don't get to have a bad day! Okay. I'm having a bad day. My bad day trumps your stupid, not at all bad day. "My shift's not getting covered" bullshit. That's not a bad day! That's a normal day. Burying your best friend is a bad day! It's my bad day, bad week, bad month. I'm having a bad day. So if I'm like... not saying thank you. If I'm not acknowledging that you replaced my original coffee order with a new coffee order because the first coffee you gave me was very very wrong. Because mochas and lattes are two completely different... coffee things! If I don't... acknowledge that you just did that with a big thank you and a trophy for best waiter, then, then... that's okay! Because my day sucks and your day is just normal stupid waiter day. Okay?! Okay?!