

Lilly Roman
English 2 Monologue
Ms. Pahomov
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Panic

[door slam & footsteps]

A boy. A damned, good for nothing, three headed toad who breathes in more of his own cologne than actual oxygen, *that's what she left movie night for?* You know, she can just be so frustrating. First she asks for advice on what she should do. I told her honestly. I think he's a slimeball. Then she goes, not even a class period later and accepts. She didn't even give it a second thought, did she?! What was the point of asking me?! And for all things holy, now she's blowing up my phone to try and make plans for another day. Hon, I didn't rearrange my entire schedule so we could marathon *tomorrow*.

[phone continues to ring/buzz]

I gotta turn this stupid thing off. If I have to respond to one more lazy excuse of a text, I'm gonna chuck something against the wall. If she wants to just win me back over, it's gonna take a lot more than an MS apology. I mean, for heaven's sake, we spent months planning the ultimate harry potter night and all it took was that brainless oaf to ask her out to a party for those plans to go "poof". Out the window. Diddly dong, gone. Sent to space with no chance of returning. Loyalty has left the building. At this point there's only one really thing I can do. Continue the magical marathon without her.

[clicking noises of a remote, harry potter theme turns on in the background]

You know what. I don't care at this point. I. don't. care. It's her life. I mean she's had a crush on him for forever... despite how many times I try to show her that he's just one big bag of rotten bologna, then of course she'd refuse to listen. The amount of times she would start going off at me like, like I did something wrong! So she can have fun. Goodbye. Adios!

[breathes]

Her life. Her choices. Not my problem.

[turns off movie]

I wonder how she is now. I mean a highschool party of all the places? She's the one who's always making me ask for the ketchup when they forget it on her order! And she wants to go to a highschool party with that jackoff. She gets so nervous, I mean what would she do without me. She's gonna freak in a crowd of people she doesn't really know. Without me. Like the smart person she is. Smart. Smart. Smart. Not this time. No she was not. Not smart.

[turns movie back on]

She's the one who decided to go. Which was a stupid, idiotic, dimwitted decision that she decided not to think through. Then guess what's gonna happen. She's gonna regret it and come crying back to me, but no sir I am not gonna take it. I won't. I refuse. She'll learn her lesson on her own. God, she's gonna cause herself to panic.

[Silence so only Harry Potter is playing]

I should call her. I should.

[turns off movie & knock on the door]

Yeah? Who is it?

[Another knock on the door and phone buzzes]

WHY IS SHE HERE. I take it back. I don't wanna talk to her. I don't want too. Nope. Nope. God, I was just stating what my guilty conscience was saying, I didn't agree to it. Come on that's not fair. Come on. Please. I didn't mean it. Fudge cakes, did she see me? Maybe if I don't answer she'll just leave.

[phone buzzes again]

She saw me. Well you know, so what if she sent me - *17 messages*. I really shouldn't. She's looking at me through the window. Oh god. And now the puppy dog eyes. AGHHH. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to see what this girl needs to tell me so badly- boy was a jerk. Ohh Shocker. Party was too crowded. Astounding. The promise of food- woah okay. I can work with that. Apology, apology, - man I should become a psychic.

[pause]

She sounds really upset.

No, no, no, don't go to the door. You're gonna regret it. You are strong. You are angry and she's starting to cry.

[sound of door opening]

No, you don't have to say anything, now get inside dumbass. We got a marathon to watch.

