

# TAKE MY APOLOGY AND GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS

By Jerry Rabushka

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*A Ten Minute Dramatic Monologue*

**By Jerry Rabushka**

**SYNOPSIS:** An unusual monologue told from the point of view of someone who realizes he has hurt or let down all his friends. Will an apology be enough to win them back? Boyce needs to get some respect for himself before he makes his case to his friends – then he comes to the realization that he has no case. Sometimes when you do wrong, there’s no turning back. Drama, some humor, and several characterizations give an actor a unique opportunity.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 male)*

BOYCE ROBERSON (m) ..... A student at Xyborg High

## AUTHOR’S NOTE

While there are many ways to play the character, one suggestion is to show how he changes as the monologue progresses... at first he’ll be more defensive and use humor to make his case, but as he continues, he realizes that it’s too late, his defenses don’t hold up, and that he’s just got to reboot himself and start over. Try to make your audience sympathize or empathize with the character rather than outright dislike him. He tried to be ‘cool’ and failed.

**BOYCE:** My name is Boyce Roberson, and nobody likes me. This is not my fault, since I haven't done anything wrong. Wrong is in the eye of the beholder. Behold! My eyes – beautiful, but so wrong. If you like me you'll take me "warts and all," as they say. Well no, we're in high school and warts are considered ugly.

*(As a friend.)* "You should go out with her!"

"No there's a wart on her nose," is a very good reason to turn her down. Even if there's a wart on her mom's nose, I'll pass. Any warts in the family and it's a no.

So, I say, accept me as I am. Take Boyce for Boyce. Or not.

*(As a former friend, butting in.)* "Okay, not."

*(BOYCE looks to the side, acknowledging that he heard it.)* Yeah, right now nobody likes me so much.

A few reasons for this, all with names: Canyon Scrumble, Jarod Currant, and Melinda Wyden. All three conspired to spread stories, and rumors... and... *(Looks off stage.)* oh, worse, they simply told everyone what I did. Not even that, so much as I just did it and everyone found out. Now the cafeteria isn't big enough for me and 356 other students at the vaunted valuable Xyborg High School and I don't know how to get anyone to sit with me again.

*(As a friend shouting at him, or a "voice" he hears.)* "Maybe if you stop being such a jerk."

Shut up, loser!

"Maybe if you stop being such a jerk and mean it."

*(Take a pause before you confess, because this isn't going to be easy.)* So there's a few things I did, and they sort of revolve around cigarettes and YouTube. Two rules for successful living are don't smoke and don't upload.

I know the last thing you need to hear from me is a lecture about whether smoking is cool. That's not up for discussion.

"Smoking isn't cool, bro!"

Do you hear people interrupting me? Did I ask?

"You have ten minutes, so spit it out or get off the stage!"

I'm spitting, I'm spitting. Got no more spit left.

What mattered, it turns out, wasn't what I thought. It was what Melinda thought. I told her I was going to smoke whether she liked it or not. I mean look at me, who wouldn't want a bit of this even with a cig on my lip? Well, she didn't. I told her she could take me with the cig on the lip or not take me at all. So she didn't take me.

*(As Melinda.)* "I'm not telling you to quit smoking. I'm telling you I'm not going out with you unless you do."

Worse than that, she did it on her mother's advice. I mean if you can't get your girlfriend to rebel against her own mom, you're a loser.

*(As Canyon.)* "Boyce, you're a real loser."

Thanks, Scumble.

That was Canyon – a basketball friend. He was on the team so it was an honor that he was my friend, but he got this job at a Seven-Eleven and he wouldn't sell me a cigarette. He said I was underage.

*(As Canyon.)* "You are underage!"

Is there an echo in here? Who keeps doing that?

(As Canyon.) "It's can't be your conscience, because you don't have one."

I thought Canyon and I were tight, but he unraveled the thread: "Boyce, yo, if you bug me about cigs one more time I'm through. Smoke all you want, but I can't sell you a pack. I'll lose my job and my dad will open a big can of 'whoop us both.' So back off, Boyce."

That "back off Boyce" really got to me, so I called him a few choice names that burned him pretty hot and now he won't talk to me. He's got enough friends who didn't do to him what I did.

I had one friend left, and that's everyone's favorite vaunted and valuable Xyborg High School YouTube star Jarod Currant. Jarod has a video blog going, and the more he blabs the more popular he gets. He's mainly an internet celebrity because I filmed him splashing for his life in a forbidden lake. I posted it and everyone saw it, and then he went on YouTube himself and made it look like it was my fault he fell in.

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