

AMY

Don't you dare walk away from me! And don't tell me you're sorry! And don't tell me to forget it, and don't you dare tell me to "let it go." God knows, I'd like to. I wish I could, but I can't! I can't forget that we had something, and you're running away. You're running away! Don't you see? You're running from what I've searched for all my life! Why, because you're scared? Well, I'm scared too, but you and I - that night - you and I, we have something worth fighting for. We could make it work. I'm not saying it would be easy, but I care about you. And I know deep down, under this...bravado...you care about me. And that's what it's all about, don't you get it? It's the human experience. You can pretend all you want, but you're only lying to yourself. You're running from what some people search for all their lives...From what I've searched for all my life, and you're denying the simple and wonderful fact that you are emotional, and vulnerable, and alive.

Can you honestly stand there and tell me that I mean nothing to you? That everything that happened that night was a lie? That you feel nothing? I feel sorry for you, Mark. I'll move on. I'll find someone else. I'll be all right, because I will know that I tried. That I did everything I could. But someday you will look back, and you will realize what you threw away. And you will regret it always.

*And Turning Stay*, by Kellie Powell

<http://notmyshoes.net/monologues>