

DAILY Actor

EASY A by Bert V. Royal

OLIVE: Forgive me, father, for I have sinned. I think that's how you're supposed to start these things. I'm only going on what I've seen in the movies. Then I think I'm supposed to tell you how long it's been since my last confession. But that's kind of my first confession. I'm not Catholic. I really don't know what I'm supposed to do, except sit here and tell you what I've done wrong. So here goes. *(then)* I've been pretending to be a-- how would one phrase it in Catholic words? A harlot. It's not like I've actually been doing the things that people are saying I'm doing, but then again, I'm not denying them, so I've just been wondering: is that wrong? There's a lot of bad stuff going down at my school which may or may not be indirectly because of this masquerade. *(then)* I'm lying. You caught me. I may have caused the end of a marriage. In my own perverse way, I thought I could help it. In my defense, I might talk like an adult but I am merely an adolescent. I should never have even been propositioned in the way I was propositioned by an adult. But then again, I should never have consented. It was just that a lot of people had been asking me to do things and I thought it was okay, because it wasn't real. It was make-believe and no one was getting hurt. But a lot of people hate me now. I kind of hate me, too.

There's a long silence. Olive tears up and wipes them away.

I could be wrong, but aren't you supposed to say something or ask me questions? Tell me to say ten Hail Mary's, pay a fine, advance token to nearest Railroad? Hello?

She peers through the screen. There's no one there.

Oh, fuck me!