This comedic monologue is from [*Promedy*](http://plays.about.com/b/2010/01/18/promedy-my-new-published-play.htm), a teen-age comedy about Senior Prom, written by Wade Bradford. In this scene, Beatrix confronts Dante, an arrogant drama-geek who has been chasing after the girl of his dreams since kindergarten, the lovely cheerleader, Kay Nordstrom. But once Kay finally falls for Dante, he freaks out and tries to run away. Fortunately, his friend and rival Beatrix talks some sense into him.

**BEATRIX:**

Hold it right there, Dante! I’ve watched you do this all your life, from kindergarten to the twelth grade. But it’s not going to happen tonight. Don’t look at me like that, you know exactly what I’m talking about. Remember first grade? The lunchroom. You’re walking around begging for a chocolate chip cookie. “Oh, I’m little Dante and I’m so sad. My mommy packed nothing but veggies. Oh I wish I had a cookie. Oh if only!” Here, Dante, I said kindly, here’s a chocolate chip cookie, and what did you say? "I’m not hungry." Flash forward. Third grade, playground. It’s the game of tag. You’re it. A hundred kids are running around and you can’t catch a single one. You’re desperate, you’re panting, you’re crying for someone to slow down so that you don’t have to be it anymore. So, feeling sorry for you, because I’m an idiot, I walk right up and say, “Here Dante, I’ll be it. You can tag me.” And you say? "I don’t want to tag you. That’s too easy." Whatever you can’t have, that’s what you want. That’s why you’ve said you were in love with Kay all these years. You knew, deep down that she would never return your affection. And that made things easy and safe. Every time she ignored you, that meant that you’d never have to feel anything real. You’d never have to know what it’s like to have someone who wants to be with you, which meant that you could always be alone. But is that what you want, Dante? Look at her. You’ve been chasing Kay like she was some sort of dream. Well… don’t you want it to come true? Wait, why are you looking at me like that?