

SORRY (NOT SORRY)

BY NATHAN CHRISTOPHER

SUMMARY

Inspired by horrific events making headlines across the country, SORRY (NOT SORRY) examines the dynamics of power and punishment.

BIOGRAPHY

Nathan Christopher (www.thenathanchristopher.com) writes plays about the universal truths of everyday life. Through the exploration of familiar moments—falling in (and out of) love, the death of a loved one, an act of violence, the slow decline of age—his work offers new perspectives, questions the conventional, provides comfort, allows us to laugh and, most of all, ask us to look inward rather than outward because that’s how we start changing the world.

Christopher is the author of six plays: PICKING UP, TO REMAIN SILENT, A MAN WALKS INTO A BAR, SORRY (NOT SORRY), CLAIREVOYANT, and EVE: A PALINDROME PLAY.

[PICKING UP](#) was a winner in the “Script” category of the 86th annual *Writer’s Digest* Writing Competition. A musical version of the show, created with lauded singer-songwriter [Gregory Douglass](#), made its off-off-Broadway workshop debut to a sold-out house as part of the Emerging Artists Theatre’s Fall 2019 New Work Series. It was also featured in Undiscovered Works at Dixon Place’s Monthly Storytelling Series (NYC) in April 2020, and celebrated in a special broadcast on [Musical Theatre Radio](#) in October 2020 to mark the one-year anniversary of the show’s creation.

Christopher is a member of the Dramatists Guild, and has supported the Atlantic Theater Company, founded by David Mamet and William H. Macy, since 1999. Follow him on [Instagram](#), [Twitter](#) and [Facebook](#), and read his work on [National New Play Exchange \(NPX\)](#).

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

HIM:

Male, mid-40s.

HER:

Female, late teens or early 20s.

THE PLACE

What looks like a basement.

THE TIME

Early evening.

AT RISE: A wooden table with two chairs is at center stage, and a box is on the floor near it. A door is upstage, with a light switch on the wall next to it.

HIM and HER sit at the table. He's eating with plastic utensils off a plastic plate and drinking from a plastic cup. She has no food nor place setting in front of her, and she is sitting up very straight with her hands in her lap, watching him. She is barefoot, disheveled and dirty, with messy hair and raw skin where it is exposed. Every now and then, she twitches almost imperceptibly.

He cuts up some of the food on his plate, stabs it with his fork and puts the bite in his mouth. As he chews, he looks at her. They maintain eye contact until he swallows the bite.

I –
HER

I said shut up.
HIM

(HIM cuts another bite and puts it into his mouth. HER watches HIM chew it and, finally, swallow.)

But –
HER

Shut the fuck up.
HIM

(HIM cuts another bite, puts the food in his mouth and chews. HER watches. HIM watches back. Once he swallows, HIM sighs and shakes his head. He cuts another bite and, using his fork, tosses it onto the table in front of HER. She looks at the food but doesn't touch it.)

Well?
HIM
(After a long beat.)

I'm sorry.
HER

No!
HIM

Thank you.
HER

Right. HIM

Thank you very much. HER

You're welcome. Go ahead. HIM

(HER grabs the piece of food and hungrily devours it.)

Good? HIM

Yes. HER

I shouldn't be – HIM

I know. Thank you. HER

(HIM takes a long drink from his cup. HER watches. HIM puts the cup down and looks at her.)

Well? HIM

May I – HER

Yes. HIM

(HIM pours some of his drink onto the table in front of HER. She looks at the little puddle.)

Well? HIM

I'm sorry. HER

No! Goddamn it! No. HIM

Thank you. HER

Right. HIM

Thank you very much. HER

You're welcome. Go ahead. HIM

(HER puts her face to the table to slurp and lick the liquid on the surface.)

More? HIM

Yes, please. HER

(HIM moves to pour more liquid onto the table.)

From the cup? HER

Fuck no. HIM

Please? HER

You know I can't. HIM

Just – HER

No. HIM

Why? HER

You know why. HIM