

REAL CHANGE
A Monologue (excerpted from play)

by Scott Stolnack

Synopsis: VINCE, fresh from prison, confronts the man who put him there.

VINCE

Fuck, Manny! I just said I ain't gonna cut you! Don't make me lose my temper. Where was I. Oh yeah. Once the dope cleared out a my system, I had lots a time to think. And blame people for my troubles. It was hot in there, bro! Always hot, I got to thinking I was in hell or something. And the guards were devils and shit, you know? I'd sit there with the sweat all running down my face and you know what I'd want more than anything else? A glass of water with ice in it. I mean, in a real glass, with the ice making a tinkling sound when I take a drink. Nothin like a glass of water with ice in it, a little sugar or Splenda or whatever, with the light sparkling through those cubes like diamonds, sweat slithering down the outside a the glass....

Something happened to me when I was in there, bro. Something spiritual. No, don't laugh. I'm serious about this shit. I was sitting in my cell, thinking about how my friend and my girl set me up to do time --

Bro, Carla admitted everything.

*Don't interrupt me, bro. You're right though. I didn't treat her right. I didn't. And I was thinking about that, too. All of it. My old man, the beatings, Carla, you, the dope, everything. I thought about living under that freeway overpass, getting knifed that one time, all the people we know who've died, all the suits out there in their fancy cars and shit, the whole fucking circus. I'd just sit and think, hardly even moving, for hours and hours. And I don't know why. But it dawned on me, I mean really *hit* me deep down in here, not just in my heart but deeper, that these lives we're living are all -- we're dreaming, Manny. We're dreaming we're alive. And when we die, we wake up. But ... it's like a drop of water waking up to discover it's the ocean. The drop of water is gone, kind of, but it's turned into the ocean. Is that fucking wild, or what? I can tell you think I'm crazy. So did Carla. But that's okay, bro. One day you'll wake up. You'll wake up and realize that you're the ocean. I just came by to tell you that I forgive you for what you did. It don't matter any more.*

You're not listening to anything I'm saying. I forgave her too. The anger don't do anybody no good, bro. It just makes more anger. Feeds those fires in hell, you know? I can tell you still don't understand. Neither did Carla. Those suits out there -- they don't get it either. It's okay though. They'll wake up eventually. You'll all wake up, eventually. Good bye, Manny.