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Real

(this monologue is not from a play)
a monologue for a female by Jimmy Brunelle ©1999

Most people think I'm weird because I volunteer down at the local homeless shelter. "Why do you want to be around those low-lives"? It's just that one day, I was walking around feeling really sorry for myself because my mother wouldn't let me pierce my nose—everyone else was getting it done. Anyway, I walked by this wooded area that was really, really littered. Suddenly, this guy sits up from beneath all these cardboard boxes. I'd never seen anybody so dirty. Beard down to here. Hair down to here. It was his eyes though. When I looked into them, it was like the whole of existence just disappeared...except for his eyes. It was like I was seeing myself—but he wasn't me—but he was me. I just took off running as fast as I could. I didn't want to feel what I was feeling. Finally, something made me stop. I couldn't just do nothing. So, I bought him a pepperoni pizza, went back and just plopped it there in front of him like he was going to bite me or something. He said "Thanks, sister", and smiled. I said "you're welcome", and really meant it. Then I walked home—the long way. I needed to think. Up to that point, my whole life was a sham. For the longest time I pretended to be someone I wasn't—so other fake people would accept me. I finally saw someone for the first time...me. So, that's why I work at the shelter. There, I feel real.

PLAYWRIGHT'S CONSENT

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