

Spare Change

By

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Inspired By Glengarry Glen Ross

2016

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ACT I

ALONZO and GIORNO sit atop a rooftop. The setting is a dark sky with an ice-blue moon lighting the setting. In the background is the silhouette of a car. Both, in their mid-30s wear a similar style of button-ups with dark slacks, holstered guns strapped to each of their thighs. Alonzo finishes the last of his cigarette, spitting it out, and stomps it out with the heel of his shoe.

ALONZO:

It's fucking cold.

GIORNO:

Yeah.

ALONZO:

These cigarettes aren't even fucking keeping me warm anymore.

GIORNO:

With that kind of lip, I'd be surprised myself.

ALONZO:

(pulls cigarette out of pocket) You think it's died down?

GIORNO:

Maybe. It's felt like an eternity.

ALONZO:

Mmm. (checks watch)...only been 30 minutes.

GIORNO:

Mmm.

ALONZO:

This is so stressful. I just, why, why do we have to stake our lives out like this year after year after fucking year. You know what I'm saying?

GIORNO:

(sighs) elaborate for me.

ALONZO:

We've been doing this so long, like shit, be honest with me Giorn, how long have you done this for? How long have you done this for?

GIORNO:

I would say 5 years.

ALONZO:

Okay, so how long have you been happy those 5 years?

GIORNO:

I would say I wasn't happy after the first year, but I would say I'm not depressed either. The exaggerated feelings die out once you get used to it, when it doesn't hit you hard like it used to. This is our talent, what we do is steal from the big guys. We get sent out and here we are, it's never changed.

ALONZO:

But we're not fated to this, this isn't a damn marriage or fraternity, I'm not shackled.

GIORNO:

How long have you been in this?

ALONZO:

Fuck if I know. I'd say, give or take, 4 to 5 years.

GIORNO:

You're shackled.

ALONZO:

What, fuck you, who are you to tell me-

GIORNO:

Unless your body is dead, you're stuck here. Why? Because you're not gonna get a job since you haven't made any credentials whatsoever. (raises arm) And don't say you have any connections, because you don't, you wouldn't be here if you *did*. Even if you left, you'd come back here. I don't blame you though, some of these guys we work with are fishy. I checked the desk I usually work at the other day and my fucking ring is gone. Someone broke open the lock with a crowbar or some shit. I leave it for 15 minutes, and boom. Just like a fruit fly that smells something sweet. Just like pestering flies.

ALONZO:

(gets rid of cigarette) That's a shame.

GIORNO:

It was worth a damn fortune.

ALONZO:

See, there's too many slimy fucks. But you and me, we can go someplace. Y'kno, I've always wanted to go to New Zealand.

GIORNO:

Why are you bringing this up, and why New Zealand?

ALONZO:

Hear me out man, fuck, just, okay, hmm..just hear me out. So, so, New Zealand has those beautiful grassland plains like in Lord of The Rings, and it's amazing, alright? Yeah, I like Lord of the Rings.

GIORNO:

I like it too?

ALONZO:

But, what if we just...used the shit we stole now, sell it, and go to New Zealand?

GIORNO:

Did those cigarettes make you high just now?

ALONZO:

We fly to New Zealand, convert the money into whatever it is they use. We'll be out of the laws' hands, and we can live new lives.

GIORNO:

You don't know a damn fucking thing about economics or politics Alonzo, you're full o' shit.

ALONZO:

We'll find out. Okay, fuck, I'll find out. Come on Giorno, there has to have been something you wanted to do in life before this. [Pause] Anything at all?

GIORNO:

I...I always enjoyed cooking, I fucking guess

ALONZO:

Fuck, yes! We go there, you open a restaurant, you introduce that country your alienated cuisine and they go orgasming for more. They'll be screaming 'Give it to me, Giorno! Lay it all over us' and you'll be scot free.

GIORNO:

Mmm.

ALONZO:

This shit will change us. You don't have to put up with me, I don't have to put with this god damn wreck of an anxiety every minute.

GIORNO:

I suppose it would be better for my wife Carol too so she can finally rest.

ALONZO:

Believe me, Giorno, Believe me- look at me. This will change you for life and your kids and your grandkids. We'll be leaving behind this mess for the better. And what's better, with a cut as big as this, you can get a new ring, even with the same poem engraved by your wife Carol. Yeah, yeah, you can enjoy your passion, your wife is happy, the law here won't be able to touch you. And me, I'll be able to enjoy the wide green plains just like in them Lord of the Rings movies. Shit yeah, I'm feeling fucking great about this, so great, I'm shaky. Lets ride out.

GIORNO:

You make a good point there, friend.

ALONZO:

You're fucking damn right I do, they don't call me the Brainstorm or nothin'! To better days! [turns away to car]

GIORNO:

So how'd you know about the poem?

ALONZO:

The poem?

GIORNO:

Your little monologue you just had. You mentioned I could get the ring again with the money cut, including the engraving of the poem by my wife. How'd you know about the poem?

ALONZO:

That's strange-

GIORNO:

And I sure as hell never showed it off to one of you fucks.

ALONZO:

I...

GIORNO:

You took my ring.

ALONZO:

What, no fuck that, I didn't do shit.

GIORNO:

You took my fucking ring to rake in more money, you slimy fuck! I'm going to take these valuables in the car, sell, and I'm leaving you behind.

ALONZO:

I...I...fuck, fuck, okay, OKAY, I DID IT. Alright? Does that make you feel better that you were smart enough to put that together? I needed the money man, I was on a bad hit, the boss, he wouldn't give me any jobs to get bigger cuts.

GIORNO:

You're rats like the rest of us, Alonzo. Enjoy the cold walk back home, you queer.

ALONZO:

Stop! You seem like the fairest man Giorno, give me a chance. Um...I, um....Tell ya what, I have this spare change here. (pulls out coin) See? I flip the coin. Heads, you take the money and the car. Tails, you take half the money and the car, but I get the other half, but you never have to see me again. Deal?

GIORNO:

....Fine, I don't need all that money anyway.

ALONZO:

Shit, I knew you had a good heart, Giorno. Alright-
(flips coin)

In the midst of the flip, Giorno pulls out his gun, and fires 3 shots into Alonzo, point-blank range. Alonzo falls to his knees, then pauses. He collapses on his side.

GIORNO:

Pissed me off. [Long Pause. Stows gun away. Picks up coin and examines it. Pause] Two tails. You even rigged the coin, you rat. We'll have a drink and laugh about this when we see each other again.

Giorno walks off towards the car in the backdrop. As he walks, another backdrop is placed behind him, portraying his silhouette growing more and more faint as the footsteps echo off.

END.

SELF-REFLECTION

For this play inspired by Glengarry Glen Ross, I wanted to focus on the dialogue and the plot elements said play. So, we have Alonzo and Giorno, whom are meant to have faint characteristics similar to Levene and Morrison respectively. Their conversation and finale is in a way similar to the first scene of Glengarry Glen Ross as well as the final pages of that last act. I did my best to make the dialogue as smooth as possible, as well as trying to make everything to make it sound logical in the best way possible. The finale entails, to me, that while Alonzo is corrupt and reckless to do whatever it takes to make a living, he lacks the same awareness that Giorno does of his own similar traits, feigning an ignorance that leads to his downfall.