

The Voice of the Victim

An original play written by:  
Larry N. Stromberg  
(C) 2016

The Characters:

1-Hector-Mid-aged spanish inmate.

2-Mr.Rivera-Victim of Hector.

3-Angelic Voice-Narrator.

4-Lorenzo-Hector's son.

5-Jorge Nunaz-Hector's Father.

6-The voice of the devil.

Sound effects-thunder,wind,dog barks-chihuahua,angelic music,  
demon sounds.

Two songs-beginning of the play and end of the play.

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The setting on the stage is a lone prison cell. A slow spanish song is heard filled with inspiration as the stage is still. The mood is set.

A chair, bed and a small desk appear on the stage. Then the song ends. There's a moment of silence. Then a mid-aged spanish man named Hector enters the cell from stage left with a somewhat hostile angry attitude.

He slowly walks into the cell with also a sense of extreme depression. He sits down on a chair facing the audience. He looks forward with intense eyes. Fixated forward. His hair is grey. Prison life has taken it's toll on this man. In his facial expressions are the mixed images of anxiety, grief, loss and extreme inner struggles. He's a man on the edge of a breakdown. It all can be seen in Hector's face and downcast eyes. A portrait of a failed life with no meaning and purpose.

Then a slight wind is heard in the background.

SFX-wind.

Then as the wind blows in the background an angelic voice is heard. This voice is telling Hector's sad story of violence. Hector sits completely still looking directly forward at the audience. There's nothing hidden in his existence.

Angelic Voice(V.O.)

This is Hector. (Pause) Hector is a convicted murderer. He's serving a life sentence. He's a man with great conflict, deep explosive anger, harden heart, troubled childhood, an abusive past, violent behavior and hatred flowing in his blood. (Pause) Hector refuses to change. He would rather live in hatred and bitterness. He's also a man with many broken relationships. He's a Father with no contact with his children. In fact, his only son Lorenzo was gunned down in the streets of North Philadelphia over a drug deal gone bad. His daughter Maria is pregnant and strung-out on drugs. In Hector's heart is deep pain. He's ready to explode like a time-bomb. (Pause) He blames society for his choices in life and his incarceration. He blames the system. He blames the government. He even refuses to get any type of education. Even a GED.

Hector still looks forward at the wind blows. Intense anger in his eyes.

Angelic Voice(V.O.)

The reality is this. Hector is scared to take a deep look with-in himself and the horrific pain that dwells in his heart. He would rather hold the pain in and maintain a gangster's attitude in prison. Not showing any sign of weakness at all. Tears makes a man weak in the penitentiary. All the wolves see an easy target. Hector will not let his guard down. He won't take genuine responsibility for the crime he committed that took a life out of this earth through violence and destruction.

Hector sits there speechless. His eyes forward. The wind blows.

Angelic Voice:

Still, Hector is searching for something. He's a man filled with fear. He's searching for acceptance. For peace. He's searching to love and to be loved. (Pause) Today, he'll have an encounter he shall never forget. (Short pause) Never.

The angelic voice ends. The wind stops. Then Hector slowly stands up and looks around the cell. He walks around the cell in complete frustration. He picks up the bible from his desk and looks at it. Then he throws the bible on the bed. Then Hector sits on his bed and places his face in his hands. He wipes his tears with his hands. He tries to maintain his deep anger and hate on the surface of his demeanor. But, his emotional pain is to obvious.

Then Hector looks up to God and speaks.

Hector:

Nobody cares. (Pause) Nobody cares about me. Nobody. Im a convicted murderer with a sentence of condemnation. (Pause) Maybe you care, huh? Do you care? (Laughs to himself in agony) Ha.ha.ha.ha. I got to be kidding myself, huh? (Laughs) Ha.ha.ha. Maybe you don't even exist, huh? Crazy, huh? (Laughs) Ha.ha.ha.

Then Hector wipe more tears from his eyes. He looks up to God again and screams out in his agony and anger.

Hector:

(Screams out)  
I killed that man!! It still haunts me after all these years! I had to kill him. I needed the money. I had kids to feed! Im from the damn streets, man! I take what I need! I take! (Pause) I miss my kids. I miss them. I do.

Hector still sits there in tears.

Hector:

(Screams out in agony)  
Look at me now, huh!!! Im dying in this hellhole. Slowly rotting away. Everybody left me! My kids. (Pause) My children. I miss them.

Hector breaks even more down in grief.

Hector:

My son is dead. He's dead. (Cries) He's gone. Agggggggggggggg.  
(Pause) My Maria is a damn junky. My little girl. Agggggggggggg.

Hector looks around the cell in disgust.

Hector:

I had to take, Mr. Rivera out, man. It was either him or me and my family. One or the other. (Pause) I had to.

Hector lowers his head in grief.

Hector:

I had to do it,man.

Hector then looks forward in disgust again.

Hector:

The damn system did me freaking wrong. Racial profiling. Everybody did me wrong. That piece of trash trial lawyer I had did me wrong. He made a deal with the damn D.A. That scum-bag! Everybody cheated me. Stabbed me in the back! Including you, Lord! You did me wrong all of my life. I was born with nothing. All I ever seen in my life was death. It's over for me. Over.

Hector wipes a tear from his eye.

Hector:

Death would be better for me. I got nothing to live for. Nothing. (Pause) Give me a reason to live. Show me something to go on for. A reason to live.

Hector sits there in silent pain. There's a moment of silence. A moment of grief for Hector.

Then slowly appearing on the stage from stage left is a older spanish man. He walks into the cell almost majestic in his slow approach and demeanor.

Hector doesn't notice the mystic individual.

The man is Mr.Migual Rivera. The victim of Hector. Mr.Rivera then slowly walks up to Hector. Hector doesn't notice Mr.Rivera behind him as he wipes his eyes full of tears. Mr.Rivera reaches out and slowly touches the left shoulder of Hector. Hector turns very slowly around stunned to see Mr.Rivera standing above him.

Mr.Rivera:

(Smiles)

Boo!!!!!!

Hector jumps up in fear and shock. He screams in terror.

Hector:

(Screams)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Mr.Rivera tries to calm Hector down.

Mr.Rivera:

Quiet,Hector. You'll wake the dead,huh? (Laughs) Ha.ha.ha.ha.

Hector backs away in total fear.

Hector:

Oh God!! It can't be,man! I got to be going loco! Loco,man!!!

Mr.Rivera takes a step towards Hector. Hector snaps out even more hysterically.



Mr.Rivera is noticing Hector's intense fear and stops acting like a zombie.

Mr.Rivera:  
This is no nightmare,Hector.

Hector:  
Then it's a crazy dream!

Mr.Rivera:  
It's no dream either.

Hector is in a panic. He's full of anxiety.

Hector:  
Im seeing things!

Mr.Rivera:  
I am real,Hector.

Hector paces back and forth. Then he moves fast towards the cell door in a storm of madness.

Mr.Rivera:  
The cell door is locked,Hector. There's nowhere to go.

Hector tries to pull at the door with no luck. Then he grabs his head like he's losing his mind.

Hector:  
Im going insane! This can't be. It just can't be! How is this possible,huh? How is it?!

Mr.Rivera:  
This is real,my friend.

Hector:  
Then what the hell is this,huh? I murdered you,Mr.Rivera. I killed you,mam!

Mr.Rivera:  
Yes you did. In cold blood,Hector. You took me away from my beautiful family. From the people I love and adore. I love my family,Hector...I love them and they love me.

Mr.Rivera points to his bullet wounds.

Mr.Rivera:  
Those gun shots hurt like hell. Burned bigtime,man. As you know, I didn't die right away,Hector. I suffered. You shot me multiple times. Freaking over-kill,man. I tried to fight to stay alive. It was to much for me. Then I saw that awesome light. Wow,man!!!! It was bright and peaceful. Then I saw my loved ones who went before me to glory. Amazing. It was so wonderful. Beautiful.

Mr.Rivera raises his arms up.

Mr.Rivera:  
I was in glory,man. I was in heaven.

Hector shakes his head in disbelief.

Mr.Rivera:  
I must tell you this,Hector. (Pause) My wife and kids were destroyed by my death.

Hector moves around the cell still in shock.

Hector:  
This has got to be some silly joke,huh? It's got to be!

Mr.Rivera:  
It's not some silly joke. That suggestion offends me,Hector.

Mr.Rivera moves towards Hector in strong movements.

Hector:  
I told you to stay away from me.

Mr.Rivera:  
Listen to me,Hector.

Hector goes towards stage left and screams in his fear.

Hector:  
Guard! Help me,now! Guard!! Guard!!!!

Mr.Rivera stands there looking at Hector with a smile on his face and shakes his head.

Hector:  
(Screams out again)  
Guard!! Help me!! Help me!!!!

Mr.Rivera:  
No one is coming to help you,Hector. No one hears you. It's just you and me.

Hector:  
No!! They got to hear me!!!

Hector screams out very loud.

Hector:  
Help me!! Guard!! Guard!!!!

Mr.Rivera:  
Nobody's coming for you,Hector. Face the truth.

Mr.Rivera moves again towards Hector. Hector jumps back in fear.

Hector:

Stay away from me! You're a damn demon from hell out to kill me!  
Stay away from me, you damn demon!!

Mr. Rivera is still for a moment as Hector moves to the other side of the cell. Then Mr. Rivera speaks very calmly.

Mr. Rivera:

I am here, Hector. Face the truth. This is no dream, nightmare or a illusion. I am the sign you requested. Believe me, I didn't want to leave my place of rest to see you. God brought me here and now Im here and youf gonna listen to me, Hector. You are, damnitt!  
There's no more games. Im here in my spiritual form. Yes indeed!

Hector is frozen in shock.

Mr. Rivera:

It's time to take genuine accountabilty for your choices in life, Hector. For the life you lived. You lived a life of crime. You hurt so many in your life. You're a man of hate and anger. A man of violence. You're a selfish human being who needs to change before it's to late. Tonight, it's time for you to hear the voice of the victim, Hector. It's time you here from me, my friend.

Mr. Rivera looks around the cell as Hector stands there motionless.

Mr. Rivera:

So, this is your cell, huh? It reminds me of my childhood home as a boy in Puerto Rico. A home that I shared with my Mother, Father, three brothers and six sisters.

Mr. Rivera walks around the cell slowly. Looking around with a smile on his face.

Mr. Rivera:

This is where your choices brought you, Hector. Congratulates.

Mr. Rivera raises his arms again in the air. Looking directly at Hector.

Mr. Rivera:

This is where your consequences brought you to, Hector? Hmmm?

Mr. Rivera notices a bible on Hector's bed.

Mr. Rivera:

I see you have a bible, huh?

Hector responds slowly.

Hector:

Yeah, I do. But, I don't read it much.

Mr. Rivera:

I see. I si. (Pause) Maybe you should, Hector.

Mr. Rivera paces in the cell. Hector is lost in confusion.

Mr.Rivera:

Hector,do you want to know why Im here? Hmm?

Hector doesn't respond right away. Mr.Rivera then comes face to face with Hector.

Mr.Rivera:

Well,do you? For I ask you a direct question.

Hector:

I don't know,man. I got to be dreaming. This isn't real at all. No way,man. No way in hell.

Mr.Rivera:

Hey,Hector. Im not from hell. Let's get that straight from the get go. Okay then?

Hector raises his arms in disarray.

Hector:

How is this possible,huh? Huh? You're dead,man. You're in the ground six feet deep rotting away.

Mr.Rivera:

That's only my body. Not my spirit,Hector.

Hector:

I killed you myself.

Mr.Rivera:

Stop reminding me about that,Hector. That was the worst day of my life,man. Apart of me is still angry about that.

Mr.Rivera points up to God.

Mr.Rivera:

But,the big guy upstairs has me here with you for a reason right now. It's his show. He knows all things. Is in control of all things. God is the beginning and the end,Hector. Believe me when I say this,huh?

Hector is even in more confusion.

Hector:

Man,I haven't got high in months. So,I can't blame the weed,man.

Mr.Rivera:

Just stop for a moment and listen to me. Clear you're mind. Just believe,Hector. Believe,my friend. Understand? Comprender?

Hector:

Stop calling me you're friend. I took you're life.

Mr.Rivera:

This is true. So true. (Pause) But,in heaven everything is so different. It's a place of pure perfection. Pure love. Pure virtue. True divinity and peace.Harmony and God's grace.

Hector:

Yeah. Yeah, whatever you say, huh? Im far gone, man! I don't believe any of this at all. I don't.

Mr. Rivera walks up to Hector again face to face. Eye to eye.

Mr. Rivera:

That's it. No more Mr. Nice guy. Im not playing with you. You're gonna listen to what I have to say.

Hector:

Get the hell out of my face!

Mr. Rivera:

Enough is enough, man. That's final!

Mr. Rivera pushes Hector to the floor.

Hector:

Ahhhhhhhhhh!! (Screams out louder) Ahhhhhhhh! Help me!!!!!!

Hector falls to the floor hard. He's scared out of his mind.

Hector:

Oh my God!!!! (Screams again) Agggggggggg!

Hector sits on the floor shaking in terror. He squirms around on the floor. Mr. Rivera starts to laugh hysterically.

Mr. Rivera:

(Laughs)

Ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.

Hector looks up at Mr. Rivera laughing at him.

Hector:

What the hell are you laughing at, huh? This isn't funny, man!

Mr. Rivera:

(Laughs)

Ha.ha.ha.ha. Man, Hector. You laugh like a real sissy, huh? Big tough guy like you, huh? Ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.

Hector:

Shut up! Just shut up!

Mr. Rivera stops laughing with a big smile on his face. He reaches his hand out to Hector to help him up. Hector looks up at Mr. Rivera in disbelief.

Mr. Rivera:

Come on, Hector. Take my hand.

Hector pushes Mr. Rivera's hand away and stands up slowly.

Hector:

I don't want your help. Stay away from me!

Mr.Rivera:  
Okay. Have it your way,Hector.

Hector slowly walks over to his desk.

Hector:  
(Crazy laugh)  
Ha.ha.ha.ha. Im losing my mind. Ha.ha.ha.ha.

Mr.Rivera:  
This is not a laughing matter no more.

Hector slowly stops laughing. Mr.Rivera talks sternly.

Mr.Rivera:  
You're life has a purpose,Hector. A meaning to it.

Hector:  
(Sarcatically)  
Yeah,right. Don't lie to me,man.

Mr.Rivera:  
Did you ever think about why you didn't die after all the acts of crime and violence you committed,huh? Why didn't you die?

Hector:  
I was the best who ever did it,man.

Mr.Rivera:  
(Sarcatically)  
Now,that's something to be proud of,huh?

Hector doesn't respond.

Mr.Rivera:  
Why are you not on death row? Think about that,Hector. Think.

Hector thinks.

Mr.Rivera:  
I know you seen many of your so called friends die along the way on the streets. Gunned down before they turned 18 years old.

Hector:  
There were many.

Mr.Rivera:  
That's a sad thing,Hector. Many Mothers and Fathers cried at their children's funerals. Many. (Pause) You also seen many die here behind bars in prison also,huh? Many murdered.

Hector:  
Si,I have.

Mr.Rivera:  
To be perfectly honest with you,Hector. You haven't changed at all,have you? You're headed straight to hell,Hector.

Hector takes offense.

Hector:  
That's your opinion,ghost man.

Mr.Rivera:  
You feel like you're the victim. (Pause) I guess,in a way you are being a product from the streets. The street gang life,huh?

Hector:  
That's right. The streets were my mother and father,man.

Mr.Rivera:  
I disagree with that statement,Hector. You're wrong,amigo.

Hector becomes upset and paces the cell again.

Hector:  
You don't know nothing about me,fantasma hombre!!!

Mr.Rivera:  
Infierno,stop lying to yourself,idiota! You're Mother and Father always loved you,Hector. Provided for you. It was your choice to be apart of a damn gang! You made that choose. You loved the flash,the money,drugs and the women! Mujer! You stole,abused and murdered to get what you want. Even at the cost of others. Even the people who loved you.

Hector becomes more defensive.

Hector:  
I had to fight to survive,man. No matter the cost. I had to provide for my family. My kids.

Mr.Rivera:  
Youre family,huh? What a damn joke! You're Father died of a broken heart. You coming to prison for life destroyed him,Hector.

Hector:  
You shut up!

Mr.Rivera:  
You're Mother is deeply depressed. She's all alone.

Hector:  
Stop it,now!

Mr.Rivera:  
You're daughter Maria got strung out on drugs. Sold her body to feed her addiction and tried to commit suicide.

Hector:  
I told you to stop!!

Mr.Rivera:  
And your son Lorenzo tried to follow in your footsteps and was gunned down in a drug deal gone bad! All you loved was you're damn self,Hector!

Hector screams in pain.

Hector:

(Screams)

Agggggggggggg! No!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

There's a short moment of silence as Hector becomes broken in pain. Then Mr.Rivera speaks agin.

Mr.Rivera:

You see,Hector,you're life of crime hurt more than me and my family. It affected you're family.

Hector:

I know this,Mr.Rivera.

Mr.Rivera:

God see's everything,Hector. God knows everything. Even the intents of the human heart that only God knows. God knows you're heart,Hector. God knows.

Hector tries to hold back his tears.

Mr.Rivera:

There is somebody here to see you,Hector. Somebody you know so very well.

Hector:

What are you talking about,huh? Who are you talking about?

Mr.Rivera:

You shall see,amigo.

Then heaven like music is heard in the background as a older man enters the stage from stage left. This man is Jorge Nunaz. Hector's father. Hector stands there speechless as Jorge slowly walks up to his son. It's very emotional for Hector.

Jorge:

Hello,son. (Pause) Hola,hijo.

Hector:

Papa?

Jorge:

It's me son. Im here. Here to help you. Help you change. You need to change,son. Cambio.

Hector:

I miss you,Papa. (Pause) I really miss you.

Jorge:

I know,son. (Pause) I never wanted this for you,son. I remember \* as a boy you dreamed about being a baseball player. Remember this,son?

Hector:

I do,Papa. I dream about those days.

Jorge:

We would spend hours and hours throwing a baseball at each other. We would work on you're fielding skills as a second baseman. You were great.

Hector:

They were some of the best days of my life.

Jorge:

You would stay in the batting cage hitting anything thrown at you like a real champion. You dreamed about becoming a great professional player playing in the big leagues.

Hector thinks back with a smile on his face.

Jorge:

You let you're dream die,son.

Hector lowers his head in grief.

Jorge:

The streets became you're dream. A fantasy of destruction. You coming to prison devastated you're Mother,Hector. It killed me, son. My heart was broken in two.

Hector:

Im sorry,Papa.

Jorge:

I know you are,son. You're mother needs you to change. You're daughter needs you to change. Did you know Maria is pregnant, Hector? You're gonna be a grandfather,Hector. You still can be a good role model to you're daughter and grandchild,Hector.

Hector listens closely.

Jorge:

Be there for them. Tell them you love them. Let go of the anger,pain and guilt consuming you're soul,son. You're Mother, Maria and grandchild need you.

Hector tears up.

Jorge:

I know you feel responsible for Lorenzo's death,Hector.

Hector:

He wanted to be like me,Papa. It got him killed. It's my fault. My fault.

Hector tears up even more. Mr.Rivera watches in silence. Jorge steps to his son as a real Father would.

Jorge:

Yes,in many ways it is,son. Still,Lorenzo made his own choices.

Jorge gives his son a hug. Hector holds his Father tight crying. Mr. Rivera just looks on as Jorge comforts Hector.

Hector:

If only I could tell, Lorenzo that I'm so sorry for not being a good Father to him.

Jorge slowly backs off and looks at Hector face to face.

Jorge:

God has granted your request, my son.

Hector is in disbelief.

Hector:

This can't be.

Hector shakes his head. As more heaven like music is heard in the background. From stage right appears a young Spanish man. It's Lorenzo. Hector's son. He slowly walks up to Hector, Jorge and Mr. Rivera. Hector is truly stunned....and filled with great joy at that same time.

Lorenzo:

Hello, Papa.

Hector:

My God. It's really you.

Lorenzo:

It is.

Hector:

My son. My son, Lorenzo.

Hector hugs his son in great joy.

Hector:

I need to tell you, I love you, Lorenzo.

Hector cries in his son's arms.

Hector:

I love you. I'm sorry I wasn't a good Father to you.

Lorenzo:

I know that, Papa. I love you too.

Lorenzo slowly breaks from the hug.

Lorenzo:

I need to tell you something, Papa.

Hector:

Yes. Tell me anything.

Lorenzo:

The devil wants your soul.

Hector looks at his son in fear.

Lorenzo:  
It's true,Papa. (Pause) It's true.

That's when sounds of booming thunder is heard loud.

SFX-Thunder.

Hector jumps back in terror. Lorenzo,Jorge and Mr.Rivera stand still looking at Hector in total fear. Then the evil demoniac growls are heard in the background as the thunder bangs on.

Evil Growls:(V.O.)  
Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

Hector is in a panic of horror in the cell.

Hector:  
(Full of fear)  
No!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Then the evil voice of the devil is heard in the background.

The Devil:(V.O.)  
It's me,Hector. The devil. El diablo! Im coming for you,Hector.  
Im coming for you're soul!!!

Hector jumps in torment and fear. Lorenzo,Jorge and Mr.Rivera just look on very calm as Hector's in complete horror.

Hector:  
(Yells out)  
Stay away from me!!!

The Devil:(V.O.)  
You belong to me,Hector! To me in hell forever and ever!!

Hector:  
(Screams)  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

The Devil:(V.O.)  
You've done my will,Hector. My will of death,decay and destructio  
ion! You belong to me! To me!!!!!!!!!!

Hector:  
(Screams)  
Ahhhhhhhh! No!!!!

The Devil:(V.O.)  
(Evil laughs)  
Ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.

Hector covers his ears in agony.

Hector:  
(Screams)  
No!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The devil laughs on.

The Devil:(V.O.)  
Ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.ha.

Hector:  
(Screaming)  
Stay away from me!!!!!!

The Devil: (V.O.)  
Im coming for you,Hector!! (Laughs) Ha.ha.ha.ha.

Then the devil's voice ends. There's silence. Lorenzo,Jorge and Mr.Rivera all stands by Hector as he slowly takes his hands away from his ears.

Then Lorenzo speaks again.

Lorenzo:  
The devil wanted my soul,Papa. Im so thankful that my beloved Grandfather(Abuelo) and Grandmother(ABÜĒĹĀ) told me about the love of Jesus and I became a believer at a young age.

Jorge places his hand on Lorenzo's shoulder in support.

Lorenzo:  
It's true that I took a wrong road in life. It cost me my life. But,my soul was secured by the grace of God alone. The love of Christ.

Hector listens intently.

Lorenzo:  
You're soul is in danger of enternal hellfire,Papa. You must make a complete turn around.

Hector:  
Im listening,son.

Lorenzo:  
Maria needs you,Papa. You're gonna be a grandfather soon. She's gonna have a son,Papa. Please tell her you love her. She needs to hear this. You can make a huge difference in her life even from behind bars. You're love will encourage her to break the chains of addiction and suicidal thoughts. It will strengthen her spirit,Papa. Please do this,Papa. It's time to stop the generational curse,Papa.

That's when Jorge speaks again.

Jorge:  
You're Mother needs you too,son. She loves you so much and feels so empty without any contact from you. Tell her you love her before it's to late,son.

Hector:  
I do love them.

Jorge:

You're future grandson is gonna need you. Teach him to be a good man. A man of respect, love and responsibility. The good Lord has given this task for you to do. Grab hold of it, son. Be grateful for it. Cherish it with you're whole heart. This is the gift of true love, son.

Hector is full of tears.

Jorge:

I love you, son.

Hector:

I love you too, Papa.

Lorenzo:

I also love you too, Papa.

Hector:

I love you, son.

Hector hugs his father and son. They embrace with true love. Then they break away from the hug. Lorenzo and Jorge step back. Mr. Rivera takes a step forward towards Hector.

Mr. Rivera:

Family is so important, Hector. The most important things in life. God and family. Without that a man has no meaning. No love.

Hector wipes the tears from his eyes.

Mr. Rivera:

You must hear my words, Hector. You took me away from my beautiful family. You made my loving wife a widow. My children fatherless. They were the loves of my life, Hector.

Hector lowers his head in shame.

Mr. Rivera:

I would never kiss my magnificent wife again. I couldn't play tea parties with my beautiful daughters (Tara and Júlia) ever again. I wouldn't be there for their high school proms, college graduations, their wonderful wedding days and seeing the births of my own grandchildren. You took that away from me, Hector. Be grateful to God that you'll be able to meet you're grandson. It's so precious, Hector. Be grateful. Life is so short. It's like a vapor.

Hector just listens.

Mr. Rivera:

Then there's my son, Tony. I would never play soccer with him again. He was a great soccer player. He went on to play soccer professionally and represented Puerto Rico in the World Cup. I'm so proud of him. My son. (Pause) We love going fishing together and I wouldn't be the best man at his wonderful wedding. (Pause)

I wouldn't be a grandfather to his beautiful children.

Mr.Rivera paces the cell as Jorge and Lorenzo stand right by Hector. Staring at him intently.

Mr.Rivera:  
As I've stated to you,Hector. My family are victims also.

Mr.Rivera points to Jorge and Lorenzo.

Mr.Rivera:  
You're family are victims.

Hector:  
I've hurt so many all of my life. I have to stop acting like Im the victim. I've lived my life like the scum of the earth. A selfish human being who cared about nothing but himself. I wanted the money,the flash,power and sexual gratification. I wanted all that. It had no meaning. In the end,I lost it all. I lost everything that I loved. I lost my family. All due to my evil intentions . Im so sorry. So damn sorry.

Hector breaks down again.

Hector:  
Im forever sorry. (Pause) I need to make a change. I just hope it's not to late for me.

Mr.Rivera:  
It's not,Hector. That's why were here.

Hector:  
Help me to change. Please,tell me how,huh? Tell me how? I beg you

Mr.Rivera,Jorge and Lorenzo all stand there with smiles on their faces.

Mr.Rivera:  
Be a mentor,Hector. Be a man who now saves lives. This will be a powerful testimony only ordained by God alone. A transformed life of peace,hope,education,growth,remorse,of second chances and of love. These young men coming into the prison system will look up to you,Hector. They will listen to you. Respect you. They will change because you have changed. This is a powerful thing,Hector. Truly powerful.

Hector is speechless.

Mr.Rivera:  
The power of transformation. Be like a catterpillar that transforms into a beautiful butterfly. Yes,the transformation is a struggle. But,the end result is something so wonderful. It's truly amazing. It's extraordinary.

Tears flow from Hector's eyes again.

Mr.Rivera:  
Tell your story,Hector. Write about it in great detail. Write it, my friend. A life changed by God's loving grace.

Mr.Rivera points directly at Hector.

Mr.Rivera:

You are no more a menace to society,Hector. Im not saying this because you're in prison either. The ways of the devil are over in your life,Hector. No more death,abuse,manipulation,violence, control,addictions and destruction in the way you live your life, Hector. Those days are far gone,my friend. They are in the sea of forgetfulness. You are a new creature. A new creation renewed by a divine deity. A divine purpose.

Hector stands there frozen in his emotions.

Mr.Rivera:

Hector Nunaz is all about saving humanity nowadays. That's his purpose life. It's his reason for living. It's all about love. Pure divine caring love,man.

Hector wipes more tears from his eyes.

Mr.Rivera:

But,you have to want it,Hector. Stop playing games with yourself and God. Stop running from the pain from with-in. It's time to be free,Hector. It's time to shine bright like the sun,amigo. Shine bright.

Hector:

I have a life sentence,man.

Hector raises his arms.

Hector:

All I see is darkness and depression in this place. It gets hard here at times,Mr.Rivera. I don't know how long I can survive at times. There are times when I just want it all to be over. Death would be a better option. Sometimes when I close my eyes and go to sleep I pray that I don't wake up. Give me everlasting rest and peace. (Pause) I just don't want to wake up in hell. Not there. Even though the way I lived my life,I deserve it bigtime.

Mr.Rivera:

Grace,Hector. Grace is something we don't deserve. It's a free gift from God himself. Let the good Lord direct your course in life now. That's the best way,Hector. You can't do it on your own any more. Look what you're way has gotten you,Hector.

Hector looks around the cell.

Hector:

It brought me here.

Mr.Rivera:

Sin will take you places you don't wanna go,Hector.

Hector:

Ain't that the truth,man.

Mr.Rivera:

There's something else I want to say to you,Hector.

Hector:

What's that,Mr.Rivera?

Mr.Rivera walks closer to Hector. The conversation is even more personal.

Mr.Rivera:

If I could say one thing to you to help you. It would be this? No matter what comes our way,we must learn to forgive,Hector. Forgiveness is the only way to let go of the bitterness,anger and deep rotten pain. There's victory in forgiveness,Hector.

Hector cries. Tears flow.

Hector:

I can't forgive,Mr.Rivera.

Mr.Rivera:

Yes you can,Hector.

Hector:

I don't know how to. Holding unto the pain has kept me alive in prison. It's given me a edge to survive.

Mr.Rivera:

No it hasn't. Not forgiving has been eating at you're soul like cancer,Hector.

Hector:

Im scared. Im scared to forgive.

Hector really breaks down in agony.

Hector:

I hurt so many people in my life. (Cries) Aggg.Agggg.I can't forgive. Aggggg.I can't forgive myself. Agggggg.

Hector falls to his knees.

Mr.Rivera:

You need to forgive yourself,Hector. It's okay to cry. Real men do cry. (Pause) Forgive yourself.

Mr.Rivera,Jorge and Lorenzo all place their hands on Hector's shoulders.

Jorge:

Forgive yourself,son.

Lorenzo:

You are forgiven,Papa.

Hector breaks down even more in a emotional tailspin of pain. His soul screams in remorse from with-in.

Hector:

I destroyed a family. I destroyed my family. I hate myself for what I've done. (Pause) What I've become.

Hector is full of shame.

Hector:

For how I lived my life. I caused so much pain to others.

Hector's eyes are full of remorse.

Hector:

I hurt so many, man. So many.

Mr. Rivera stands above Hector with compassion in his eyes.

Mr. Rivera:

God knows you're heart, Hector. The Lord knows, my friend. (Pause) You need Jesus, Hector. Jesus Christ as the Lord of your life. The Lord of your heart. Only Christ can save you, Hector. Only Christ.

There's a sincere moment of remorse as Hector breaks down in tears. Mr. Rivera, Jorge and Lorenzo place their hands on Hector's shoulder with compassion as their motive.

Hector:

(Cries)

I need help.... Help me, Jesus. Please come into my heart. I need to be forgiven. Aggg. Help me, Jesus. (Pause) I believe in you, Lord Jesus Christ.

Hector prays on with a broken heart unto God.

Hector:

(PRAYS ON)

The devil had my soul all of my life. I did the devil's work and done so much harm to many. Forgive me, Lords..... Change my heart. Make me a man of love and peace. Im tired of the hurt and pain. Give me peace. Jesus is my Lord and saviour.. I believe. I really believe.....

Hector looks up at Mr. Rivera, Lorenzo and Jorge with tears flowing from his eyes.

Hector:

I believe. I really believe.

Jorge, Lorenzo and Mr. Rivera help Hector stand up from his prayer.

Mr. Rivera:

God has forgiven, you, Hector..... I forgive you. We all forgive you in love.

Mr. Rivera points to Lorenzo and Jorge.

Hector is sincere in his remorse. Authentic.

Mr.Rivera:

Don't take this experience for granted,Hector. A miracle has happened to you. You're victim,which is me,huh?

Mr.Rivera has a good sense of humor as he spreads his arms wide.

Mr.Rivera:

I was the victim which came down from heaven to help you change. Help you find the way,the truth and the life into your heart, mind and soul. Jesus is the way,brother. Yes indeed.

Mr.Rivera points to Jorge and Lorenzo again.

Mr.Rivera:

Then God allowed you're Father and son to come down from heaven to assist me in your convers&on. What a amazing thing,huh?

Hector looks on in wonder.

Mr.Rivera:

You're past doesn't have to dictate who you can become,amigo. You have a purpose in life now,Hector. Follow the course God has for you,man. This is a miracle indeed.

Hector wipes his eyes full of tears.

Mr.Rivera:

Help others and stop the cycle of crime,my friend. What a powerful ministry God has given you,huh?

Hector slowly responds as he's overwhelmed from this whole spiritual experience. Mr.Rivera,Jorge and Lorenzo just look at Hector with love in their eyes.

Hector:

I give you my word to help others change. (Pause) To really change. All for Jesus.

Hector looks up to God.

Hector:

I give God my word. I vow to do so.

Mr.Rivera smiles with a big smile.

Mr.Rivera:

Now,that's what I wanted to hear. It does my soul well.

Jorge:

Mine too,son.

Lorenzo:

Me too,Papa.

Hector wipes his face and smiles.

Mr.Rivera:

I believe you've found your way,Hector. You're heart is sincere.

Mr.Rivera gives Hector another hug. That's when dog barks are heard in the background. The barks of a chihuahua.

Dog Barks(O.S.)

Brrr! Brrrrr! Brrrrr!

Hector looks around the cell in wonder.

Hector:

What the hell is that,hu? There's no dogs here,amigo!

Mr.Rivera laughs.

Mr.Rivera:

(Laughs)

Ha.ha.ha.ha. Oh,that's my dog,Chino. My little chihuahua friend.

Dog Barks(O.S.)

Brrrrr! Brrrrr! Brrrrrrrrr!

Mr.Rivera yells out to his dog.

Mr.Rivera:

Chino!! Calm done!!

Dog Barks:

Brrrrr! Brrrrr! Brrrrrrr!

Mr.Rivera yells out later.

Mr.Rivera:

Chino!! I'll be there soon!!! I will never leave you,Chino!!!!

We have forever together,Chino!!!!

Mr.Rivera turns to Hector again.

Mr.Rivera:

Chino is letting me know it's time to go. Chino's on the other side as well. So,I gotta go soon,Hector.

Mr.Rivera looks at Jorge and Lorenzo.

Mr.Rivera:

We all gotta go.

Hector:

I understand.

Mr.Rivera:

Now,I know my death wasn't in vain. You're gonna do great things,Hector. Great things,my friend.

The dog barks again.

Dog Barks(O.S.)  
Brrr! Brrrr! Brrr!

Mr.Rivera yells out again.

Mr.Rivera:  
Calm down,Chino!! Calm down! Im on my way!

Mr.Rivera looks to Hector again.

Mr.Rivera:  
Even in death that dog has no patience. None at all. Like a little baby.

Hector:  
Really,huh?

Mr.Rivera:  
It's true,amigo. So very true. (Pause) Well,I've done what Im suppose to do,Hector. For you to see the light. For you to be on the right path. The good way. (Pause) I believe that your on that path now.

Mr.Rivera and Hector shake hands.

Mr.Rivera:  
I'll see you on the other side someday,my friend.

They break from their hand shake.

Hector:  
I will you see again,Mr.Rivera.

Mr.Rivera:  
Yes indeed,you will,Hector.

Mr.Rivera then turns to Jorge and Lorenzo and then looks back at Hector.

Mr.Rivera:  
I'll leave you so you can say your goodbyes to your son and father.

The dog barks again.

Dog Barks(O.S.)  
Brrr! Brrrr! Brrr!

Mr.Rivera is very aggravated.

Mr.Rivera:  
That damn dog drives me crazy,huh?! (Yells out) Here I come,Chino!  
Chino!!!!!!

Mr.Rivera waves goodbye to Hector.

Mr.Rivera:  
Adios,my friend.

Mr.Rivera points to Jorge and Lorenzo.

Mr.Rivera:  
See you soon,my brothers.

Jorge and Lorenzo give Mr.Rivera the thumbs up in agreement.

Hector:  
Thank you,Mr.Rivera for everything.

Mr.Rivera smiles as he starts to back away.

Mr.Rivera:  
It's all good,Hector.

Mr.Rivera raises his arms up to heaven with a big smile on his face.

Mr.Rivera:  
It's real good,my friend. Real good.

Mr.Rivera turns away and exits stage left. The dog barks again.

Dog Barks(O.S.)  
Brr! Brrr! Brrr!

Mr.Rivera's voice is heard off stage..

Mr.Rivera:  
Chino!!! I love you,Chino!!!!!!

Then there's silence as Hector looks at his Father and son. Then Hector speaks.

Hector:  
I don't want you to go.

Hector tears up again.

Jorge:  
We know,son. But we have to go back.

Lorenzo:  
Take care of yourself,Papa.

Hector:  
I will,son.

Lorenzo:  
Please be there for Grandmom(Abuella) and Maria. They need you,Pap  
Papa. They really need you.

Jorge:

And your grandson is gonna need you, Hector. You have much to live for.

Hector tears up even more.

Hector:

I love you both so much. Im sorry for letting you down. For not being a good son and father. Im so sorry.

Jorge:

Let that pain go, son. What matters is that you're heart is free. That you fulfill the purpose God has for you. That will make me proud, son. I'll be smiling from heaven.

Hector:

Thank you, Papa.

Lorenzo:

I'll be smiling also, Papa. You are a good man. I love you, Papa. I I'll did.

Hector is full of tears.

Hector:

I love you too, son.

Hector hugs his son and then hugs his father. It's a strong emotional moment of love, family and true forgiveness. Then they break from the hug.

Heaven like music is heard in the background. The voices of true angels from heaven.

Jorge:

We must go now, son.

Hector stands there with a broken heart of sadness.

Jorge:

Don't be sad, son. We will be together someday.

Lorenzo:

We will, papa. We will. We are always with you, papa. Don't forget that.

Hector:

Okay.

Jorge and Lorenzo starts to walk to the back of the cell as the music plays on.

Hector:

I love you both always.

Jorge and Lorenzo waves goodbye to Hector with big smiles on their faces.

Lorenzo:  
Be strong,Papa.

Jorge:  
Remember,son. Im proud of you.

Hector stands there helpless as he watches his Father and son exit the cell stage left and enter back into heaven. The music of angels is heard strong in the background.

Music of angels.

Then after a short moment there's pure silence. Hector just feels emotionally drained after this spiritual experience that has occurred to him. He stands there very still and after a moment he wipes his eyes dry from the flood of tears falling from his eyes. Then he looks up to the heavens.

Hector:  
I promise to do good, Lord. I promise to help others. I will help my family. My mother, daughter and future grandson. I do promise to help these young men coming to prison to become good men. Men of integrity and character. Men of goodness for their families and their communities. Men of God.

Hector walks over to his bed and picks up his bible.

Hector:  
I want my Father, son and Mr. Rivera to be proud of me. (Pause)  
I want you to be proud of me, Lord God.

Hector holds his bible tight.

Hector:  
Jesus Christ is my Lord and saviour. My redeemer.

Hector then holds up his bible to the heavens.

Hector:  
I promise to be a man of love. The love of Christ. (Pause) I promise, dear Lord.

Hector lowers his bible.

Hector:  
I promise.

Hector slowly turns away and slowly exits the cell from stage right.

A song plays in the background.

The end.

L.N.S.  
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