

Jail Time Sober

By Tami Canaday

Setting: A jail cell in a county jail.

Time: The present

Character: Nancy is an educated woman in her late twenties to early thirties.

NANCY

So, every woman here in jail with me is an addict; their addiction is stronger than their sense of what is right. (*very slight beat*) So, why am I here? A newbie? Which, I am. Alcoholism, I suspect. Under the surface, surreptitious, for sure, but alcoholism. I'm here because drinking feels better than not drinking. Or because I THINK drinking is gonna feel better than not drinking. Not true . . . usually. (*laughs. Suddenly stops*) The reality? I'm a juicehead, and juiceheads make . . . questionable choices. So, where to start? Last night, I slept without my pants on since I won't get another uniform until Friday. Don't want them to start smelling too stinky, too soon. Might seem like a small consideration, right? One, maybe, I shouldn't mention? Trust me, it's a big one. My nights are restless. The lights never, ever go off except when they're dimmed at 11:30. And, a thin plastic pad on a metal shelf is like sleeping on a goose down without the goose, and the down. Makes me wake up over and over during the night - the damn unpleasantness of it all. And the only way to tell what time it is? Is to get on my knees and peer sideways through a slit in the door.

(*continued . . .*)