

Fucking Blasphemy

A short play

By Mark Chrisler

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Contact:

Mark Chrisler

markchrisler@gmail.com

www.markchrisler.com

FUCKING BLASPHEMY

Shaundra wheels the chair-bound Hillary in.

HILLARY

She's a beautiful dog.

SHAUNDRA

I'm glad you think so.

HILLARY

I'll be happy to take care of her if... in the event that...

SHAUNDRA

After the rapture.

HILLARY

Sure. That.

SHAUNDRA

Let's not put the chair before the horse.

HILLARY

What?

SHAUNDRA

Figure of speech. You seem like a nice woman.

HILLARY

Thank you...

SHAUNDRA

I have some concerns. About you taking care of Buttons.

HILLARY

Because of the chair? Look, I've had three dogs and a husband, too, and if you think...

SHAUNDRA

No. I'm sorry. You misunderstand. I'm not concerned about your legs. I'm concerned about what got them that way.

HILLARY

I don't...

SHAUNDRA

I've interviewed seven people for this, you know. All of them have been wonderful. Dog lovers. But, in the end, I wasn't confident--not confident enough--they'd be... *left behind* after God's judgement.

HILLARY

Oh.

SHAUNDRA

That's the tough spot I'm in. I want whoever I get to take care of Buttons to be a good person, obviously.

HILLARY

Right.

SHAUNDRA

But if they're too good a person, what's to say they won't be lifted up to heaven along with me. Then where would I be?

HILLARY

... Heaven?

SHAUNDRA

Heaven without someone to take care of my dog. Which, really, is sort of like hell. So, I see you: you're an animal lover, that's clear. And you say you're an atheist...

HILLARY

I *am* an atheist.

SHAUNDRA

Okay. Sure. That's what you say. But--and maybe it's a cliché--but when I see you, in that chair, I worry perhaps you're not so much an atheist as a Christian who's angry at God for whatever accident got you here.

HILLARY

I was an atheist before the accident.

SHAUNDRA

Good. Great.

HILLARY

I feel thankful. I was in a car crash. Four others with me. They're all dead, and I'm alive. I thank them. I thank statistics. I feel a mighty debt to the random sacrifices of that event. But, if there were a God to be thankful for, I'd still be walking, not just surviving.

SHAUNDRA

Good. That's the kind of heretical outrage I'm looking for. Were you ever baptized?

HILLARY

Yes.

SHAUNDRA

That's worrisome. Can I ask something of you?

HILLARY

Depends on what.

SHAUNDRA

I need you to sin for me.

HILLARY

What?

SHAUNDRA

It doesn't have to be anything horrible. Say you could... curse out God?

HILLARY

Curse him out?

SHAUNDRA

You know. "Eff him. Eff his effing son..." I don't know. Something like that.

HILLARY

I don't swear.

SHAUNDRA

You don't swear?

HILLARY

No.

SHAUNDRA

That's cause for... I'm really reconsidering this.

HILLARY

No. Wait. It's not like that. See, I used to be a church-goer. In adolescence, I started having... blasphemous thoughts. I would sit in church and think things like that... "Eff him," or whatever. So, I stopped going. And after that. After that break, I made a rational decision--weighed the odds, over the years, and came to the only logical conclusion: there is no God. So, I don't swear, but that's exactly BECAUSE it reminds me of my religious days.

SHAUNDRA

How about if you were to just... I don't know... pledge allegiance to Satan?

HILLARY

I think maybe I should go.

SHAUNDRA

What's the matter? You don't believe in him, do you?

HILLARY

No. But this whole thing is getting creepy.

SHAUNDRA

Okay, okay. We're just talking.

HILLARY

That's alright. She's a real sweet dog, but I think I should just go.

SHAUNDRA

I want this to work, Hillary.

(she holds onto Hillary's chair, stopping
her from exiting)

You're really the best heathen I've seen. And I have this feeling time is running out.

HILLARY

Let me go!

SHAUNDRA

Just a little unforgiveable sin.

HILLARY

Help! Help!

SHAUNDRA

Denounce the Holy Spirit, maybe?

HILLARY

I want out of here!

(She suddenly stands, then, shocked to realize she's walking, examines herself a moment, looks up to the heavens)

Fuck.

SHAUNDRA

Great. Onto number nine.

Black out.