

**IN THE REC ROOM AT A CHURCH IN** Cypress, Texas, Margery leads her students in a puppet pageant to strengthen their faith in the Bible and evade Satan's hand. But when the young members of the Christian Puppet Ministry put those teachings into practice, one devout young man's puppet takes on a shocking personality that no one could have expected. In this hilarious black comedy, a foul-mouthed sock puppet named Tyrone soon teaches those around him that the urges that can drive a person to give in to their darkest desires fit like a glove. In *Hand to God*, a "true tour de force" (*The New York Times*), Robert Askins has written a play of "unerring perfection" (*Huffington Post*).

The hit Broadway production starring Steven Boyer and Geneva Carr garnered an Obie Award and five Tony Award nominations including Best Play, following its sold out, critically acclaimed off-Broadway runs at MCC Theater and Ensemble Studio Theatre.

PRAISE FOR  
**HAND TO GOD**

"MR. ASKINS'S BLACK COMEDY ABOUT THE DIVIDED HUMAN SOUL STANDS OUT . . . MERRY AND SCARY AND VERY WELCOME."

—Charles Isherwood, *THE NEW YORK TIMES*

"AN IRRESISTIBLE, INTELLIGENT, HEARTBREAKING BLOOD-DARK COMEDY, IT'S AS DISTURBING AS IT IS FUNNY, VILE AS IT IS VIOLENT AND, TO MY MIND, BETTER FOR BOTH."

—Jesse Green, *NEW YORK*

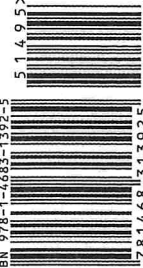
**ROBERT ASKINS's** *Hand to God* opened on Broadway, following two critically-acclaimed off-Broadway runs, where it was named a *New York Times* Critics' Pick. His plays include *The Squirrels*, *The Carpenter*, and *Permission*, which had its world premiere off-Broadway at MCC Theater. He has received two EST/Sloan grants, the Helen Merrill Emerging Playwrights Award, and an Arch and Bruce Davis Award for Playwriting. Rob is an M-73 and Youngblood alum and a graduate of Baylor University.

Front cover: Creative by AKA



THE OVERLOOK PRESS  
NEW YORK, NY  
[WWW.OVERLOOKPRESS.COM/DRAMA](http://WWW.OVERLOOKPRESS.COM/DRAMA)

ISBN 978-1-4683-1392-5  
DRAMA \$14.95 US



5 1 4 9 5 >  
9 781468 313925

"THE FRESHEST AND FUNNIEST BROADWAY COMEDY IN YEARS . . .  
**HAND TO GOD IS TO PLAYS AS THE BOOK OF MORMON IS  
TO MUSICALS.**" —Adam Feldman, *TIME OUT NY*

**HAND TO GOD**  
→ A PLAY

**ROBERT ASKINS**



HAND TO GOD

A PLAY BY ROBERT ASKINS

OVERLOOK

## TO THE READER OF THIS PLAY

Hi! Hello! How are you?

My name is Rob Askins and I wrote the play you're holding in your hands and if you are holding this script I would like to say congratulations. The play section is usually very small and hard to find. It's always in some corner next to poetry or maybe books about music or graphic novels or whatever.

So if you're reading these words then it isn't by accident. You must have heard something about this thing. You must have sought it out or ordered it online and now you are here reading the foreword. So odds are you're a "theatre person" and not just any "theatre person," you're a "theatre nerd."

So congratulations nerd this, now, is your play.

I wrote it but you now have a copy, which means you can make it. You can't charge money for the ticket or my agent will get very angry and that's a whole thing, so don't, but you can now make this play, even if it's just in your head.

So now it's our play and I want you to know I take that very seriously.

When I was 22 living in Texas and bartending and writing plays and dreaming about New York, I would go to the bookstore and pick up the scripts for plays that had won things and I would sit in the aisle and read them all day. I remember reading a very famous play that won everything and looking up when I finished it and going "Really? That's it?"

That's the funny thing about what you have in your hands. This is a blueprint. It is a suggestion. It is a speech bubble in a long conversation. It is an invitation to play.

So to prepare you to make this play here are some things I would like you to know.



THEM. MAKE THEM EAT PAPER. IN THE THEATRE YOU CAN DO ANYTHING, SO DO EVERYTHING. This applies even if you are the only member of the audience.

I hope you like our play. I hope it makes you laugh. I hope it makes you feel something. I hope it makes you want to make plays and if you already make them make them different and make them weird because I would like to see more good weird plays.

This play is what it looks like in my head. I would like to see what it looks like inside yours.

Good luck.

Robert Askins

1. Puppet ministries are real. My mother ran one. I was in it. Go on-line Google it real quick. You'll see. A couple hundred dollars and a dream and you too can have your own.
2. The puppet I had never talked to me. It never bit off anybody's ear and my mother never had sex with a teen (that I know of), but my father did die and I had a hard time with that. So take our play seriously but know there are jokes here.
3. Chicken fried steak has no chicken in it, but it is delicious and you should try it if you get the chance. It is the national dish of Texas. This play is about Texas and the people who live there. Like chicken fried steak we are strange and delicious and if you get us right some things in our play will be easier to understand.
4. Read Tyrone in a funny voice. It will help. If you are not funny have a funny friend read it. If you are funny look in a mirror and say the lines. That will help you get a better understanding of this play.
5. I love these people and if our play is going to be any good you should love them too. They are trying very hard. The play will not be good if you make fun of them. Try to understand them. They are in pain. Just like you.
6. Our play is big. When people feel they feel all the way. When they cry they scream. When they love they hit. This might not make sense to some people, but other people will know what I'm talking about. If you don't get it give it the benefit of the doubt. You might have a different kind of family.
7. This play does not hate God. It does not hate church or Jesus. It is frustrated by them. It wants them to be better. It wants people to be better and if it hates anything it hates easy answers and people who have stopped looking.
8. Scare your audience. Try to turn them on. Make them laugh. Make them cry. Make them scream. Go for the jugular. BITE

## PROLOGUE

*All is dark.*

*Then a light.*

*Then a PUPPET into the light.*

*The PUPPET is cute, cuddly. You've seen something like this before.*

*I mean he looks Elmo-y and shit, but as he goes on you can tell there's something wrong with him.*

*He's weirder.*

*Darker.*

*Whatever . . .*

**TYRONE** In the beginning there was no divide. We were too stupid to be anything but what we were. We didn't shave. We rutted as we chose careless in the night. When you had to shit . . . you just let it drop. It was a golden age. Then some evil bastard figured out many together could kill larger things. Then the ladies figured out if you have more food from larger things less babies die. So we started camping. Together. That's where the trouble started. All of a sudden you couldn't just rut or shit or stare off for long periods of time. If some other took to your lady. He didn't just kill you or you him. Other things had to happen. To preserve the group. And some asshole. Probably the same one that figured out how to kill really big things in groups. He invented right and wrong. Right is for all of us. Wrong is for just you. Peace around the camp fire.

Good. You shitting in the middle of the sleeping place bad. Preservation of numbers good. Stoning to death the guy with the really high voice that won't shut the fuck up in his sleep, bad. Families and babies and more and more, good. Extracurricular fucking, bad . . . but unavoidable. So the same motherfucker who invented the group kill and team virtue, that ballsy piece of pig shit topped all his previous work and he invented . . . The devil. When I have put myself ahead of the group. When I have acted badly, in order that I may stay around the camp fire all I have to do is say . . . The devil made me do it.

*The PUPPET laughs.*

## ACT 1. SCENE 1.

*The lights come up on the basement of a church.*

~~*The basement of a church in Texas.*~~

~~*The basement of a church in Cypress, Texas.*~~

*There are posters. One has a rainbow of children holding hands and running toward a white bearded Christ.*

*There is a brightly colored rug. There are bean bag chairs.*

*There are four people in the room. One grown-up and three kids.*

*The kids are played by actors that look young. But by no means the 15-17-year-olds that they are intended to be.*

*MARGERY is standing in the middle of the room. She has a primish looking lady puppet on her hand.*

**MARGERY** Hey y'all my name's Rita and I love Jesus! Do you love Jesus?

*She laughs to herself. Enjoying her puppet voice.*

*But then she looks around the room.*

*Nobody seems to love Jesus.*

*Nobody seems to want to be there.*

*The boys are JASON and TIMOTHY.*

*The girl is JESSICA.*

*JASON is blond and slight and slightly afraid.*

*TIMOTHY is in all black.*



JESSICA *is dark haired and thin.*

JESSICA *is working on her puppet a little hunched over in the corner.*

**MARGERY** Well where's everybody at? Jessie you gonna finish your . . .

**JESSICA** Jolene.

**MARGERY** You gonna finish Jolene today.

**JESSICA** I guess.

JESSICA *pulls a load of stuffing out of the puppet supply bag.*

*She maybe starts stuffing it under the puppet's shirt.*

**MARGERY** Whoa Jessie how much of that stuffing do you need?

**JESSICA** You said I could make her look like I wanted.

**MARGERY** Yes but what is all that for.

**TIMOTHY** Puppet boobs.

**JESSICA** Shut up Timothy.

**TIMOTHY** It's not my fault you got no tits.

**MARGERY** Hello Tim.

**JASON** *(To JESSICA.)* I think you look nice.

**JESSICA** Umm thanks.

**TIMOTHY** Dude I can see your boner from here.

**MARGERY** Stop it Tim, that is enough.

**TIMOTHY** What? I'm the one that's being forced to look at a boner. I'm the victim here.

**MARGERY** Timothy, you cannot see his boner.

**JASON** Mom.

**MARGERY** Timothy. Tim . . . T . . . do you even have your puppet Timothy.

**TIMOTHY** Uh-hh. No.

**MARGERY** Why don't you have a puppet, Timothy.

**TIMOTHY** 'Cause puppet are for faggots.

**MARGERY** Timothy.

**JESSICA** You are so . . .

**TIMOTHY** What?

**JESSICA** Afraid.

**MARGERY** Jessica.

**TIMOTHY** Afraid of what?

**JESSICA** *Afraid you're gay.*

**MARGERY** Hey now.

**TIMOTHY** What?

**JESSICA** That's why you say that.

**TIMOTHY** See if you can taste the gay when I nut in your mouth.

**MARGERY** Timothy behave.

**TIMOTHY** Or what?

**MARGERY** Or I'll tell your Mother.

**TIMOTHY** If you can get her when she's sober.  
*(Beat.)*

**MARGERY** Kids this can be really great. Really rewarding if you just . . . just . . .

**TIMOTHY** Just what.

**MARGERY** Just took it seriously. Hey show them what you've been working on.

**JASON** Moooooooooooo.

**MARGERY** It's cool it's really, cool. Rad even.

**JASON** Please Mom don't say rad.

**MARGERY** Why not?

**JESSICA** Yeah why not? She can say rad.

**MARGERY** I can say rad.

**TIMOTHY** You can totally say rad. Mrs. S.

**MARGERY** See Jason. So now go ahead. Show them. Show them what you been working on.

JASON stands and brings up his puppet, TYRONE and starts a very faint and very self-conscious rendition of "Jesus Loves Me."

He is not a bad puppeteer but he isn't selling it.

**JASON** Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so.

Continuing over the chatter.

**TIMOTHY** Jesus loves you in your butt hole.

**JESSICA** You're so far back in the closet, you're in Narnia.

**TIMOTHY** What?

**MARGERY QUIET.**

JASON continues.

**MARGERY** Why are you two here?

**JESSICA** Well really I'm more into Balinese shadow puppetry, but I'll take what I can get.

**TIMOTHY** 'Cause Mom won't leave me at home during her meetings. **JESSICA** What meetings.

**TIMOTHY** None of your business you nosy bitch.

**MARGERY TIMOTHY.** You can't . . . that is . . .

JASON's still going.

**MARGERY** Jason that's enough.

JASON keeps going.

**MARGERY** Jason.

And going.

**MARGERY** Baby stop.

**JASON** Sorry Mom.

MARGERY pauses. She hangs her head.

**MARGERY** Jason. Jessica. Will you leave me and Timothy alone?

**JASON** Mom.

**MARGERY** Just for a second, baby.

**TIMOTHY** Awww. Little baby.

**MARGERY** Shut up, Timothy.

(Beat.)

**MARGERY** I'm . . . I . . .

**JESSICA** Jason you wanna get a coke? I know where Pastor Greg keeps them.

JASON looks at TIMOTHY and his mother.

**JASON** Okay.

They exit.

TIMOTHY and MARGERY are left alone on stage.

**MARGERY** Do you hate me Timothy?

**TIMOTHY** (Suddenly quiet) No.

**MARGERY** I can't keep doing this Tim. It is every week. Every week. I have had a hard year. I have had a hard year.

TIMOTHY doesn't say anything.

**MARGERY** I have one thing in my life that is keeping me together and that is my dedication to my lord and savior Jesus Christ and because I can't sing and I can't preach and my brownies taste like old tires I am trying to teach myself and you how to do puppet shows. Now if you don't want to come here you don't have to come here. Go smoke in the parking lot and I will tell your mother you are in here. But please leave me alone. I beg you to leave me alone.

She hangs her head.

**TIMOTHY** Why are you sad?  
**MARGERY** My husband died.  
**TIMOTHY** How?  
**MARGERY** He . . . he . . . he . . .  
**TIMOTHY** I mean, I know he had a heart attack.  
**MARGERY** Then why did you ask?  
**TIMOTHY** 'Cause I want you to know I care.  
**MARGERY** Then why won't you leave me alone?  
**TIMOTHY** 'Cause I love you and I don't know what to do about it.  
**MARGERY** Excuse me.  
**TIMOTHY** Should I say it again.  
**MARGERY** No Timothy. You shouldn't. You shouldn't ever say that again.  
**TIMOTHY** Why not.  
**MARGERY** Because . . . because . . .  
**TIMOTHY** Because you feel it too?  
**MARGERY** No. No Timothy. No.  
**TIMOTHY** I . . . I love our little talks.  
**MARGERY** Little ta . . . ? I am disciplining you.  
**TIMOTHY** I thought this was our thing.  
**MARGERY** Do what now?  
**TIMOTHY** You remember when we was alone that one time Jason was sick and Jessica's family was in Florida and we had a great talk and I made you laugh and you touched my arm and then the room got hot and I don't know much but I know when I'm hard . . .  
**MARGERY** (*Calling off stage.*) Jason.  
**TIMOTHY** And I'm rocking a halfsie right now, so . . .  
**MARGERY** What you felt wasn't what I felt.  
**TIMOTHY** Okay. Then don't kiss me.  
**MARGERY** Fine.

*He steps toward her.*  
**MARGERY** Timothy.  
**TIMOTHY** Just don't kiss me.  
*He steps toward her again.*  
**MARGERY** Stop it.  
**TIMOTHY** Don't do it.  
*He is getting close.*  
**MARGERY** This is a stupid game.  
*He is so close she has to move.*  
**TIMOTHY** Then why are you moving?  
**MARGERY** Because you're making me uncomfortable.  
**TIMOTHY** Oh.  
*This has the desired effect.*  
**TIMOTHY** I'm sorry. I thought . . .  
**MARGERY** That's fine. Just . . . I don't think you should come to puppet practice anymore.  
**TIMOTHY** Why?  
**MARGERY** You don't want to learn. You're disruptive and you make me uncomfortable.  
**TIMOTHY** But that . . . that would hurt too much.  
~~She does opens.~~  
~~PASTOR GREG WALKS IN.~~  
~~PASTOR GREG: Knock. Knock. Knock.~~  
~~He's a nice guy. In-stacks.~~  
~~No collar. A brisk walk.~~  
~~PASTOR GREG: Over so soon!~~



## ACT 1. SCENE 2.

*So in time we are a little after JESSICA and JASON left the basement.*

*They're sitting on playground swings. Drinking coke from cans.*

*JESSICA has taken her puppet off.*

*JASON has not.*

*JASON takes a drink of his soda.*

*He is using the puppet mouth to hold the can.*

*It's a little funny.*

*JESSICA maybe giggles.*

*JASON maybe gets red.*

*Maybe switches the soda to his other hand.*

**JESSICA** You don't take that thing off much do you?

**JASON** I do. I do all the time. I spend long periods of time with it off.

Like in the bath. Or when swimming. Or . . .

**JESSICA** Only when dealing with water.

**JASON** What?

**JESSICA** What, is he some kinda hydrophobe?

**JASON** Who Tyrone?

**JESSICA** Is that his name?

**JASON** Ummm. Yeah.

**JESSICA** And he's afraid of water.

**JASON** I know what hydrophobe means.

**JESSICA** I didn't think you didn't.

**JASON** He just takes a really long time to dry. You take him into the pool once and there goes your Saturday night, alone in the bathroom with the hair dryer.

*She giggles again.*

*He gets red again.*

**JESSICA** Aww you're embarrassed.

**JASON** I'm not embarrassed.

**JESSICA** You don't have to be embarrassed.

**JASON** Good I'm not.

**JESSICA** I think it's sweet how much you love your puppet.

**JASON** I don't love my puppet.

**JESSICA** Well how much you like your puppet.

**JASON** I don't like my puppet.

**JESSICA** How much you need your puppet.

*He gets up to go.*

**JESSICA** Hey. Hey, don't leave.

**JASON** Stop making fun of me.

**JESSICA** I'm not.

**JASON** I'm . . .

**JESSICA** Really I'm not. I saw *The Lion King*. I think it's cool.

**JASON** Are you sure you're not making fun of me.

**JESSICA** I'm sure.

**JASON** 'Cause I know it's not cool.

**JESSICA** It is.

**JASON** You don't have to patronize me.

**JESSICA** I'm not. I like it when you make him sing.

*This one lets him believe that.*

~~JASON~~

~~He gets red.~~

~~JESSICA~~ What?

~~JASON~~ I can't remember anymore.

~~JESSICA~~ That's really good.

~~JASON~~ Thank you.

~~JASON~~ goes back to sit down.

~~JESSICA~~ Did you come up with that all by yourself?

~~JASON~~ Yes.

~~TYRONE~~ (As if on his own) Yes.

~~JASON~~ grabs one hand with the other.

~~JASON~~ Shut up.

~~JESSICA~~ giggles.

~~TYRONE~~ wiggles feet.

~~TYRONE~~ it's a famous routine from the fifties.

~~JASON~~ hitches.

**TYRONE** You'd know that if you weren't so stupid.

**JESSICA** Hey.

**JASON** Shut up Tyrone.

**JESSICA** Yeah, shut up Tyrone.

**TYRONE** But it doesn't matter 'cause he thinks you're hot.

**JASON** That is enough.

**JASON** puts his hand over the PUPPET's mouth.

**JESSICA** You think I'm hot.

**JASON** No . . .

She looks a little hurt.

**JASON** Yes.

She looks a little embarrassed.

**JASON** I don't know.

The PUPPET bites JASON's finger.

**JASON** puts his finger in his mouth.

**JASON** Ouch.

**TYRONE** So hot. So hot he can't keep from touching himself.

**JESSICA** Jason.

**TYRONE** Touching himself in the dark.

**JESSICA** Jason stop.

**JASON** Tyrone.

**TYRONE** The things he thinks about you.

**JESSICA** Jason this isn't funny.

**JASON** I know.

**TYRONE** Thinks about doing to you.

**JASON** Tyrone.

**TYRONE** What.

**JASON** Stop.

**TYRONE** You can't stop it.

**JASON** Yes I can.

**JASON** grabs the PUPPET by the neck in a violent motion and pulls it clear off.

He throws it to the ground.

There is of course a pause.

**JASON** Jessica. I . . .

**JESSICA** I'm gonna see if my dad's here.

**JASON** I'm sorry.

**JESSICA** It's okay. It's fine. Don't even worry.

**JASON** Don't go.

**JESSICA** I'll see you next week.

**JASON** Please don't go.

**JESSICA** Bye now.

**JESSICA** goes. **JASON** watches her go.

He goes over to the PUPPET.

He takes the PUPPET up and holds it by the sides of the head.

**JASON** Shit.

### ACT 1. SCENE 3.

**MARGERY** and **JASON** are in the car. *Amy Grant or some other mid-nineties Christian pop singer is playing.*

**JASON** is staring out his window sucking on his finger.

The PUPPET is on his lap.

**MARGERY** is driving straight ahead.

**MARGERY** What do you want for dinner?

**JASON** doesn't answer.

**MARGERY** ~~Shit!~~? You want some nuggets. Some chicken nuggets?

**JASON** doesn't answer.

**MARGERY** You hungry? You really . . . we could go to ~~Granola~~ **MAGGIES.** They got that Chicken Fried Steak you like.

**JASON** looks at her.

**JASON** Momma. I don't wanna do the puppets no more.

**MARGERY** swallows hard.

~~TOBY~~

**JASON** Momma did you hear me.

~~MARGERY~~ Get you a parfait.

**JASON** I can't. I can't do it no more.

~~MARGERY~~ That's what we'll do. We'll get you a parfait. I ain't means perfect!!!! ~~Trenton.~~



**JASON** Momma . . .

**MARGERY** You can keep on repeating yourself, young man. I'm gonna keep on ignoring you.

**JASON** Why, Momma.

**MARGERY** You know what them puppets mean to your Momma.

**JASON** I do.

**MARGERY** You know Momma's having a rough time right now.

**JASON** I do.

**MARGERY** You know Momma needs your help.

**JASON** I know but . . .

**MARGERY** But what?

**JASON** I cain't. I . . .

**MARGERY** What is more important than your Momma's love?

**JASON** I think it's doing bad things to me.

**MARGERY** What are you talking about.

**JASON** Just please Momma. Lemme stop and don't think it means nothing.

**MARGERY** Jason we gotta perform for the church next Sunday.

**JASON** No Momma.

**MARGERY** I was gonna tell you over chicken nuggets but there.

There it is. We gonna have to give 'em a show next week and I need you to go up there and show 'em. Show 'em what you can do. You and ole Tyrone.

**JASON** I don't think Tyrone'll like that.

**MARGERY** Jason what have I told you about that kinna talk.

**JASON** Not to talk it.

**MARGERY** When you talk about Tyrone wanting things it . . .

**JASON** Yes Ma'am.

**MARGERY** So. I need you to practice extra hard this week. Work on your church songs. You're the only one who's any good. Cut it out

with that old vaudeville mess and come through for Momma.

Can you? Can you come through for Momma?

*She pauses.*

*She waits.*

**MARGERY** Can you be her rock.

*She waits.*

**MARGERY** Her knight in shining armor.

*She waits.*

**MARGERY** Please.

**JASON** No Momma.

**MARGERY** Yes Jason.

**JASON** I won't do it.

**MARGERY** Jason.

**JASON** I won't.

**MARGERY** You will.

**JASON** You can't make me.

**MARGERY** I am your mother and I can.

**JASON** It's bad.

**MARGERY** I'll tell you what's bad.

**JASON** Oh yeah.

**MARGERY** Yeah.

**JASON** Oh yeah.

**MARGERY** Yeah.

**JASON** What about this.

*JASON rips the PUPPET'S head in half.*

*MARGERY gasps, her eyes go wide.*

*She slams on the brakes.*

**MARGERY** Get out.

**JASON** What.

**MARGERY** Get out of the car.

**JASON** Momma.

**MARGERY** Get out of the car you spoiled little shit. Get out of the car.  
Get out of the car get out of the car.

**JASON** No Momma.

**MARGERY** Now.

**JASON** Momma. Please.

**MARGERY** Do it.

**JASON** Momma I love you.

**MARGERY** No you don't.

**JASON** I do. I do.

**MARGERY** No you. None of you do.

**JASON** Momma.

*She screams.*

**JASON** Momma.

*She screams again.*

**JASON** Momma I miss Dad too.

*He tries to touch her.*

**MARGERY** Don't say it. Don't say anything. Just go.

*JASON gets out of the car.*

*There's a tire screech and MARGERY wheels off.*

*JASON starts the long walk home.*

## ACT 1. SCENE 4.

*We're in the basement.*

*MARGERY is sitting down behind a desk like a teacher.*

~~PASTOR GREG is sitting on the desk facing her.~~

~~MARGERY They're not here.~~

~~PASTOR GREG I can see that!~~

~~MARGERY They're not here, and they're not coming.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Margery...~~

~~MARGERY I don't know what kind of performance we can have  
without any of the performers.~~

~~PASTOR GREG The Lord works in mysterious ways.~~

~~MARGERY I don't know what to do.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Stop trying to do.~~

~~MARGERY What does that mean?~~

~~PASTOR GREG Just be still!~~

~~MARGERY I can't.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Give me your hands!~~

~~MARGERY Pastor.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Just give 'em to me!~~

~~She does.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Close your eyes.~~

~~MARGERY ...~~

**MARGERY** Pastor.

**PASTOR GREG** I hope you find what you're looking for.

His leaves.

She stares after him.

Hangs her head.

She puts her hands on the sides of her desk.

Her fingers curl into a fist.

She picks the desk a up a little off the ground.

She slams it back down.

She pulls a desk drawer right the fuck out.

Its contents spill out all over the floor.

She takes the chair she's been sitting on. She holds it over her head.

Just then . . .

TIMOTHY comes on.

**MARGERY** AARRRG.

**TIMOTHY** I found my puppet.

MARGERY throws the chair.

**TIMOTHY** Cool.

**MARGERY** Go home Timothy.

**TIMOTHY** No way. If we're breaking shit. I'm staying.

He kicks over a chair.

**TIMOTHY** Yeah. Take that chair.

**MARGERY** Please Timothy.

**TIMOTHY** Just tell me what you want me to break. I'll break it.

**MARGERY** That's stupid.

**TIMOTHY** That bookshelf. I'll break that bookshelf.

TIMOTHY puts his foot through the middle of the cheap plastic shelf.

**TIMOTHY** See. I'll break things.

**MARGERY** I know you'll break things.

**TIMOTHY** I'll break things for you.

She stares at him.

Stupid and hair triggered.

**MARGERY** Yeah.

**TIMOTHY** You know I will.

**MARGERY** I always hated that poster.

**TIMOTHY** Which one.

**MARGERY** The one with all those happy kids singing.

**TIMOTHY** This one.

**MARGERY** Yeah. That one.

**TIMOTHY** What do you want.

**MARGERY** You know what I want.

**TIMOTHY** I do, but I want you to say it.

**MARGERY** You want me to say it.

**TIMOTHY** Yeah.

**MARGERY** Yeah.

**TIMOTHY** Yeah.

**MARGERY** Break it for me Timothy.

**TIMOTHY** Yes Ma'am.

TIMOTHY takes the picture off the wall. He rips it in two.

**MARGERY** Yeah rip it up.

Then in four.

**TIMOTHY** Like that.

**MARGERY** Yeah. Timmy tear it to pieces.



*Then again.*

**TIMOTHY** You like this.

**MARGERY** Smaller and smaller.

*Rip.*

**TIMOTHY** Tell me what you want.

*Rippy rip rip.*

**MARGERY** I want . . .

**TIMOTHY** What.

**MARGERY** I want . . .

**TIMOTHY** Tell me.

*Hands fulla pieces.*

**MARGERY** I want you to eat it.

*He doesn't even think.*

*He just crams the poster into his mouth.*

**MARGERY** Eat it for me Timmy.

*He does.*

*He crams more and more of the ripped up poster into his mouth.*

*She starts to walk towards him.*

**TIMOTHY** (*Through a full mouth.*) Yesh Maaam.

**MARGERY** Eat it all for me Tim-Tim.

*He gives it a dry swallow.*

**TIMOTHY** I'm doing my best.

**MARGERY** Do better.

*He chokes a piece down.*

**TIMOTHY** Yesh Maaam.

**MARGERY** You're missing pieces. There and there.

*She bends down and picks up a piece of the poster off the ground.*

**TIM** I'm tryin'.

**MARGERY** Open your mouth.

*He does. It is not pretty.*

**TIMOTHY** Ahhhh.

*She shoves it in his mouth.*

*He maybe chokes a little bit.*

*He steps back.*

**MARGERY** You are one stupid piece of trash ain't you little Tim.

**TIMOTHY** You're one crazy fucked up bitch ain't you Mrs. Stevens.

**MARGERY** I been so good for so long and it isn't paying off. Timmy.

**TIMOTHY** I don't give a shit.

**MARGERY** Yeah me neither. Kick over that chair.

*He does.*

**TIMOTHY** What else.

**MARGERY** Break that light bulb.

*TIMMY jumps. He knocks into the light fixture. The light goes out.*

**TIMOTHY** Cool.

**MARGERY** Rip open my shirt.

**TIMOTHY** Umm.

(*Beat.*)

**MARGERY** Quick or I'mma take it back.

*He steps up.*

*He does it.*

*He looks at her body.*

**TIMOTHY** Hallelujah

**MARGERY** Bite me Tim.

**TIMOTHY** Where?

*She slaps him.*

**MARGERY** Don't you ask me where. Just pick a fucking spot and do it.

*He does.*

*She cries out just a little bit.*

**TIMOTHY** I'm sorry.

**MARGERY** I'll give you something to be sorry about.

*She grabs his head.*

*Pushes it down her body.*

*He mumbles something.*

**TIMOTHY** Mrs. Stevens.

**MARGERY** What Tim?

**TIMOTHY** This is not how I pictured it . . .

*She wrenches his head around to look at her.*

**MARGERY** New rules, Tim.

**TIMOTHY** Yeah.

**MARGERY** Yeah. One no more talking.

**TIMOTHY** Okay.

**MARGERY** NO MORE TALKING. Rule two. Don't be nice.

*He kisses her. She pushes him back.*

**MARGERY** Don't be nice.

*He comes in again a bit rougher. She pushes him off again.*

**MARGERY** DON'T BE NICE.

*She slaps him.*

*As he reels she socks him, closed fist.*

*Timmy loses it.*

*He grabs her roughly.*

*Maybe he chokes her.*

*Maybe he sinks his teeth into her neck.*

*Whatever happens.*

*She screams hard.*

*He pulls out to check in.*

*She laughs crazy and kisses him.*

*And they're back in it.*

*With everything they've got.*

## ACT 1. SCENE 5.

*A bed rolls on.*

*JASON is in it.*

*Unbeknownst to JASON.*

*TYRONE is very much awake.*

*TYRONE has repaired himself.*

*He is tougher looking now.*

*He stares at JASON while JASON sleeps.*

**TYRONE** Wake up.

*The PUPPET splits on JASON.*

*JASON wipes his eyes awake.*

**JASON** Huh. Wha.

**TYRONE** You pull some shit like that again. I'll cut off your balls.

**JASON** Tyrone . . . how'd you get . . .

**TYRONE** Better. How'd I get fixed. I didn't whine and ask questions

I just got that shit done.

**JASON** I'm glad you're feeling better.

**TYRONE** You don't want me better you want me dead.

**JASON** No Tyrone.

**TYRONE** You tore my goddamn head in two.

**JASON** You called me out in front of Jessica.

**TYRONE** I was trying to help.

**JASON** That's what you call helping.

**TYRONE** We had her man, we had her . . . With the bullshit. With the shtick.

**JASON** Yes. Yes we did. Then you had to go off with the nasty . . .

**TYRONE** Women love that shit.

**JASON** No they . . .

**TYRONE** They do.

**JASON** Shut up.

**TYRONE** How do you think Timothy gets all the girls.

**JASON** He's better looking.

**TYRONE** Yeah . . . yeah that helps but just watch him. Watch him.

**JASON** He's not very nice.

**TYRONE** No he's not. He's not very nice and he's already had your precious Jessica.

**JASON** No he hasn't . . .

**TYRONE** You sure?

**JASON** I'll rip you in half again.

**TYRONE** You try to so much as take me off your hand next time you wake up it'll be with me stapled to your arm.

**JASON** You wouldn't.

**TYRONE** Look me in the eye and see if you believe that.

**JASON** You wouldn't . . .

**TYRONE** I 100 per-fucking-cent would.

**JASON** What do you want?

**TYRONE** I want you to go back to the puppet club. I want you to get up in front of the church. I want you to tell them all what assholes they are. I want you to make Timmy bleed. I want you to fuck Jessica. I want you to toughen the fuck up.

**JASON** I don't want any of those things.

**TYRONE** What do you want?



**JASON** I don't want to have to hurt anyone. I want to be kind and respectful to women. I want to care for my body and my mind.

**TYRONE** Jesus.

**JASON** I want to fall in love. I want happiness.

**TYRONE** You want to live in a fucking fairy tale.

**JASON** That's what Daddy did.

**TYRONE** That's bullshit. He couldn't hack it in college so he joined up.

**JASON** It was an important time in history.

**TYRONE** He came back and your mother carried his ass through school.

**JASON** That's how relationships work.

**TYRONE** He was miserable when you were born.

**JASON** Shut up.

**TYRONE** It's true.

**JASON** I can't . . .

**TYRONE** He was miserable. He got trapped. Then he ate until he had a fucking heart attack.

**JASON** Nononono.

**TYRONE** This is life.

**JASON** No it's not.

**TYRONE** Yes it is.

**JASON** There was love there.

**TYRONE** Did she leave you on the side of the road?

(Beat.)

**JASON** She's hurting.

**TYRONE** Yes or no?

**JASON** Yes.

**TYRONE** You tried to tell her you love her and she screamed.

**JASON** It's true.

**TYRONE** You want to make her happy.

**JASON** It's been for her.

**TYRONE** Yeah yeah I know, it's all for her. And look at you. Jesus you cry like a fat girl.

**JASON** I wanna go back to sleep.

**TYRONE** I know. But I won't let you.

**JASON** Why won't you let me?

**TYRONE** 'Cause we're all we got.

**JASON** But . . .

**TYRONE** No matter what they say. They will leave us. Hurt us. Scream and rage. It's you and me kid. Just you and me.

Like a Saturday night.

**JASON** Who's on first.

**TYRONE** Right. So what do you say?

**JASON** I say . . . Okay.

# ACT 1. SCENE 6.

We're back in the basement.

~~PASTOR GREG enters.~~

~~He is shocked by the state of the room.~~

~~PASTOR GREG What the heck. What the heck. What the heck is this?~~

Oh come on. Son of a biscuit. God Bless America.

He goes to get his tools.

A hammer. A saw. A new poster of happy children, apparently he buys them in bulk.

The PASTOR gets up on a ladder.

He taps the light bulb.

MARGERY come in.

The bulb connects.

The stage gets brighter.

Things get a little weird.

MARGERY Oh! Pastor! My my!

PASTOR GREG Margery.

MARGERY What a mess.

PASTOR GREG Yeah.

JASON enters.

~~PASTOR GREG Jason.~~

~~JASON Pastor.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Jason what happened to your little friend.~~

~~JASON I don't wanna . . .~~

~~TYRONE Spent the night outside. It was a hard night.~~

~~TYRONE gives PASTOR GREG the shit eye.~~

~~TYRONE Can I fill in anymore blanks for you?~~

~~PASTOR GREG You are getting . . . real good with that puppet.~~

~~JASON yanks TYRONE away from the PASTOR.~~

~~Corralling him to confer in the corner.~~

~~JASON Thank you sir.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Margery you gotta minute?~~

~~MARGERY No sir I do not. Sunday advances upon me wasted minute by wasted minute.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Could you make the time.~~

~~MARGERY Listen Greg.~~

~~PASTOR GREG It isn't about that.~~

~~MARGERY Fine. What?~~

~~PASTOR GREG Did you leave the door unlocked last time you were in here?~~

~~MARGERY I . . . I?~~

~~PASTOR GREG Who would do this? The bookshelf is knocked over. Posters ripped to shreds. The sink in the bathroom is half knocked off like someone was sitting on it . . . like they was bouncing up and down on it . . . hard . . . real hard . . .~~

~~MARGERY No. Greg. I . . . I didn't . . . I locked the door.~~

~~PASTOR GREG I just can't figure it out.~~

~~TIMOTHY almost runs in.~~

~~TIMOTHY Hey~~

~~TIMOTHY~~  
**MARGERY**

Hello Timothy.

**TIMOTHY** How are you Mrs. Stevens?

**MARGERY** Fine. How are you?

**TIMOTHY** Pretty sweet. I've been thinking so much about ways to improve the puppet club. I have wanted so much to share them with you.

**MARGERY** Timothy, please take your seat.

~~JESSICA~~  
**JESSICA** Timothy where were you on Monday?

**TIMOTHY** I was here.

~~PASTOR GREG~~  
**PASTOR GREG** Don't lie to me son.

~~TIMOTHY~~  
**JESSICA** I have no reason to lie. <sup>WE</sup> came by and there was no one here.

**TIMOTHY** I was late.

**MARGERY** He was late. We had a short conversation and then we both left. Isn't that right Timothy.

**TIMOTHY** Short but deep.

**MARGERY** Timothy.

**TIMOTHY** We had a conversation about my ideas for the puppet club. A conversation I would like to continue soon.

~~JASON~~  
**JASON** What's goin on here?

**MARGERY** Nothing.

~~PASTOR GREG~~  
**PASTOR GREG** Margery are you covering for Timothy?

**MARGERY** No Greg.

~~PASTOR GREG~~  
**PASTOR GREG** Because if this young man has vandalized church property

**MARGERY** Timothy, we have to practice. Pastor, we can discuss

~~this later~~

~~PASTOR GREG~~  
**PASTOR GREG** I'll be watching you.

~~TIMOTHY~~  
**TIMOTHY** I know. I've seen you outside the window while I shower.

**MARGERY** Timothy, WE HAVE TO PRACTICE.

~~TIMOTHY~~  
**TIMOTHY** It's really creepy.

~~PASTOR GREG~~  
**PASTOR GREG** I will pray for you son. Margery I want to talk to you

~~date.~~

~~MARGERY~~  
**MARGERY** Yes Pastor.

~~THE PASTOR EXITS~~

**MARGERY** opens up her bag, she gets out some books.

**TIM** sits next to JASON.

**TIMOTHY** What's up dildo baby?

**TYRONE** (To JASON.) Come on, kid.

**JASON** I cain't.

**TYRONE** Ugh. (To TIMOTHY.) Hey. Do you know how easy it is to find someone's home address on the internet?

**TIMOTHY** What did you just say?

**TYRONE** Fun fact number two. The smallest of cuts to the Achilles' tendon will cripple a man for life.

**TIMOTHY** What the fuck?

**TYRONE** The calf muscle rolls up the leg like a flapping window shade.

**TIMOTHY** Today is not the day to fuck with me turd.

**TYRONE** What a shame cause I had oral surgery this afternoon and have not been able to indulge my sweet tooth.

**TIMOTHY** What does that mean?

**JASON** I have no idea.

**TYRONE** It means I'm about ready to eat your candy ass up.

**MARGERY** Boys we have to get to work.

**TIMOTHY** for the first time clocks how strange what's going on actually is.

**TIMOTHY** Yes Ma'am.



**MARGERY** So, Pastor Greg has asked us to perform before the congregation this Sunday. That means that because of Monday's poor attendance . . .

**TIMOTHY** I was here.

**MARGERY** I know Timothy.

**TIMOTHY** Just in case you forgot. In case you forgot. I was here. That did happen.

**MARGERY** Due to Monday's poor attendance we have something like four evenings to get something together. That is okay. I have been poring over the skit books and I think our best bet is to do some of the old stories. I'm not sure if the congregation is ready for either one of you to don a Jesus puppet and be nailed to a miniature cross.

TYRONE *laughs.*

**MARGERY** So we're gonna stick to the Old Testament. I was hoping we'd get Jessica so we could do the Temptation of Eve or Lot's wife ~~skit~~

~~or Jessica at this point Jessica walks in~~

**MARGERY** Speak of the devil . . .

~~JESSICA I hope not.~~

**MARGERY** I am so glad to see you Jessica. Did your Mom get my

~~message?~~

**JESSICA** I'm here.

**MARGERY** Okay. Sit down.

**TIMOTHY** Lesbian.

**JESSICA** So.

**TIMOTHY** So . . .

**JESSICA** Idiot. Ugghh. ~~Message.~~

~~Message.~~

**TYRONE** You are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

**JESSICA** Jason what happened to Tyrone?

**TYRONE** This is what I am without you.

TYRONE *starts singing "You've Lost that Lovin' Feeling."*

**MARGERY** I'm gonna make some photocopies. Will you kids set up the stage while I'm gone?

**TIMOTHY** Do you need some help Mrs. Stevens?

**MARGERY** No Timothy. I need you to stay here and help the others.

**TIMOTHY** But . . . sharing . . .

**MARGERY** No buts Timothy. No buts and no sharing . . .

MARGERY *leaves.*

JASON *wrestles with a singing TYRONE.*

JESSICA *starts to put up the stage.*

TIMOTHY *just stares off after MARGERY.*

**JESSICA** So Timmy you just gonna sit there all night or you gonna help us put up this stage.

**TIMOTHY** So Jesse are you gonna just stand there with your milk stink vagina or are you gonna wash it at some point.

**TYRONE** You don't talk to her like that.

**TIMOTHY** What?

TYRONE *pulls at JASON's collar.*

JASON *reluctantly enters the fray.*

**JASON** Tyrone is right Timothy. The way you talk to Jessica is unacceptable.

**JESSICA** Don't bother with him Jason. He's not worth it.

**TIMOTHY** I'm not worth it. You're not worth it. And I'm getting tired of this little retard's Dr. Jeekyll and Miss Piggy Act.

**TYRONE** What did you just call me?

**JESSICA** Seriously Jason.

TYRONE dismisses JESSICA with a noise or two.

**TYRONE** Did you just call me Miss Piggy?

**TIMOTHY** Jason you have serious problems.

**JESSICA** Jason, I get it. It's sweet.

**JASON** I'm not trying to be sweet.

**TYRONE** Don't look at the kid asshole look at me.

**TIMOTHY** Jason, I am not going to talk to your puppet.

**TYRONE** Look at the kid and tell me who you think is in control.

**TIMOTHY** This is pretty fucking weird man I'm gonna get your mom.

**TYRONE** Is that how is works you little dick piece of shit. You push around girls and boys that are smaller than you. You talk big and nasty. You blow hard. You puff yourself up and wear black. You posture. You pose. You're nothing but shit and wind. The moment somebody calls you out you run like a scared little bitch. So run. Run. Take your tiny shriveled dick and run. 'Cause everybody in this room knows exactly what you are. Nothing.

**JESSICA** Jason what is going on?

**JASON** I don't know.

**TIMOTHY** Nothing. Oh yeah?

**TYRONE** Yeah.

**TIMOTHY** Say whatever you want. I know I'm something.

**TYRONE** What are you?

**TIMOTHY** Enough for your mother.

**JASON** What?

**TIMOTHY** You heard me. I fucked your mother.

TYRONE starts to laugh.

**JESSICA** Jason.

**TIMOTHY** I fucked your mother and she liked it.

TYRONE's laugh gets scary.

**JESSICA** Jason.

**TIMOTHY** She liked it a lot.

TYRONE's laugh is terrifying.

**JESSICA** Please stop.

TYRONE stops.

Looks at her.

**TYRONE** Okay.

TYRONE looks back at TIMOTHY.

He smiles.

**TIMOTHY** What?

**TYRONE** Just thinking about what you'll look like without an ear.

TYRONE flies at TIMOTHY.

JESSICA screams.

**JASON** NONONONONONO.

TYRONE bites off TIMOTHY's ear.

MARGERY runs back on with her copies.

**MARGERY** Jason.

JASON comes up blood on his face.

TYRONE follows after ear in his mouth.

**TYRONE** Did you?

MARGERY shoots an unintentional look at TIMOTHY.

**MARGERY** Jason?

**TYRONE** You did.

**PASTOR GREG COLLINS ON:**

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses.

2. The second part is a list of names and addresses.

3. The third part is a list of names and addresses.

4. The fourth part is a list of names and addresses.

5. The fifth part is a list of names and addresses.

6. The sixth part is a list of names and addresses.

7. The seventh part is a list of names and addresses.

8. The eighth part is a list of names and addresses.

9. The ninth part is a list of names and addresses.

10. The tenth part is a list of names and addresses.





~~JASON~~ It was just the table.  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ That's criminal and with an evil puppet on your hand. I don't think you're going to regular kid jail. You'll probably go to special kid jail.  
~~JASON~~ Oh no.  
~~JASON~~ spins around starts to listen.  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ And I think we can deal with this right here. I know you need someone right now. I'd like to be that someone if you'll let me.

~~JASON~~ looks at TYRONE  
~~MARGEY~~  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ Jason your father was an unhappy man. I tried to help him. He was hungry but for the wrong things. And I like to think I helped ~~you~~ <sup>HIS</sup> ~~father~~. I like to think that I ~~am~~ <sup>WAS</sup> a beacon for ~~you~~ <sup>HIS</sup> ~~father~~ find ~~your~~ <sup>HIS</sup> way back to waiting arms . . . the waiting arms . . . of the church.

TYRONE You love ~~me~~ <sup>HIM</sup>.  
 PASTOR GREG What?  
 TYRONE The kid's mother. You are balls deep in love.

~~PASTOR GREG~~ respect her as a dutiful Christian woman.  
 TYRONE Bullshit. One of the marks of possession is secret knowledge.  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ How do you know that?  
~~JASON~~ Let me say it again. One of the marks of possession is secret knowledge. Secret knowledge.

~~PASTOR GREG~~ Also knowledge of an unexposed foreign tongue.  
 TYRONE Well pardon my french asshole but Margey fucked ill!  
 Tim-Tim.

~~PASTOR GREG~~ gets up.  
 JESSICA  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ Jason, what?

TYRONE You heard me.  
~~MARGEY~~  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ That's a lie.  
 TYRONE They fucked all over the place. Probably here. Probably there. Probably in your shitty little church.  
~~MARGEY~~  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ takes TYRONE by the throat and JASON by the wrist.  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ You're a lying demon.

~~JASON~~ Oh now it's a demon . . . secret knowledge.  
~~MARGEY~~  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ Gimme that stupid sock. Gimme that fucking sock.  
~~JASON~~ Pastor please!  
~~JASON~~ Tell him!  
~~JASON~~ It's not a secret. Timothy told us.  
 THE PASTOR freezes.

~~PASTOR GREG~~ Timothy is a . . .  
 TYRONE But look at your face. You know. You totally know. They're probably fucking right now.  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ . . .  
~~JASON~~ Pastor it hurts!  
 THE PASTOR drops the kid's hand.

TYRONE Fuck with me will you?  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ I have to go. I have to leave. I have to go now.  
 JASON Pastor, Pastor don't . . .  
~~PASTOR GREG~~ walks the fuck out.

JASON looks at his father. Who is clearly pleased with himself.  
 JASON What do we do now?  
 TYRONE Wait. She'll be back.  
 THE PASTOR locks the door behind him.

~~TYRONE (Coughs.) Bitch.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Tyrone, I will not have . . .~~

~~MARGERY Greg please. Jason . . .~~

~~TYRONE Talk to me. You're talking to me. I can smell him on you.~~

~~MARGERY I know what I did was wrong. I understand that I can't be easy going through what you are going through. And I want you to know it isn't easy for me either.~~

~~TYRONE It actually seems real easy for you. Seems like you just do whatever the fuck you want.~~

~~MARGERY That . . . that is . . . I am lost. I am hurt.~~

~~TYRONE Oh wow.~~

~~MARGERY Jason you can't do this. I need . . .~~

~~TYRONE Oh tell us more about what you need.~~

~~MARGERY We. I mean we. We can't keep going like this. We can't pretend everything is okay. We can't . . .~~

~~TYRONE Chain the old man. Make him so miserable he eats himself to death. Can't kill my father . . .~~

~~JASON looks at the PUPPET.~~

~~JASON our . . .~~

~~The PUPPET looks at JASON.~~

~~JASON I . . .~~

~~JASON looks at his MOTHER.~~

~~MARGERY Jason.~~

~~JASON Why didn't you help him?~~

~~MARGERY I tried.~~

~~JASON You failed. You . . . why didn't you take care of him?~~

~~MARGERY He just . . . your father had problems . . .~~

~~JASON So it's his fault~~

~~PASTOR GREG It's nobody's fault! .~~

~~JASON Nobody's fault? Nobody's fault!~~

~~PASTOR GREG Jason's forgiveness is . . .~~

~~JASON GREG tries to come in between them!~~

~~TYRONE comes back with a vengeance.~~

~~JASON Don't fucking touch me.~~

~~MARGERY Baby no. Let me explain.~~

~~JASON Mom, stop fucking crying.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Jason please.~~

~~JASON Fuck you.~~

~~MARGERY Just talk to me.~~

~~JASON You're poison. Get the fuck out.~~

~~TYRONE Yeah. Get the fuck out.~~

~~She runs out of the room.~~

~~JASON Mom!~~

~~TYRONE Better go.~~

~~PASTOR GREG shakes his head.~~

~~PASTOR GREG Are you happy now?~~

~~TYRONE Jason is fucking ecstatic!~~

~~PASTOR GREG Jason are you happy? I don't think you are.~~

~~TYRONE Don't you fucking contradict me!~~

~~TYRONE pulls at the end of Jason's arm. Like it's the end of a dog's lead chain!~~

~~JESSICA - JASON~~

~~PASTOR GREG God, I think you are scared and confused and you~~

~~know what. So am I. Everybody is struggling. A man has one~~

~~voice Jason. And we gotta take responsibility for that. And that's~~

~~the truth God!~~

**TYRONE** I'll give you the truth. You're a pussy. You're a fucking pussy.

**JESSICA**

You have to decide who comes out of this room. You.

Or that. ~~Take whatever time you need.~~

~~JASON exits leaves.~~

**TYRONE** What an asshole. Can you believe that guy?

JASON doesn't say anything.

**TYRONE** I said can you believe that guy?

**JASON** Tyrone. I don't want to be your friend anymore.

**TYRONE** What? Are you kidding me?

**JASON** No I'm not kidding you. I want you to go away.

**TYRONE** We are about to have so much fun. We are right on the edge. Right on the cusp. There is great fun right around the corner. You wanna break the light bulb again? You liked that didn't you?

**JASON** No. No. I want you to go away.

**TYRONE** Well fuck you then. After all I . . . Jesus you got the girl didn't you. You told the bitch where to go. I . . . after all I have done.

**JASON** I'm sorry it took you.

**TYRONE** No. No. You will regret this.

**JASON** Never.

*There is a stare off.*

**TYRONE** Don't.

**JASON** Get ready.

**TYRONE** No.

**JASON** I'm taking you off.

~~TYRONE signs.~~

~~TYRONE I guess you're right. We had a good run though didn't we?~~

~~JASON No. It was awful. Truly awful.~~

~~TYRONE High five.~~

~~JASON Why would I high five you for that?~~

~~TYRONE Cause I'll probably never see you again.~~

~~JASON signs.~~

~~He goes up for a high five.~~

TYRONE bites his finger.

**JASON** Leggo.

**TYRONE** (Through muffles.) Fuck you.

JASON pulls as hard as he can.

**JASON** Ahhhhh.

**TYRONE** (Through muffles.) I'll pull it off you son of a bitch.

JASON head butts the PUPPET.

TYRONE lets go.

JASON looks at his bloody bitten finger.

**JASON** I can see bone.

**TYRONE** Might be the last thing you see.

TYRONE goes for JASON's throat.

**JASON** AAAARRRGHHHH.

**TYRONE** You didn't think it'd be easy, did you?

**JASON** No. No. No.

JASON slips his hand up under TYRONE's shirt.

**TYRONE** You'll never be rid of me.

JASON slips the PUPPET right off.

It falls to the floor.



**JASON** Jesus.

JASON takes a deep breath. He walks over to PASTOR GREG'S tool box.

He reaches in and gets one of the shop towels.

He wipes the blood off of his face and hands.

In the process his left hand becomes covered by the cloth and . . .

TYRONE appears in the hand covered cloth.

**TYRONE** NEVER.

JASON SEES PASTOR GREG'S hammer.

**JASON** Oh yeah?

**TYRONE** You can't beat me.

**JASON** I don't have to beat you. Just shut you the fuck up.

JASON raises the hammer high.

He brings the hammer down on his cloth covered hand.

**TYRONE** Fuck you.

**JASON** No fuck you.

JASON raises the hammer again.

**TYRONE** Noooooo.

**JASON** Yes.

JASON brings the hammer up again.

He turns it over.

Claw side. Hesitates.

MARGERY turns in.

MARGERY JASON, WHAT ON EARTH . . . JASON.

MARGERY

JASON Momma get out!

MARGERY Jason no.

JASON Momma I have to.

MARGERY No baby no.

He brings it up.

MARGERY tries to grab the hammer.

He brings it down.

She knocks his hand aside.

The hammer slams into her hand.

She screams.

**JASON** NO.

She stifles it.

**JASON** Oh my God Momma. Why . . . did you . . .

MARGERY Just . . . just . . .

Together they pull the hammer out of her flesh.

**JASON** WHA . . .

MARGERY BAAAAAAA.

**JASON** WHY.

MARGERY HUH.

He drops the hammer.

MARGERY turns in.

TIMOTHY

Oh my God.

He sees MARGERY with her hand all abloodied.

He goes to her.

**TIMOTHY**  
MARGERY Margery

**MARGERY** No, don't.

**TIMOTHY** We gotta get you to the hospital.

He sees JASON clearly for the first time.

**JESSICA**  
MARGERY Jason oh my god

**SHE** starts to go to the boy.

JASON retreats.

**JASON** LEAVE ME ALONE.

**JESSICA**  
MARGERY Jason.

**JASON** LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE.

His rage stuns the two of them.

**MARGERY** Go ~~away~~ TIM.

**HE** doesn't move.

**MARGERY** Go get the car. Bring it around front.

He hesitates.

**TIMOTHY**  
MARGERY But . . .

**MARGERY** Do it ~~now~~. Now.

He does.

She pulls herself together. Fighting with the pain.

**MARGERY** Jason we gotta . . .

**JASON** I fucked it up. I fucked it all up. I hurt you.

**MARGERY** Jason.

He sinks to the floor.

**JASON** Just leave me alone.

**MARGERY** I will not.

He sinks to the floor.

She goes to him.

**MARGERY** Now give me your hand.

She grabs the shop towel.

**JASON** No, what if he comes back?

**MARGERY** Then tell me, and I will try to listen.

He looks at his hand.

She takes a hold of it wrapping it in the towel.

JASON exclaims in pain.

**MARGERY** Put pressure. Put pressure. Hold it up.

**JASON** Jesus. Jesus.

**MARGERY** Jason, baby.

They hold each other.

We hear a car pull up outside and headlights flash through the basement windows

**MARGERY** Let's go get us some help.

They leave together.

As the lights fade we see the PUPPET still on the floor grinning strangely.

Darkness.

## EPILOGUE

*A flash of lightning.*

*A rumble of thunder.*

*From somewhere TYRONE returns.*

*Larger this time.*

**TYRONE** Miss me? That's the thing about the devil. You need him.

Then you need him to go the fuck away. So some forsaken genius started killing sheep. Lambs. Babies. Holding them up and saying the devil in me is in this and this is dead. Then some body said listen we're wasting a lot of sheep why don't we just kill the sweetest guy we know. And that's how we invented Jesus. And so for the last couple thousand years, merrily we roll along. Solving our problems by putting horns on them and then watching our saviors burn. Laugh, motherfuckers, that shit's funny. Maybe someday we won't need that puppet show anymore. Maybe someday we'll be able let ourselves off the hook for everything we've always done and have always needed to do. But I doubt it. Thing about a savior is you never know where to look. Might just be the place you saw the devil before.

End of Play.