

Finding God
by
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Premiere Production
Pear Slices 2010
Pear Avenue Theatre, Mountain View, CA
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PREVIEW SCRIPT

For the full script, or production/rights inquiries, contact doug@brookwrite.com

(A living room, with a sofa and chairs. **MOTHER** and **FATHER** have just finished hugging daughter **MOLLY**. In her early 20s, **MOLLY** just returned from a trip, indicated by the duffel on the floor.)

MOTHER

We're just thrilled you're home again!

FATHER

She's just thrilled you came back from Europe after only one week.

MOLLY

Daddy...

MOTHER

How was your trip? What did you see?

MOLLY

Everything. The coast was beautiful. The people were beautiful. All the sights were incredible. Venice, and all the waterways, it was like another world.

FATHER

And how long before you come back to earth and are ready to look for work this time?

MOTHER

Can't she be home for two minutes before you go at her?

FATHER

It's been three since the cab left. I waited a week after Australia and that didn't work.

MOLLY

It's okay, mother. I had plenty of time on the plane to imagine this conversation in its entirety several times.

FATHER

How are we doing?

MOLLY

Word for word, so far.

MOTHER

I'm glad you two think you're funny. So, sit down. Tell us everywhere you went.

MOLLY

I will. But first I have to tell you the biggest news!

FATHER

She married an Italian with less work experience than her.

MOLLY

No... You're going to be so proud of me. (Deep breath.) I found god.

MOTHER

Oh, honey!

FATHER

Are you serious?

MOLLY

Completely.

MOTHER

Oh, Molly. We're so proud of you! You know how much our faith means to us. We tried so hard to let you find your faith on your own whenever you were ready.

FATHER

If you were ever going to be ready.

MOTHER

Dear... But now she is! Now you are! I'm very proud of you. So, what happened? How did you find god?

MOLLY

Okay, this really isn't going to be what you expect. I was walking down the street in Venice, enjoying the sunshine, the sound of the water, the gentle breeze. I'd had a glass of wine with lunch... Just one, daddy. And then, boom!

MOTHER

(Panicked) Boom? An explosion?!? There wasn't anything on the news...

MOLLY

No, mother. Boom, there he was.

FATHER

Boom, there he was? What do you mean "boom, there he was?" You mean, there was a church? A statue?

MOLLY

No. I told you. I was walking down the street and there *he* was. Right in front of me.

MOTHER

Right in front of you. God, right in front of you.

MOLLY

Yes.

MOTHER

Like a person.

MOLLY

(Enthusiastic) Yes!

MOTHER

Young lady, it's rude to make fun of your parents, especially for our religion.

MOLLY

I'm not! God was right there in the street. I was just walking and didn't see him, then suddenly out of nowhere, there he was.

MOTHER

And what made you think this person was the divine being?

MOLLY

When you found god, how did you know? You always told me people find their faith in their own time, in their own way. This was my time, my way.

FATHER

Jesus Christ.

(A **MAN** enters, not necessarily god-like in appearance.)

G

Not exactly.

FATHER

Who the hell are you?

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