

*Time: Present day  
Place: God's office*

*A desk, cluttered with papers and a laptop computer sits center stage. Behind the desk sits God, fretting over the pile of paperwork before him (or her – cast the role with either gender.) SARAH, a woman in her late twenties/early thirties enters.*

Excuse me.	SARAH
	GOD
How did you get in here?	
	SARAH
That's really not important, is it?	
	GOD
It is to me.	
	SARAH
Look, I have to talk to you.	
	GOD
But you were supposed to go –	
	SARAH
I just need a minute.	
	GOD
I'm very busy.	
	SARAH
I realize that but –	
	GOD
– I'm very busy and cannot be interrupted by every petitioner who somehow manages to find their way –	
	SARAH
I'm not some nut job.	
	GOD
Don't be so sensitive, Sarah. I said petitioner, not nut job.	
	SARAH
My husband is dead.	
	GOD

I know that. What do you expect me to do about it?

SARAH

I want you to bring him back. Just like you've doing for the others.

GOD

The others?

SARAH

Yes. Everybody's been talking about it.

GOD

Yes, I know. I have cable.

SARAH

One person a week. That's what they're saying. Every week for the past two months one person rises from the dead.

GOD

I prefer the term resurrection.

SARAH

So it's true. It is you.

GOD

Despite what Geraldo Rivera said about a government experiment gone haywire, yes, it's me.

SARAH

Why? Why all of a sudden did you decide to do something so... incredible like this?

GOD

A fair question. It began with something I heard Eugene O'Neil say once that stuck with me.

SARAH

Eugene O'Neil? The writer?

GOD

Yes. He once remarked that mankind should experience a resurrection a week. I know he was being flip when he said it, of course – you know writers, particularly the Irish ones – and most particularly the Irish ones when they're writing about God - but it struck me as something worth considering. I had been thinking for a while, quite frankly, that you've all been getting a bit too big for your britches, anyway, that it was time.

SARAH

I'm sorry? I don't –

GOD

I've watched as you've cracked the DNA code and built telescopes that see the edge of the universe.

SARAH

Don't you want us to be curious? To explore?

GOD

I'm all for understanding, Sarah. I want to see you aspire to greater things. To succeed. Great is the glory of man and all that. To boldly go where no one has gone before. Which is fine, as far as that goes. What's been frustrating to me is that it doesn't seem to be enough for you just to understand the world. You want to control it, too. It's not enough to understand what atoms are made of or how the sun works, you have to take that knowledge and build bombs from it. It's not enough for you just to understand DNA and how it works, no, you have to create your own life. I mean who do you people think you are, me?

SARAH

So by raising – I'm sorry, resurrecting one person a week...

GOD

I hoped to remind man that he's not top dog. Not yet anyway. I hoped to instill back into people the sheer sense of wonder at the world that mankind once had about life, about what an incredible gift it is. Maybe it's my fault. I made the act of conception so easy for you to partake in that you take it for granted. In your lust you've lost sight of how remarkable – and difficult – the creation of life is. So maybe, I thought, maybe by bringing back a few souls, I can drive home the notion that some things are, and always will be, beyond your power to control. And perhaps instill another long-lost trait, acceptance.

SARAH

Anyone who's lost a loved one understands the need for acceptance. What I – they – don't understand is how you can choose to bring one person back and not the others.

GOD

What, you think I wave my hand and it's "Abracadabra, you're alive again?"

SARAH

I just thought that the same being who could create the universe could bring back more than just one person a week.

GOD

The truth is, Sarah, that I could, but I choose not to.

SARAH

But you're disappointing so many people. It's cruel, is what it is.

GOD

Not to the one who has been resurrected. Or their family and friends.

SARAH

What about the rest of us?

GOD

The rest of you? You get the chance to experience an honest-to-goodness miracle a week.  
(*Annoyed*) Isn't that enough?

SARAH

I'm sorry.

GOD

(*Understanding*) I know you are.

SARAH

I meant no disrespect.

GOD

I knew that, too.

SARAH

You must be impossible to play poker with.

GOD

I can't make every one of my hands a Royal Flush, if that's what you mean.

SARAH

But I'm guessing you still win every hand.

GOD

Only because I'm a very good judge of human nature, not because I can read minds or tell the future. The fact is I'm subject to the same laws of physics and randomness as you are.

SARAH

I thought you were omnipotent.

GOD

Creating the universe – from scratch – that's not omnipotent enough for you?

*She has been holding it together up until now, when she begins to be distraught. He takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes wearily.*

You were married how many years?

SARAH

Only seven.

GOD

And you have two beautiful girls.

SARAH

Thank you, yes.

GOD

And you're here because you want to know why your husband wasn't the one chosen this week.

SARAH

*(Starting to get very upset)* He was only 34.

GOD

*(Pointing to the stack of papers)* A lot of children died last week, Sarah. But none of them got chosen. That's because it isn't about age.

SARAH

Richard volunteered at the local food shelter. He coached his daughter's softball team –

GOD

Sarah, please, it's not a contest for "who's the worthiest," either. That's not what this is about. There are often other reasons. Reasons that you can't understand.

*There is silence while Sarah chews on that thought*

GOD

You're jealous and angry, aren't you, Sarah?

*She nods her head.*

And ashamed of those feelings, too, aren't you?

*She nods her head again, holding back tears.*

Don't ever be ashamed for being human, Sarah. I created all of you to love me, but you were also created with the free will to want, to fear, to create... and to be angry and jealous, too. At me, or the fortunes of others. Sometimes there are reasons that are meant to be beyond your understanding. Other times the answer is right in front of you. Think Sarah, when did you last see your husband alive?

SARAH

We were in the car. He was driving me to work. It was snowing really badly and I hate to drive in the snow so he volunteered to drive me. We were on the highway because we thought it would be easier than the side roads but this truck in front of us suddenly... Oh, my God.

GOD

Yes?

SARAH

I just realized what you've been trying to tell me... Oh... no... You mean I'm... I'm....

GOD

Go back home, Sarah. Go back home to your two girls. They need you. I need you. I need you to raise them to be just like their mother.

SARAH

But Paul...

GOD

We'll take good care of him.

*Sarah struggles to take it all in. Then she seems to suddenly realize what she must do, and she bravely smiles, nods to God, and exits.*

*God watches her leave, then sits back down behind his desk and looks at some papers.*

Geraldo... Nahhhh.

**Blackout**

**End Play**