

From the World's Largest Rodent

For more information on this play, contact me at don@donzolidis.com

BILLY, 14,
FATHER LEE, 40s

BILLY, 14, is trying to find a way to wake his mother up from a coma. He decides to try Catholicism.

(BILLY kneels in a confessional. FATHER LEE (voiced by the same actor voicing the CAPYBARA, is just off-stage.)

BILLY

So I've been to a lot of churches today—

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

Are you here for confession?

BILLY

Well, I guess, if you can tell me something.

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

What is it, child?

BILLY

Why is your church better than the other churches at talking to God?

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

You really want to know?

BILLY

I don't know that I can make an informed spiritual decision otherwise.

FATHER LEE (*off-stage, changing to a conspiratorial tone*)

All right, listen, and you can't go around saying this to everybody, but all the other religions are total bullshit. Buddhism, Hinduism, Judaism—crap. Some of those religions don't even have Gods. I mean, what the hell is that? When you come to the Catholic church, you come to a religion with a track record of two thousand years of results. You can't beat that. Our head guy, the pope—talks to God. He is the mouth of God. You talk to some of these so called Protestants, man, nothing. They're all about feeling good about themselves and all this self-improvement bullshit about feeding some little starving African boy named Mufusi blah blah blah! Watered-down garbage. We eat the body of Christ. Let me let that sink in for you a little bit. We actually eat the real honest-to-God

Body of the son of our Lord. Beat that shit Protestants! We are where it's at. And you can expect results from Catholicism, all right? Results.

BILLY

Wow.

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

Yeah. It's pretty awesome.

BILLY

All the other guys said something about religions being equal and faith being a matter of personal choice.

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

You know why they said that? Cause they're pussies. In the old days, you know what we did to guys like that, who claimed equality?

BILLY

What?

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

We'd pull them apart by the limbs. We were hardcore.

BILLY

You know, you make a compelling case. I'm going to be a Catholic now.

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

Sweet. So what can we do for you?

BILLY

Well, my Mom's in a coma.

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

That's a tough one.

BILLY

Cause my Dad left and she tried to kill herself.

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

Marriage is a sacred institution. We don't believe in divorce.

BILLY

But she didn't die, instead she went into the coma.

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

I'm following you. Life is precious.

BILLY

And I want you to ask God for me why he did that.

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

Okay. Hold on.

(*short pause*)

God says that he works in mysterious ways.

BILLY

Ah, man!

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

Don't sweat it, He does that a lot.

BILLY

Okay, but... could you ask God if he would wake her from the coma? In three days or less? Actually two days?

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

Hold on, you need an intercessor.

BILLY

A what?

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

You need to pray to a saint to ask God on your behalf.

BILLY

Why?

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

Cause that's how the Lord operates. He doesn't listen directly to you. He's like the President.

BILLY

But isn't He all-powerful, couldn't He listen to everyone at once without saints?

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

He works in mysterious ways. Now, we need to pick the right saint for you. If you pick the wrong saint, that saint won't have anything to do with you and then you're fucked. Let's see, waking from a coma... we need a patron saint of—

BILLY

Lost causes?

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

No that guy's totally overworked. You're gonna wait at least a year for a response from Jude. You need someone who's obscure. Patron saint of comatose mothers. Here we are.

BILLY

Who is it?

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

I guess now would be the time to mention that the children's program here needs some new puppets. Probably about twenty bucks worth of puppets. You know what I'm saying?

BILLY

Oh. I should mention that this is hard-earned pornographic money that my sister earns by shaming herself.

(BILLY sets down twenty dollars.)

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

It becomes purified when it touches my hands. Groovy. Okay, the patron saint of comatose mothers is Lulu. Saint Lulu. You can ask me to ask her to ask God to wake your mother up.

BILLY

When can I expect results?

FATHER LEE (*off-stage*)

If your mother wakes up, that means it worked. If she doesn't wake up, that means that God has another, even more glorious plan for you that you can't possibly understand that will become apparent when you are dead. Okay? Hey, welcome to Catholicism. I have a feeling you're going to like it here.