

Gott Mit Uns: A Play

Sample of Gott Mit Uns: A Play

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ACT THREE

After “Time Freeze” video.

FRANK: And that, people, is how a professional reanimates a cosmos. So that just left our final stop in Union County, the house of Mrs. Caroline Eggars. The lady who did not pray.

Light thing. Enter CAROLINE, CONNIE, CLAIRE and BO.

FRANK: OK Bo, restrain the fish urge. We’ll get you into the house and you can judge yourself.

BO: Very well fish eater.

Sound effect doorbell.

CAROLINE: Door’s open. Yes, may I help you?

FRANK: Ms. Caroline Eggars?

CAROLINE: Yes?

FRANK: Ms. Eggars, my name is Frank Smith and this is my partner Ruth Jones. Ms. Jones and I represent a new company called Butlers in Your Own Home. With Butlers in Your Own Home we provide a fully trained and qualified butler to satisfy all your butlering needs.

CAROLINE: My butlering needs? Connie, we got company you really ought to see.

CONNIE: What is it, Carrie? Oh my goodness, well please come in and sit down.

FRANK: Now think of a butler as the household administrator ensures that the family agenda is set and met. Now we would like to offer you the services of one of our best butlers, Bo here, totally free of charge for 30 days. Our expectation is that once other members in the community see you, a person they look up to and respect, with a butler, and how better he makes your life, that they will simply have to engage the services of a butler for themselves.

BO: I am the great butler Bo. And I don't do windows.

CLAIRE: On the other hand, he does a remarkably good job of providing fresh fish.

CAROLINE: Thank you, Mr. Smith, while this has been very entertaining and everything, but the household here is pretty manageable...

CONNIE: Say, Mr. Bo, excuse me for asking, but how big are you anyways?

BO: I am the great butler Bo. And I am eight feet six inches tall, 450 pounds. I am big boned.

CONNIE: Say, Mr. Smith, this Bo, well, can butlering be stretched to include personal protection?

FRANK: Sure why yes, it could.

CONNIE: You see Mr. Smith, my Carrie here lost her temper a little while ago, well, over nothing really...

CAROLINE: It was not nothing, I had worked damn hard on that pie, and that damn bitch...

CONNIE: Well it was over something that was very important at the time but now we are having to live with the consequences of that anger in a small community where we don't know many people; where we are the outsiders...

BO: I am the Great Goddess Bo. And Fish Eaters under my flippers are safe from seals.

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CAROLINE: I beg your pardon? Fish eaters? I'm a vegan. I don't eat fish.

FRANK: She had missed the key noun.

CONNIE: Goddess?

FRANK: She had not.

CLAIRE: Oh Frank, let me. You see Ms. Eggars, the truth of the matter is that is what we are called InterDeitific Conflict Resolution Agents and our job is to mediate conflicting prayers when different gods are prayed to.

CAROLINE: OK this is just a little too weird. I don't know who put you up to this, and the big guy in the penguin suit is fun and all, but I think you should leave now.

FRANK: First would you mind looking out the window and telling me what you see?

Sound effect click click.

CAROLINE: Of course. Oh my.

FRANK: I think what impressed her the most was the hummingbird caught hovering motionless in the herb garden.

CAROLINE: Who are you people?

FRANK: Like Ms. Jones said we are InterDeitific Conflict Resolution...

VOCERA, FRANK: And we are not here to probe you in any way, shape or form. I am really very friendly and agreeable and am very eager to please. Do you need any favorable local land-use zoning rulings made in your behalf? Traffic mitigation? I am very good at those. Oh, I will be quiet now.

BO: And I am the Great Goddess Bo. And would you like a fish? No, wait, would you like some handicrafts?

Sound effect triangle.

FRANK: Suddenly there appeared where I had come to expect a fish there was a little collection of knick-knacks made of bones and feather and shells all sort of tied together. I sure as heck didn't get it, but the ladies all gathered around and admired it.

LADIES sit at table.

BO: I am the Great Goddess Bo. And people leave me stuff.

FRANK: People leave you stuff.

BO: People leave me ALOT of stuff all the time. It's because I'm a Goddess.

FRANK: Say, what do you Deities do with all those offerings anyways?

BO: Well er, and, um, you know you like trade them with the other Gods or...

FRANK: You trade them?

CONNIE: But this stuff is gorgeous.

FRANK: Huh, bonding over seashells and feathers. Well whatever works, eh Vocera, 2000?

VOCERA, FRANK: Right, Frank! You're the man!

FRANK: Oh boy. I think I am going to take a nap. Wake me when there is a break, OK?

VOCERA, FRANK: Yes sir agent Neeregem, 'ol buddy, 'ol pal, 'ol friend of mine, 'ol compadre, ol amigo, 'ol...

FRANK: VOCERA 2000, shut up. I think the Stalin thing was going to my head. It was after sunset when I woke up. Apparently some kind of craft project was in progress, as the dining room table was piled high with mountains of flotsam and jetsam apparently scoured from all the seven seas.

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CLAIRE: Oh look at this one, Connie. I took the best clamshell from the pile you gave me and I found this delightful feather and look, viola.

CAROLINE: God, and I love what you did with the ribbon.

CONNIE: Very nice.

BO: I am the great Goddess Bo. Hand me that shell. No, the shiny one. No. That one. Thank you.

FRANK: Hey.

CLAIRE: Good morning, sleepy head.

BO: I am the Great Goddess Bo. And you snore.

FRANK: That is just my Global Positioning while Sleeping Beacon.

CLAIRE: Frank, the Great Goddess Bo really has a knack for making jewelry. Look at this stuff.

FRANK: Huh.

FRANK brings his chair over to table and sits.

BO: Are we going to talk or are we going to make some jewelry?

CAROLINE: OK. Now that we're all friends and all. You and the goddess lady here, I kinda sorta get. You go around and make things right.

BO: Anyone got some scallop shells?

CLAIRE: Here. That is not exactly why we are here, Carrie.

CAROLINE: Here's some.

CLAIRE: It probably would be more accurate to say we go around and resolve situations where prayers to different gods have resulted in a suboptimal result.

BO: Anyone got some GOOD scallop shells?

CONNIE: This one any good?

BO: Better, thanks.

CAROLINE: Well that's what I mean. I mean it is clear that I was the wronged party, I mean it was my pie that got sabotaged by Mrs. Blake and yet she still won.

CLAIRE: Well, tied. There were the Randall sisters.

CAROLINE: Well, OK tied, but all I got was a warning from the police and threatened with a restraining order if I were to fling another pie at her ever again. That doesn't sound like justice to me.

FRANK: So how do you tie these things together?

BO: Seaweed sinews.

CONNIE: Here, you can have some of mine.

CLAIRE: Well Carrie, we don't work in a vacuum. Think back in your preparations for the bake off.

FRANK: You mean like this?

CLAIRE: Did you do anything that would have engaged the attention of us?

CONNIE: Oh good Lord no. You tie it together, not cover them entirely.

CAROLINE: You mean did I pray to win the Bixby Union County Fair All County-Wide Bake Off?

BO: Does anyone have any more scallops?

CLAIRE: Well, yes, did you?

FRANK: Which one is the scallop?

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CAROLINE: Of course not. Why should I have to pray for something as trivial as a pie contest? It's pie.

CONNIE: This one is a scallop. It's got the lines that go this way.

FRANK: Oh.

CAROLINE: And why should I have to pray when I had created on my own the best pie there. I did it. I don't need some God's help to win.

FRANK: Bo, does this one help?

CLAIRE: Well honestly Carrie, it couldn't have been that trivial because everyone else involved managed to find time to pray.

BO: Mmmmm, yes it does. Thank you.

CAROLINE: But why should I have to pray when I was clearly the best?

CONNIE: I am looking for some more that look like this.

FRANK: What are those?

BO: Virgin Netties.

CAROLINE: Prayers are words. Meaningless words sent out into the cosmos to make frightened children feel less afraid in a big universe. Or rescue you.

FRANK: Virgin Netties, seriously?

BO: Bumps, not ridges. Virgin Nettie.

FRANK sniggers.

CLAIRE: Oh grow up, Frank.

CAROLINE: Yeah, Once you're a grown-up and responsible and past the giggle at poop or fart jokes stage you don't need

the prop in the belief in a God thing to protect you. Um, present company excluded, of course.

BO: Thank you. Jingle shells. Anyone got any jingle shells?

Frank begins to hum/sing “Jingle Shells Rock.”

CLAIRE: Let me give it to your straight, Carrie. Because you didn’t pray we had a hard time getting involved on your behest at all.

FRANK: In the soft sea air. Connie, this a virgin. Nettie?

BO: Mouse Cowrie. Completely different.

CONNIE: But nice anyways, thank you Frank.

CLAIRE: Carrie, here you go. You were classified as a NATES, Not Affiliated, Too Engaged Secularly...

BO: Good virgins.

CONNIE: I’ll take all the virgins I can get.

CAROLINE: And yet you still love me.

CLAIRE: Awwwwwwwwww.

FRANK: How come when they do it its sweet?

CLAIRE: Don’t make me say it, Frank.

CAROLINE: But Too Engaged Secularly? Well of course I am too engaged secularly. I have a brain. And the people around me who do pray, loudly, pray for me and my wife eternal hellfire and damnation. No thank you.

FRANK: What’s this?

BO: Sea gull dropping.

FRANK: Holy crap.

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CLAIRE: OK, but look at it from another perspective.

BO: No, just sun dried.

CLAIRE: Prayer is not a surrender of adult responsibility to a great big daddy figure. Or at least it doesn't have to be. Rather it is an acknowledgement that there is something out there larger than yourself, and prayer is an acknowledgment that you are part of that larger community. Don't confuse a god and the rules that were created for those gods' followers to turn you away from your god and from entering a community of like believers. Prayer is to tap into the power of that community that embraces you for help and support. Pray, and you create that community.

FRANK: That sounds vaguely familiar.

CLAIRE: Chapter 7, section 13 paragraphs 3-8 of the mission statement, Frank.

FRANK: Uh yeah sure. Anyone need another one of these? I don't need a name.

CONNIE: I'll take it.

CAROLINE: Here's another. But why do I have to be part of a larger cosmic community? I can stand on my own two feet.

FRANK: Well that is your right, yes. But to be honest, Judy Randall baked a very good pie, prayed and tied for first. Mrs. Blake prayed and also tied for first because of both her prayers and actions. You did not pray and got eliminated.

CLAIRE: But we were the ones responsible for the attack of indigestion on Mrs. Blake.

CONNIE: That was you guys?

CLAIRE: It was the best we felt we could do for you.

BO: You smitted with a tummy ache?

FRANK: An acute bout of gastric distress.

BO: Seriously?

FRANK: Hey, they had to call the paramedics.

BO: (*To Connie & Caroline.*) Pray for my protection and you will do better than more that.

CAROLINE: Acknowledging to be part of the larger community of the Great Goddess Bo.

CONNIE: She's big and I like her taste in jewelry. I think we could do that.

Pause.

BO: Ahem. This is where I usually get the presents.

CONNIE & CAROLINE hand over some jewelry, laughing.

BO: Go and thrive as part of my school.

CONNIE & CAROLINE exit and move table.

And that's pretty much it for this free sample. Remember you can see what happens next, and what happens before, [by simply spending less than 5 American \\$ at amazon](#)