

## **HAIL MARY**

By Maeve Devitt

*Lights up on God, Angel and Mary. Mary has her head down on the table in frustration as her phone rings again and again. (Ringtone is "Proud Mary")*

MARY: You've got to be kidding me.

*She answers her phone*

MARY: I'm not here

*She hangs up.*

ANGEL: Who keeps calling you?

MARY: Christians! Christians keep calling! (*pointing at God*) This guy thought it would be a GREAT idea to set me up with a hotline to help take the prayer load off of Jesus, AS IF HE ACTUALLY DOES ANYTHING ELSE

GOD: Hey! Don't talk about my son like that!

ANGEL: He *is* kind of a dick

MARY: Hey! Don't talk about my son like that!

ANGEL: I'M CONFUSED.

MARY: This all started out fine. "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.."

GOD: Hell yea I am!

MARY: "Blessed are those amongst women." Ok.Hell yea. That I'm on board with. But now it's all "Mary, I want my crush to notice me. Mary, I want a car. Mary, I need a new heart" blah blah blah blah! No more!

*Mary's phone rings again. She answers.*

MARY: NO!

*She hangs up. She goes to smash her phone on the ground.*

GOD: No no no no no! That was expensive

ANGEL: It's ok we put it on the company card.

GOD: Ok ok. I get it I get it. No more prayers. You can be done.

MARY: THANK YOU. Geez.

*Beat*

*Mary's phone rings again. She picks it up, looks at the caller ID, then looks at God angrily. God, realizing....*

GOD: Oh, sorry, butt dial.

**Blackout**