

Guns, God and Gomorrah

by

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GUNS, GOD & GOMORRAH

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Cast of Characters

Joel.....Male, athletic, mid-30s

Voice *..... Female, authoritative, mid 20s-30s
Spoken with an Irish or English accent

Virgil.....Male, early 40s

Lilah*.....Female, mid-20s-30s
seductive, attractive

Creature*..... Female, mid-20s – 30s
attractive, innocent-like waif

*The Voice, Lilah and Creature can be played by the same actress.

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Offstage, in darkness, we hear the sounds of a major scuffle. People are yelling and screaming in Pashto, the language of Afghanistan. Then, the rapid fire of an assault weapon with the sound effect of bodies hitting a floor followed by screaming and crying that slowly fades down. Music up by Berg of Wozzeck, act III, Orchestral Interlude-You Tube, right after the loud crescendo 2:47 to end, followed by Wozzeck 1:29-2:00. Repeat Wozzeck, act III, Orchestral Interlude-You Tube, right after the loud crescendo 2:47 to end as lights fade up. In full combat gear, JOEL rushes in, breathing heavily. He appears to be in a desert-like setting as lights are intensely red with the sound effect of a mild wind. Music fades down. JOEL falls asleep, but then he senses something, a presence. He raises his assault weapon, walking in circles as he widens his perimeter before he speaks.

JOEL

(groggy, half asleep)

Who's there?

(pause)

Who the hell is out there?

(pause)

C'mon, answer me.

(pause)

Show your face.

VOICE

(Although the VOICE appears, JOEL cannot see her.)

I don't have a face to show.

JOEL

Aw, too damn bad, because I was looking forward to shooting it off.

VOICE

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Were you really?

JOEL

Damn straight I was.

VOICE

Very bold, JOEL.

JOEL

Who do you think you're dealing with? You're no match for me. I'm a soldier.

(JOEL paces back and forth with his assault weapon tightly gripped in his hands.)

VOICE

I'm well aware.

JOEL

How would you know?

VOICE

Your scars are very visible.

JOEL

You don't know the half of it.

VOICE

I know all of it.

JOEL

It's no business of yours.

VOICE

Why deny it?

JOEL

Screw you.

VOICE

I've watched you.

JOEL

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Why?

VOICE

It's my job.

JOEL

What?! Why would you –

VOICE

Ever since you were born.

JOEL

Who are you?

VOICE

I'm ubiquitous.

JOEL

What kind of a name is that?!

VOICE

I'm everywhere you want me to be, JOEL.

JOEL

That's philosophical bat crap.

VOICE

I assure you, no bat crap.

JOEL

Then, show yourself.

VOICE

I don't need to; I'm everywhere.

(JOEL fires his weapon directly at the VOICE.)

JOEL

There. That should take care of you and shut you down for good.

(JOEL begins to polish his gun.)

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I don't need any interruptions.

VOICE

Sorry, JOEL, you missed your target, and you usually never miss, being the par excellence warrior that you are.

JOEL

Shit! Who the hell are you?

VOICE

Alright, if you must know...

(Visual effect of lightening followed by a loud clap of thunder.
JOEL cowers.)

I have a lot of street creds, duckie, and I'm the only one in the pantheon.

JOEL

Oh, please, you mean nothing to me.

(JOEL spits on the ground.)

So, you have no credibility with me.

(Another flash of lightening followed by a clap of thunder.)

VOICE

I only care that you're headed in the right direction.

JOEL

What do you want from me?

VOICE

You owe me.

JOEL

For what?

VOICE

For getting you out of some very tough firefights.

JOEL

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Oh, so you were my fairy Godmother? No way. That was me and only me running on adrenaline, training and instinct. Nothing else. No help from you.

VOICE

You've done some pretty perverse things.

JOEL

What are you talking about? War is the ultimate perversity, which the boots on the ground never start in the first place.

VOICE

And you're just one element in that hideous stew.

JOEL

Besides, it wasn't my fault, couldn't be helped, what with the heat of battle, the sting of bullets, the inability to...to...

VOICE

Exercise restraint?

JOEL

Restraint is a precious commodity, which you rapidly lose in a hail of gun fire.

VOICE

And you lost it.

JOEL

Everyone loses it.

VOICE

Especially the sixteen who were killed.

JOEL

You could have prevented that from happening. Where were you when I really needed you?

VOICE

It was your choice, JOEL.
(long pause)

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JOEL

Okay, then, can you lift the hundred-pound weights from my shoulders?
Can you do that?

VOICE

Only if you do something for me.

JOEL

What?

VOICE

Destroy Gomorrah.

JOEL

What?! Gomorrah doesn't even exist anymore.

VOICE

On the contrary, it's a very, very real place.

JOEL

Are you screwing with me?

VOICE

Not at all, JOEL.

JOEL

I couldn't care less. Sorry.

VOICE

You'll be closer to walking out of the tunnel you're in if you do what I
ask.

JOEL

Are you talking about the tunnel of love or the tunnel of death?

VOICE

The latter.

JOEL

And I'm going to do this on my own?!

VOICE

No, no. You can't do this on your own. You'll need help.

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JOEL

What kind of help are we talking about here? Special Ops?

VOICE

No.

JOEL

A Seal Team?

VOICE

Seal Team? No.

JOEL

What's better than a Seal Team?

VOICE

A guide.

JOEL

A what?! Get the hell out of here!

(no response from the VOICE as she slowly walks away.)

Did you hear what I said?

(JOEL shoots off a round from his M-4.)

Huh?

(no response)

No way am I gonna' do that.

(JOEL lies down, thinking to himself. A musical interlude. Wozzeck, same as the beginning, 1:29 – 2:00. He begins to fall asleep. He tosses and whimpers. Momentarily, he screams as he wakes up.)

Bad fucking dream. That's all it was. A bad fucking dream.

(JOEL goes back to sleep. Out of the shadows, a man emerges, wearing Army fatigues, a sidearm and walking cautiously around JOEL, trying not

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to wake him. JOEL quickly gets up and holds his weapon up to the man's face.)

JOEL

Don't move or you'll be a dead fucker.

(VIRGIL raises his arms.)

VIRGIL

Hold on, I'm not a hostile.

(turning on his heels in a rapid ballet turn)

JOEL

Who the hell are you?

VIRGIL

An ally.

JOEL

I don't have any allies.

VIRGIL

You do now.

JOEL

I didn't ask for one.

VIRGIL

Accept the offer. It's gratis.

JOEL

Are you ubiquitous, too?

VIRGIL

What? Ubiquitous?! No. I'm offering a helping hand.

JOEL

I'm not accepting anything.

VIRGIL

Not wise....Not wise.

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Where did you come from?
JOEL

Does it matter?
VIRGIL

Yes.
JOEL

Really, it's not important.
VIRGIL

(JOEL raises his weapon and points it at his head.)

Alright, then, I'm from around here.

Around where?
JOEL

Wherever you want me to be. You choose.
VIRGIL

Bullshit. That doesn't answer my question.
JOEL

It's good to ask questions.
VIRGIL

So, let's have some answers.
JOEL

I don't provide answers, you do, JOEL.
VIRGIL

How do you know my name?
JOEL

Your exploits are very well known.
VIRGIL

JOEL

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To who?

VIRGIL

To many.

(JOEL cocks his weapon.)

JOEL

You see this? What do you want? Get to the point.

VIRGIL

To help.

JOEL

What makes you think I need help?

VIRGIL

Well, for one, you've got an assault weapon in my face. I think that's a problem, don't you think? Second, you've got that murderous look in your eyes, and that's scaring me shitless. Third, I don't know whether or not you're going to pull the trigger, and that's got me pissing in my pants.