

IF GOD ATE FRIED CHICKEN

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Cast of Characters

FATHER SEACREST: A priest of any age, race, etc. - Dressed in plain clothes.

SISTER BLANCHE: A nun of any age, race, etc. - Dressed in plain clothes.

REGISTER CLERK: A normal-looking fast food employee. - Any race, gender, etc.

MYSTERY PRIEST: A priest in the needed attire to look like one. - Any race, gender, etc.

GROUP OF TEENAGERS: Teenagers. Any number within reason. - Any race, gender, etc.

POLICE OFFICER #1: Dressed to fit the part. - Any race, gender, etc.

POLICE OFFICER #2: Dressed to fit the part. - Any race, gender, etc.

THE VOICE OF GOD: Have fun with it. - Any race, gender, etc.

Time

Around 15 minutes

IF GOD ATE FRIED CHICKEN

FATHER SEACREST and **SISTER BLANCHE** walk onstage quickly, arm-in-arm.

A group of **TEENAGERS** stand at the counter, talking to the **REGISTER CLERK**.

FATHER SEACREST:

Come along, dear. I'm telling you, this place has the world's best chicken!

SISTER BLANCHE:

Father Seacrest, slow down! We aren't running a marathon!

FATHER SEACREST:

Sister, if we don't move faster we'll miss the lunch specials!

SISTER BLANCHE:

Father, it's only eleven thirty! It won't take us thirty minutes to get the door! You are acting like the rapture is happening and you have to have your last chicken fix!

FATHER SEACREST:

That's a good point, love. They don't have chicken like this even in heaven! Cherubs can't make this kind of chicken, sister!

SISTER BLANCHE shyly slaps **FATHER SEACREST**'s arm.

SISTER BLANCHE:

Father Seacrest! You know that nobody can know about this! Don't call me things like that out loud!

FATHER SEACREST:

Sorry, sorry.

FATHER SEACREST and **SISTER BLANCHE** get behind a crowd of rowdy teenagers who are placing their orders. They finish quickly and move silently to the left, taking a seat at a table.

SISTER BLANCHE:

Father, don't those people seem rather familiar?

CONTINUED:

FATHER SEACREST:

Oh, the Lord in Heaven, no.

SISTER BLANCHE:

What is it, Father? You don't have the lusty-eye for chicken thighs anymore?

FATHER SEACREST:

Sister Blanche, this is the teenage bible-study group from our church!

SISTER BLANCHE:

Oh, for Heaven's sakes, Father! Look what you've done! We'll be caught for sure! Just think what the congregation is going to think!

***FATHER SEACREST** puts his hand over **SISTER BLANCHE's** mouth.*

FATHER SEACREST:

I can fix this, Sister. Good things I had us wear plain-clothes disguises in the first place.

***FATHER SEACREST** reaches into his pocket, digs around, and extracts two pairs of sunglasses. He puts one pair on **SISTER BLANCHE** and the other on himself.*

SISTER BLANCHE:

Do you think this is really going to work? They can still tell who we are.

FATHER SEACREST:

Well, there's less of a chance of them noticing, and if you keep talking there's going to be less of a chance on me buying you lunch!

*The teenagers move out of the way, causing **FATHER SEACREST** and **SISTER BLANCHE** to step up to the counter.*

REGISTER CLERK:

Welcome to Count Cluckin's Chicken! Can I take your order?

FATHER SEACREST:

Can we have a six-piece of thighs, crispy, an order of mashed potatoes--

***SISTER BLANCHE** begins to tap **FATHER SEACREST's** arm.*

CONTINUED:

SISTER BLANCHE:
Father Seacrest!

FATHER SEACREST:
An order of macaroni and cheese...

SISTER BLANCHE hits harder.

FATHER SEACREST:
And two cherry turnovers.

FATHER SEACREST looks toward where **SISTER BLANCHE** is pointing to see a priest walking in.

FATHER SEACREST:
Oh Lord.

SISTER BLANCHE:
You don't say "Lord" this many times in Church, Father.

FATHER SEACREST:
That's the priest from the seminary!

SISTER BLANCHE:
That's what I was trying to tell you, Father Seacrest.

FATHER SEACREST:
He'll recognize us for sure! Come on, Blanche!

FATHER SEACREST begins tugging on **SISTER BLANCHE's** arm, away from the counter.

REGISTER CLERK:
Is there a problem, Sir?

FATHER SEACREST:
There are plenty of problems, but I don't have time to tell you! Just... Come to confession later!

SISTER BLANCHE:
But Father, that's the wrong way around. They haven't done anything wrong.

FATHER SEACREST:
Sister, stop debating with me! If we don't get out of here, everyone is going to know that we've done something wrong!

FATHER SEACREST looks around the room, then at the **REGISTER CLERK**.

CONTINUED:

FATHER SEACREST:

We need to come behind the counter!

*The **REGISTER CLERK** looks startled and reaches under the table, ready to press the police alarm button.*

REGISTER CLERK:

For what, Sir!? You can't do that! It's a health code violation!

FATHER SEACREST:

Heaven doesn't have a health code, if you keep me, a priest from refuge back there, you'll find out the hard way when you don't go there! Come on, Sister Blanche!

***FATHER SEACREST** leaps over the counter, pulling **SISTER BLANCHE** with him. They hide under the table.*

SISTER BLANCHE:

Are you saying that Heaven doesn't have an FDA, Father Seacrest?

FATHER SEACREST:

Who knows. The Bible never said anything about it!

***THE REGISTER CLERK**, not knowing what to do, ignores the pair hiding under the table at his feet.*

REGISTER CLERK:

Welcome to Count Cluckin's Chicken! Can I take your order?

MYSTERY PRIEST:

Aha, yes, my child, you may. I'll have the Cluckin' Combo, with seasoned fries, please.

***FATHER SEACREST** and **SISTER BLANCHE** shuffle around under the table.*

MYSTERY PRIEST:

My, my, child. It sounds like you have a mighty problem with your pipes. The floor is practically rattling!

*The **REGISTER CLERK** stutters for a moment, thinking of a response.*

REGISTER CLERK:

Ah, yeah, we've called about it, but the people won't be around to fix it until later this week. Our food is still... Heavenly, though!

CONTINUED:

MYSTERY PRIEST:

I can't disagree with you there, my child. Have a blessed day.

*The **MYSTERY PRIEST** moves off to the side, waiting on his food.*

*The **REGISTER CLERK** pokes **FATHER SEACREST** and **SISTER BLANCHE** with his foot.*

REGISTER CLERK:

Listen, you two, you've got to get out from here before my manager sees you.

FATHER SEACREST:

Silence! We'll get out when we are good and ready!

*The **REGISTER CLERK** starts ignoring the two and begins cleaning the counter.*

***SISTER BLANCHE** screams.*

SISTER BLANCHE:

Father, Father!

***EVERYONE** looks around the room, looking for the culprit of the scream. **FATHER SEACREST** covers **SISTER BLANCHE**'s mouth once again.*

FATHER SEACREST:

Silence, my child!

MYSTERY PRIEST:

Sounds like someone is giving their kid a what-for. (*He laughs to himself*)

FATHER SEACREST (WHISPERING):

My child, stop that! What is it!? Sweet Lord, if we get out of this with our reputations intact, I swear to you oh Lord, I'll never as much as look at another pair of thighs again!

SISTER BLANCHE (WHISPERING):

Father Seacrest! How could you!

FATHER SEACREST (WHISPERING):

Chicken thighs, dear! The Doctor says I need to cut out the cholesterol. Look, you've forgotten what you were even screaming about!

SISTER BLANCHE (WHISPERING):

You're right...