

CHURCH OF SATAN

A TEN MINUTE RELIGIOUS SATIRE

BY LEON. H. KALYJIAN

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A ten minute comedy by Leon H. Kalayjian

ARNOLD, twenties, industrious, wearing glasses, sits next to **EVE**, twenties, ditsy, bubbly, in front of a large oak desk. They wait.

EVE: I think this is fate.

ARNOLD: Everything is fate.

EVE: I know, but what are the odds? The church we're gonna get married in... in two days! Burns to the ground, and here we are in an even prettier church. And it's free for Saturday!

ARNOLD: It's not free. It's more expensive. It's double the price.

EVE: Are you gonna quibble over a few dollars? Where do you find a church that isn't booked on such short notice?

ARNOLD: It's the church of Satan.

EVE: I know that, but those are just words... like semantics. What do they really mean?

ARNOLD: It means they worship Satan.

EVE: Yes, but you're missing my point. It's beautiful... marble floors and mahogany pews. Have you ever seen a church with an entirely marble floor?

ARNOLD: That's cause blood doesn't stain marble.

EVE: Sure it does. Blood stains all rocks, except maybe obsidian.

ARNOLD: I'm not going to ask how you know that.

(An affable fifty year old man in full brown monk's robes, **MATTHIAS**, ENTERS.)

MATTHIAS: Peace to you, my children.

ARNOLD: Thanks.

EVE: Peace to you, Father. (**ARNOLD** looks strangely at her.)

MATTHIAS: So Mr. Glasser and Miss...

EVE: Just call me Eve. This is Arnold.

MATTHIAS: Ah... Arnold and Eve. How quaint. I have something for you. (opens a drawer, pulls out an apple, places it before EVE. MATTHIAS giggles.) I'm on the South Beach diet. I'm giving Eve an apple. Just a little joke. Hope you have a sense of humor.

EVE: I just love the decor here. The cherubs and the gargoyles...

ARNOLD: The cherubs are being slain by the gargoyles.

EVE: Oh? Well, the workmanship is amazing.

ARNOLD: Yes, the stained glass window of the dragon flambaying St. Peter was particularly well done.

MATTHIAS: Well done? Good play on words. You do have a sense of humor. I like you. (looks at his day book) Anyway, Saturday... the church is open from one to five pm. Is that good for you?

EVE: Perfect! (to ARNOLD) Isn't that perfect, sweet pea?

ARNOLD: Maybe.

MATTHIAS: And Friday night, we need the both of you to come to a marriage initiation ceremony here at the church. And that's it. We're all set. (closes the day book)

ARNOLD: Initiation?

EVE: What initiation?

MATTHIAS: Oh, it's harmless really. You're not going to be part of our church or anything like that. It's more a P.R. thing. You light a few candles, we take a few digital photos for the website. Nothing at all like that horrible thing the Catholics put you through.

EVE: I know. Arnold wants me to convert but I will not do the confession thing.

MATTHIAS: Good for you.

EVE: I know!

MATTHIAS: Confess what? What horrible things could a young pretty girl like you commit?

ARNOLD: Plenty.

EVE: I just feel... why admit to things that can lead to doing hard time?

ARNOLD: The priests don't go around telling everyone what you said.

EVE: How do you know?

ARNOLD: They don't. They take vows.

MATTHIAS: Vows? Don't make me laugh.

ARNOLD: Priests take their job very seriously. And they're not going to reveal a confession unless you're about to commit murder or... (stares at MATTHIAS who smiles broadly)

MATTHIAS: Not a shortcoming in our church. So we'll expect you at seven thirty then?

EVE: We will be there.

MATTHIAS: It should be all over by eight.

ARNOLD: I'm telling two friends if they don't see my face by eight fifteen, to contact the authorities.

MATTHIAS: You know, Arnold, I think you have reservations about me because you think I mean you harm.

ARNOLD: Perceptive.

MATTHIAS: But that's not true. I mean you no harm at all.

ARNOLD: But you are evil.

MATTHIAS: Yes.

ARNOLD: You admit it.

MATTHIAS: Of course. No sense in worshipping Satan if becoming more evil is not the goal.

EVE: That makes sense. Doesn't it, sweet pea?

ARNOLD: But you say evil has nothing to do with wanting to harm me?

MATTHIAS: No. The opposite. I just want you to be you. Be who you are. Billy Joel loves you just the way you are and so does Beelzebub. It's the Christians and the Jews that want to make you feel guilty... like there's something inherently wrong

with you. If you like men, or you aren't ready for marriage but you still wanna be with women. I just want to be who I am, Satan dammit! (pause) Excuse the profanity.

EVE: He's right. I don't like all the guilt.

MATTHIAS: We're sexual, we're instinctual, we're pugilists. Look at all the people that love boxing or pro football. We like violence. We admire soldiers. Some of us may even want to kill and drink blood.

ARNOLD: Ah, ah, ah! That's it. (points)

MATTHIAS: Did I say the secret word?

ARNOLD: Drinking blood. You admitted you like it.

MATTHIAS: I'm talking about killing chickens, lambs and goats. You eat red meat, don't you? You eat chicken.

EVE: For lunch, we both had chicken. But we didn't kill it with our bare hands. Was that wrong?

MATTHIAS: You see. We're hunters by nature. We have a violent side that wants to kill. We also have a nurturing side that likes to be still and to love. We're curious. We're adventurous. We're interesting individuals and we don't want to be pigeon-holed into accepting some pious, wooden doctrine from some old men.

EVE: (leaping to her feet) Damn straight! This is the church for me! Where do I sign up?

ARNOLD: Sit down.

EVE: You can't repress me. Not here. Not in my church.

ARNOLD: You're making a spectacle of yourself. Just sit down.

MATTHIAS: So you see, Arnold, Eve, life should not be about denial. You should embrace it, suck on it, extract all the living juices out from within.

(EVE bites into the apple as she sits, entranced by the message.)

ARNOLD: Don't eat that. (takes the apple) Spit the rest out.

EVE: No.

ARNOLD: Spit it out.

EVE: No. It's a Cortland. I love Cortlands.

ARNOLD: He could have put something in it. He could've injected it with sodium pentethol or something... to weaken your defenses.
(looks for a hole in the apple)

MATTHIAS: Ridiculous. Just like a Christian; distrustful, paranoid. Patriot Act, Patriot Act.

ARNOLD: Let me ask you, just for argument's sake – if we joined. I'm not saying we are, but IF. If we joined your church, would we get some kind of special pricing?

MATTHIAS: No. But you would go to hell in the afterlife.

EVE: That isn't much of a deal, is it?

MATTHIAS: I don't know. A three bedroom condo on the lake of fire. If the air conditioning is good...

EVE: My mom lives in Texas. And it's gotta be as hot as hell in the summer.

MATTHIAS: I'll bet hotter.

ARNOLD: (to EVE) Why don't we just take a few days and look around? We can have a wedding in a park, or maybe a bed and breakfast for half the devil's prices. This is extortion is what it is. What's that noise?

MATTHIAS: I don't hear anything.

ARNOLD: It sounds like an alarm.

MATTHIAS: Oh. I think that's the septic pump alarm. (changes from shoes into sneakers) I wouldn't get too bent out of shape. Sometimes on hot summer days, we draw a lot of power and the lights go out.