

Satan Can't Have My Fried Chicken

By Timothy D. Starnes

Sequel to the Skit/Short Stageplay 'If God Ate Fried Chicken'

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Cast of Characters

Father Seacrest:

A priest, dressed as such.
Any age, race, etc.

Sister Blanche:

A nun, now dressed in a
chicken drumstick costume and
bright red high heel shoes.
Any race, age, etc.

The Police Officers:

Two officers, in traditional
police attire. Any race, age,
etc.

ACT I

Scene 1

Setting: A mildly-well dressed office. A "desk", center-stage is made of an oversized coffin, with a high-backed chair behind it. Tubing comes out from the coffin, leading offstage. A simple floor lamp and potted plant sit on either side of the "desk."

Father Seacrest sits behind the "desk," reading a newspaper.

FATHER SEACREST:

People with high cholesterol have about twice the risk of heart disease as people with lower levels, comparatively.

Father Seacrest laughs and throws the newspaper back into the coffin, then brings out a nameplate, turning the non-lettering side to the audience.

FATHER SEACREST:

They clock out straight into a bowl of potato salad at Sunday brunch, and then they come here. I'll leave the other part up to you, lord.

Father Seacrest looks up at the ceiling, then back at the audience.

FATHER SEACREST:

Father Seacrest, founder of Seacrest Home for the Dead, Mortuary and Funeral Planning Services INC.

Sister Blanche stumbles in, complete in a fried chicken drumstick costume, her red high heels clicking.

SISTER BLANCHE:

Don't forget this god-awful food you're making me sell!

FATHER SEACREST:

Don't call it awful, sister. We do have awards, you know.

SISTER BLANCHE:

Since when do they call barely-passing health code grades awards?

FATHER SEACREST:

Now, now, sister. You can't have such a sour attitude while selling honey-batter fried chicken! You're our spokes lad- chicken leg.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER BLANCHE:

Everybody knows it's Count Cluckin's recipe.

FATHER SEACREST:

It isn't their recipe, I added a vital ingredient to make it that much better (*he taps on the "desk"*) smeared and deep fried in pure fat!

SISTER BLANCHE:

(*Panting, clicking her shoes together*) There are a lot of places better than here, there are a lot of places better than here, there are a lot of places better than here.

FATHER SEACREST:

Fat, sucked out from the best of god's creatures-

SISTER BLANCHE:

Who is it today-

Father Seacrest gets a look of trepidation, and then searches through his pockets. He pulls out a tag.

FATHER SEACREST:

Bette-Louise, Count Cluckin's ex-best customer.

Father Seacrest files the tag away.

SISTER BLANCHE:

I thought that was you-

FATHER SEACREST:

No, I was the best fan (*he points at the desk*) she was the best customer, hence the casket. The super-size casket. 450 pounds of cooking grease.

Father Seacrest pops open and looks under the lid.

FATHER SEACREST:

And it's all coming out like a toothpaste tube under a brick. Smells a bit like hamburgers, too.

Father Seacrest closes the lid and sits back down.

SISTER BLANCHE:

Can I take my lunch break now?

FATHER SEACREST:

Sure, go ahead.

Sister Blanche awkwardly leans against the "desk," unable to sit on it.

FATHER SEACREST:

Hungry, sister? You're free to go out front and get yourself some chicken.

SISTER BLANCHE:

You lose your appetite after knowing what is in the stuff, much less dressed as it.

FATHER SEACREST:

Dust to dust, sister.

SISTER BLANCHE:

Dust to gut, you mean. I never knew, when I became a nun, that I'd be the object of affection for a priest turned funeral home and chicken joint proprietor.

FATHER SEACREST:

The lord gives us strange gifts sometimes, sister.

SISTER BLANCHE:

When I was a girl, I had this auntie, she was old. Very old. Getting in danger of being used as (*she looks down at the "desk"*) getting fried up, old. She would always buy strange gifts, because of her whole brain not whirring properly situation. Women's sweaters for my father, a makeup set for my brother, drill bits for mother - (*she looks at Father Seacrest*) I think this is that type of situation. I could do without the gift. Then again, father did have that funny turn, took my brother's makeup and left for a special convention after that...

FATHER SEACREST:

Now, now, sister. There are some things innocent young minds musn't ponder.

SISTER BLANCHE:

Did you ever throw out those matches and the lighter, father? You probably should get around to that. After torching a restaurant it isn't a good idea to keep the weapon.

FATHER SEACREST:

Sister, you know as well as I do, all matches are the same, and nobody knows what color the lighter was.

SISTER BLANCHE:

I do. Red.

FATHER SEACREST:

Don't worry, they're being kept safe.

SISTER BLANCHE:

Whatever you say, father. You know you're a suspect in the burning of the original Count Cluckin's. If they find those things on you, you're going to be in trouble. They can figure out that those matches and lighter were what was used to burn the place down. This isn't the 1700's, they have what you call forensic science, you know!

Father Seacrest sits at the desk, behind Sister Blanche, where she can't see him.

SISTER BLANCHE:

Don't you have a barrel of grease to finishing, father? You need to get this body back to the funeral home.

FATHER SEACREST:

Needn't you worry, dear Blanche. This body has a while to go, then we'll head home.

SISTER BLANCHE:

How many times do I have to tell you, father, I'm not going to home with you.

FATHER SEACREST:

The funeral home!

SISTER BLANCHE:

How many times have I told you that threatening to kill me isn't going to work? I'm a nun, I listen to that sorta' thing every day. Working with you, that is.

SISTER BLANCHE:

Father, don't those people out in the restaurant look familiar, and a little, brassy?

FATHER SEACREST:

What are you talking about, sister?

Father Seacrest rises and walks to the exit, looking.

FATHER SEACREST:

Sister, disconnect those wires, quick.

SISTER BLANCHE:

I told you, I didn't get my mortician's license, I only took one community college class in it! That's not even real college!

FATHER SEACREST:

It's-

(CONTINUED)

Father Seacrest is interrupted as he is pushed back. He quickly moves to the desk and dramatically leans against it, looking at the two policemen who have entered.

The policemen, one on the right and the other on the left of the entrance, hold up their service pistols PI style, looking as if they've just barrel-rolled out of a 1980's action film.

POLICEMAN #1:

It's a pleasure seeing you again, father!

FATHER SEACREST:

I wish I could say the same.

POLICEMAN #2:

It's a nice operation you've got here, sir! Yes indeed!

POLICEMAN #1:

Shame that Count Cluckin's burned down and all.

POLICEMAN #2:

Looks like you've filled the hole quite nicely, though!

SISTER BLANCHE:

Isn't the only hole he's tried to fill.

POLICEMAN #1:

America at it's finest!

FATHER SEACREST:

Policed by America's finest...

POLICEMAN #2:

Funny that the first time we met was because they thought you two were holding the original joint up!

FATHER SEACREST:

We've put that behind us!

SISTER BLANCHE:

Along with throwing down some bail money and attorney's fees.

FATHER SEACREST:

What brings you all here, boys?

POLICEMAN #1:

We've got a report in, father-