

Jaw of Pearls

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A short prayer

By Jarred Corona

AT RISE: Whatever you imagine the entrance to Heaven or Hell to be. For my part, I envision an empty stage.

People stand on stage, frozen, nude or neutral-colored underclothes.

GOD enters. You can make him beautiful. You can make him horrifying. You can make him perfectly normal like a mid-level manager. What's truly important is he looks distinct from the others. He is clothed.

GOD taps on the shoulder of one of the frozen people. It's as if their body is suddenly filled with their soul. This person, no matter their gender or presentation, is named TAYLOR.

Oh, my god.	TAYLOR
Correct.	GOD
I was just in bed.	TAYLOR
Yes, you were.	GOD
Where am I?	TAYLOR
You're in purgatory.	GOD
Purgatory?	TAYLOR
Purgatory.	GOD

So I'm dead?  
TAYLOR

Correct.  
GOD

How did I die?  
TAYLOR

Taylor Michaels died on February 14th of a brain aneurism.  
GOD

I died on Valentine's Day?  
TAYLOR

You did.  
GOD

Why?  
TAYLOR

You had an aneurism.  
GOD

Who are you?  
TAYLOR

Who do you think I am?  
GOD

I don't know.  
TAYLOR

Many people don't know me.  
GOD

This is Purgatory?  
TAYLOR

Correct.  
GOD

TAYLOR  
So the Catholics were right?

GOD  
Depends on how you look at it.

TAYLOR  
Who are they?

GOD  
More of your kind.

TAYLOR  
My kind?

GOD  
Food.

TAYLOR  
What?

GOD  
They are more of you.

TAYLOR  
You said food.

GOD  
I did.

TAYLOR  
What are you?

GOD  
Does it matter?

TAYLOR  
You're the Devil. This is Hell.

GOD  
No, it's not Hell.