

Saint Subastian

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A short play

By Jarred Corona

AT RISE: The woods. Sebastian, a beautiful, shirtless young man who's likely in his early 20s, breathes heavily against one of the trees or some other large, phallic representation of wood. A couple of arrows stick out of his abdomen.

The sounds of men retreating, unseen.

SEBASTIAN

Fuck. That was... God.

GOD enters, a normal, human man. He's fully clothed, though he doesn't have to wear any particular thing. Dress him how you imagine God would dress as a regular guy.

GOD

I know, right?

SEBASTIAN

I didn't know you had friends like that.

GOD

Like what?

SEBASTIAN

Like archers looking to destroy you with the shafts of their arrows. They kept looking up at you. Do they get like that with every guy you like?

GOD

Oh, you think I like you?

SEBASTIAN

Did they fire their stiff wood at me because I'm yours?

GOD

Say it again.

SEBASTIAN

Did they fire their // stiff wood...?

GOD

No, just the last few words. You're what?

SEBASTIAN

Yours.

GOD

Say it.

SEBASTIAN

I'm yours.

GOD

Damn right you are. To answer your question, no, they didn't want do that because you're mine. I'm just part of the reason they have access to you. They wanted to because you're beautiful, Sebastian. And beautiful boys are meant to be protected and ruined all at once.

SEBASTIAN

Handsome.

GOD

Even your suffering is beautiful. That look. You want a kiss, don't you?

SEBASTIAN

I do.

GOD

Then come steal one.

SEBASTIAN

I can't. I'm all tied up.

GOD

Aw. Did they leave my Seba all bound up? I wonder why.

SEBASTIAN

Because you told them to.

GOD

Hm. But they're not good boys like you. Why would they listen to me?