HURRY GAWD

by Jordan E. Cooper

CHARACTERS:

GABRIELLE - female or male; any age.

PROMOTER - female or male; any age.

RAPHAEL - female or male; any age.

SETTING:

Now. Outside GAWD’s dressing room.

Gabrielle paces outside the dressing room of GAWD. Raphael walks up with a glorious wig in their hand.

Raphael: Did she come out yet?

Gabrielle: No.

Raphael: Are you serious? It’s been two hours already.

Gabrielle: I know that.

Raphael: We need to get this wig on her, Gabrielle.

Gabrielle: She’s almost ready, all you gotta do is plop it on.

Raphael: Do I look like I make wigs wigs that get plopped on?

Gabrielle: No, you look like a shake and go, but your wigs are a plop, that’s a compliment.

Raphael: Don’t get choked.

Gabrielle: Nobody's gonna choke me.
Raphael: That audience will if Gawd don’t leave that dressing room. Has she even started her makeup?

Gabrielle: I’m not sure.

Raphael: This is a hot angelic mess. I don’t know why you still put up with this, Gabrielle, she does this every time.

Gabrielle: No she dosen’t.

Raphael: You can lie to yourself if you want, I’m just saying the girl ain’t got no sense of timing, got us running around here like crackhead chickens waiting to get milked.

Gabrielle: What does that even mean?

Raphael: It means she don’t care about us so at some point we gotta stop caring too.

Gabrielle: She cares, she just gets frustrated.

Raphael: So do you, but you still show up, don’t you?…. all i’m saying is, the witch ain’t worth the wrinkles… no matter how good her voice is. Hell, you saw what happened to wind-up Whitney.

Gabrielle: Did you just use Whitney’s name in vein?

The Promoter walks up.

Promoter: What the hell is going on in there!?

Gabrielle: Excuse me?

Promoter: Gawd was supposed to start the show two hours ago!

Raphael: That’s what I said.

Promoter: Is that her wig??

Raphael: Yup.

Promoter: Are you kidding me, Gabrielle? She’s not even dressed!

Gabrielle: She’ll be on in two minutes.

Promoter: You said that five minutes ago.

Gabrielle: Five minutes in heaven is different than five minutes on earth.

Raphael: No it ain’t.
Gabrielle: Raphael why don't you go find some more horse hair for that wig.

Raphael: This is human hair.

Gabrielle: Then find the human that grew it.

*Raphael exits.*

Promoter: When is she coming out??

Gabrielle: Soon, she’s jet lagged, just give her some time.

Promoter: Time? She’s had more than enough time. I’ve got good paying customers out there who have already given two hours of their TIME to come and see her.

Gabrielle: Maybe she would already be onstage if she had a venue that appreciated her.

Promoter: What are you talking about?

Gabrielle: Did you even read our rider? We asked for at least one bowl of all blue M&M’s in our rider.

Promoter: We put M&M’s in there.

Gabrielle: All blue ones?

Promoter: What difference does it make? Is she allergic to other colors?

Gabrielle: It’s a matter of taking the time to do what was asked, she doesn’t give a damn about M&Ms, it’s about respect, a sign of how much she means to you, and in return she give you her all.

Promoter: That’s ridiculous. Do you know how many people are out there waiting for her?

Gabrielle: Yes I do.

Promoter: 7.6 billion people, 7.6 billion people standing around waiting for two hours, Gabrielle.

Gabrielle: And Gawd appreciates each of them for waiting.

Promoter: I’ve never had to wait for an act this long.

Gabrielle: You booked Lauryn Hill last summer.

Promoter: Yeah well, Gawd’s got her beat by five minutes…. and counting.

Gabrielle: Can’t you tell the opening act to just go back on?

Promoter: Her contract was for four songs, Beyonce is not going back on that stage.
Gabrielle: Tell her it's for Gawd, she'll do it.

Promoter: No. (To Gawd) Gawd!

Gabrielle: What are you doing?

Promoter: (To Gawd) Look, I don't know what kind of sick games you guys are playing but you agreed to give a show and a show is what you're going to give. You have three minutes to get out of that dressing room before I call the police. Am I understood?

   Silence.

Promoter: (To Gawd) Am I understood?

   The Promoter goes to open on Gawd’s door.

   Gabrielle: Whoa, whoa, whoa, what you doing? Don’t do that!

Promoter: We're gonna talk face to face.

Gabrielle: No you’re not.

Promoter: Watch me.

    He goes to grab the knob of the door and gets blasted across the corridor.

Gabrielle: And she was already pissed. You not doing nothing but adding to her madness.

Promoter: What the hell is wrong with her?

Gabrielle: Let me worry about that, just go get Beyonce.

Promoter: Get her on that stage! NOW or you're out.

Gabrielle: Go to hell.

Promoter: I'd rather go somewhere you won't be.

Gabrielle: Then keep your reservation.

   the Promotor exits. Gabrielle takes a deep breath and slides down the wall onto the floor next to Gawds dressing room. She takes out a tiny bottle of Hennessy and takes a swig.

Gabrielle: (to Gawd) You want a drink?

   Silence.

Gabrielle: Never mind, I forgot, you always said Hennessy ain't nothing but a brown river to stupid…. but some of us can afford to be a little stupid, when the smart parts hurt.
Silence.

Gabrielle: I don't wanna tell you what you already know… but that’s what you hired me to do so you can take it or leave it, but my check’s still gonna clear.

Silence.

Gabrielle: You remember the day we met? I had been at the office for a while but we never really got a chance to have a conversation. Not until you called me in and asked me to deliver some messages down here for you. I was so honored, I called my mama as soon as I left your office. And you know what she told me? “Don’t get too happy, Gabrielle. When somebody gives you happiness, you give them power.” It got real quiet, then I said “Mama, I’m working for Gawd, she already got all the power”. I didn’t really understand what she meant until the first time I saw you cry. It was a pain I had never seen. These folks down here gave you so much joy that when they did wrong, it couldn't do nothing but hurt you. They had a power over you. They still do. And if you stay in this room, they keep it. There’s a lot of folks that are waiting to hear from you, waiting to hear your voice again. I know it’s not easy, I know you're hurting but I promise you, they're hurting too. Ya'll hurt each other, I guess. But they need to be reminded through the hurt. Reminded of joy and love. Reminded that they can fly if they learn how to use their own wings. I know they not all perfect but they good ones out weigh the bad, don’t they? … or maybe they don’t, maybe you’ll never get back on that stage. You’re tired. But we all get tired, don’t we? We love people who don’t always have the sense or the energy to love us back, and it hurts, it bleeds. But we still love. Bloody and bruised and broken, we still love. If you made us to do that with our little bit of strength, then you damn sure can do it with your mighty one, can’t you? They need to know if there’s still a good song to sing down here… it’s just trapped in your throat. Let them hear it, even if for the last time… I know you'll bleed, but if you can do it, I'll wipe up the blood.

Silence.

Gawd opens her dressing room door. Gabrielle smiles and takes her tiny bottle of Hennessy to the head.

END OF PLAY