

The scene opens on an empty hospital chapel. It is a small room with about ten rows of pews that can only seat 5 or 6 people each. At the front of the room, recessed into the wall is a cross, which is backlit with a bright white light. Outside the room, the commotion of a busy hospital can be heard. The gentle beep of a heart monitor, the low drone of distant voices, and the occasional cough are predominant. Enter CHRISTOPHER a man in his late 30's early 40's. He is wearing a white dress shirt and grey dress pants. Both are wrinkled, and have stains on them as if he has been wearing them for days. Around his neck is a loosely tied necktie that is also wrinkled. His hair is a mess and he has not shaved for a few days. He enters the chapel in haste, lets the door slam shut behind him.

CHRISTOPHER

Why?

Why pick her? Why do you need to take her back? Why now?

That is to say you even have a reason... They say everything you do is for a reason. Somehow I fail to see the bigger picture in this. She's a girl. She's never done anything to wrong you... nothing any other kid wouldn't do anyway.

Ya know... I've spent the majority of my life convincing myself that you don't exist. That you are some made up reasoning of the human mind that no one can explain or even begin to comprehend. I've come to believe that you're nothing more than a way we can explain what we don't want to hear... an Omnipotent scapegoat I guess you say. And now, without reason, I find myself here. In *your* place, like we all need to be some special room for you to hear us.

Stops, puts his hand on a pew and begins to walk toward the door. He hesitates.

IS THIS SOME KIND OF SICK JOKE? Punishment maybe? For all the wrongs I've done in my life. You decide to take the one thing I hold dearest to my heart for what?... To teach me some kind of lesson? What am I supposed to do here?

Slows breathing, and says in a whisper.

My daughter is dying. They said they caught it too late. The cancer is too far-gone now. It's only a matter of time.
I've spent my whole life trying to convince myself that you don't exist, and look where I am...

Looks around the room

right back in your house, like some kid who say's he's gonna run away but comes back home before dark because he's too scared.
And ya know what. That's exactly what I am... Scared.

Sits in the center of the front pew.

Look... I don't know if you're real or not. I don't know if you can here me.
Hell, maybe I'm just talking to myself right now. But whatever it is you want from me, what ever it is you want me to learn from all of this, I'm all ears.
I know it's too late for her to heal; I get that, but don't let her life suffer because of something I did. Punish me, not her.
Just promise me this. If you are real...
When she gets to you... keep her safe.
Do what you want with me, just take care of my daughter for me.

Bows his head as tears begin to run down his face.

Enter. NURSE.

slowly shutting the door behind her, she quietly walks up to Christopher and puter her hand on his shoulder.

NURSE

Sir, there's not much time left.
Would you like to say goodbye?

CHRISTOPHER

Wiping away his tears.

Yes, I think I'm ready.