

GOD HATES CIGARETTE BUTTS

by Herbert M. Midgley

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TIME: Present

PLACE: Any street

CHARACTERS:

GOD – Someone that doesn't look or talk like a God. It's always the ones you least suspect.

JUNE – A beautiful girl in her 20's. She smokes and looks like she is about to go to a party.

Playwright's note. The bigger the contrast between GOD and JUNE the better.

JUNE walks past GOD who is pumping air into His bicycle. JUNE is smoking a cigarette and tosses it when she walks past GOD. GOD looks up and puts down the pump and rolls His bike up to JUNE.

GOD

Pardon me. That cigarette was still lit.

JUNE

Sorry.

GOD

You could've burned down that house.

JUNE

Sorry, do you want me to go and pick it up?

GOD

Someone will have to pick it up. (Beat) I love catfish, but you don't see me throwing catfish bones around after I eat them. I dispose of them where they belong.

JUNE

What!?! Listen, I said that I'm sorry but I really don't have time for this, I have to go now.

GOD

That's it. (GOD looks at JUNE for a moment.) That's it! Huh! This is the cigarette butt that broke the camel's back! (GOD stares at JUNE in her eyes. JUNE breaks the stare.)

JUNE

Ok, I'm done. I'm out of here! Stop looking at me! Leave me alone, you weirdo creep!

GOD

You really *don't* care. Do you? (Beat) Did you know that God hates cigarette butts?

JUNE

So you're against smoking too. I don't have time for another sermon about the dangers of cigarette smoking. They never worked on me in high school and they sure aren't going to work from you now! I've been smoking since I was fourteen and you're only the ten billionth person that has told me to stop while I still can. I'm tired of people telling me what to do!

GOD

God doesn't care about you smoking. God just hates cigarette butts on the ground. It makes the world less of a happy place. And God wants this place to be happy.

JUNE

So *God* doesn't care about *me* smoking? God just doesn't like *litter* on *His* ground?

GOD

Yes.

JUNE

God doesn't care about *my* health?

GOD

God gave humanity freewill. You make your own decisions. The ground can't. This world can't. (Beat) God protects those that can't protect themselves.

JUNE

That's stupid. You're stupid. Leave me alone or I'll get my boyfriend to beat you up. He's in a frat so you had better watch out!

GOD

God doesn't believe in violence.

JUNE

You must not watch TV mister! There's violence on every channel especially on the news. And why am I wasting my time talking to you? Didn't I tell you to stop brothering me!?! Looking at me!?! I'm going to call the cops and my boyfriend if you don't leave me alone!

GOD

June, do you believe in God?

JUNE

Yes. Yes I do. I go to church every Sunday.

GOD

I didn't asked if you went to church. I asked whether or not you believe in God?

JUNE

I'm a Christian if that's what you want to know. I was brought up that way.

GOD

God doesn't care about organized religion. All God wants to know is if you believe in Him. (Beat) Do you June?

JUNE

Yes, I believe in God.

GOD

Then why are you desecrating the Earth with cigarette butts? And lit ones at that?

JUNE

I don't know. I don't really think about it. When I'm done with a cigarette, I throw it out. It's a visceral reaction now.

GOD

Must God's love be visceral as well? Visceral for a litterbug? Visceral for you? Visceral for the world?

JUNE

That's it! I'm calling my boyfriend. He's big if you know what I mean! He has beaten up people for doing less and all I have to is ask. Or tell him and he will beat you into the ground.

GOD

Do what you must, call your boyfriend if you have to. Use your lifeline that you depend upon so you do have to think. (Beat) That still doesn't explain why you would throw out a lit cigarette butt. On the ground. In this place in front of Me while I was getting ready to go on a bike ride. This place is so beautiful if I say so Myself. (GOD looks up and shakes His head.) Good job. (GOD looks at June) Why ruin it with a lit cigarette butt? Huh?

JUNE

Alright, do you want me to say that I'm sorry? (Mockingly) I'm sorry dude for throwing a cigarette butt on your precious ground. (Normal voice) Can I go now? Will you leave me alone now? Or do I call my boyfriend?

GOD

(Laughing) You didn't mean it. That wasn't sincere. (Beat, normal voice) Trust me, I've heard it all and that wasn't even close to being a genuine apology. Not for your crime. Crimes I should say. (Beat) What kind of a world is this when no one cares about the little things anymore? (Beat) Doesn't anybody look at the sunsets now? The leaves rustling in the trees? The rain as it hits the ground? The wind as it touches your face? To smile at someone you don't know to make the world a better place? (GOD looks at JUNE) I must've been wrong to let....

JUNE

Ok dude, I like have a party in like twenty minutes that I have to like go to. So later, like in never later! (JUNE starts to walk off.)

GOD

Are you going to Heaven June?

JUNE

What!?

GOD

Heaven, are you going there when this life has ended?

JUNE

How am I suppose to know that? I'm 21 years old and all I want to do is party with my friends in a few minutes. You know, do a little drinking, a little dancing you know have some fun. Maybe you've heard of it, fun. (JUNE looks at GOD) It looks like you haven't had any fun for a long time. Maybe you should go online and find yourself a date with some sad lonely internet girl that can't find a date in the real world instead of worrying about cigarette butts (Beat) on the ground. I'll think about Heaven when I'm old like you. When I'm about to die.

GOD

If I were God, how would you convince Him that you deserve to go to Heaven?

JUNE

(Laughing) You're not God. God is an old man. A really old man, way older than you are dude with a long white bread and in a white robe looking all holy and stuff.

GOD

I said *if* I was God. Prove to Me that you're worthy of going to Heaven.

JUNE

I'm pretty. I'm a size zero, that's like a gift to every man that checks me out. They all love to watch me when I'm walking to class. Sometimes I make every male's head stop and follow me. It's magical! I can't tell you how many traffic accidents I have caused since I got this figure. (JUNE points at her body) (Beat) At one time I was a double zero, before I started to drink. All those empty calories add up after a few semesters at a party college you know. But guys still like me, they like me a lot. They all want me when I have on my skintight dress and make-up on my face.

GOD

Yes, God has given you one face and you make yourself another. (Beat) That won't get you into Heaven June. (GOD stares at June) Try again.

JUNE

(Sincerely) I try to be good to people.

GOD

There is no try, you do or you do not. Either you're good to people or you're not. It's kind of like being pregnant. (Beat) One more chance June.

JUNE

(JUNE thinks for a minute) I make sure to give some change to the Salvation Army after I've bought all of my Christmas presents for my family and friends. And everyone always loves my Christmas presents! They really do! I get compliments about my presents sometimes six months after I gave them out! Can you believe that!?

GOD

That doesn't matter either. (Beat) So June, go to your party and enjoy it. Enjoy partying, your size zero dresses, Christmas presents and trying to be good to people. That's all you have left. And of course throwing your lit cigarette *butts* on the ground.

JUNE

I don't feel like partying now. Dude you're a real downer!

GOD

Funny, I've heard that before. Still I'm here and your there. And young lady you're going to have to make some different choices to stand here.

JUNE

Maybe I don't want to stand there.

GOD

Oh trust me, you do. It's great where I'm standing. And horrible where you're at.

JUNE

Why would God put me in a horrible place? God is love right?

GOD

It's not the place that you're standing at. It's the state of your mind. Each of you make the world a Heaven or place that you're standing in. Freewill, I couldn't think of another way to test out whether or not each person could accept Heaven. To be with God.

JUNE

I might appear shallow on the surface, I do want to go to Heaven. Living my life like this forever isn't fulfilling. I've partied so much, it's *all* I know. It does get tiring and boring after a while. After you have chugged down a billion kegs, you really don't care about partying anymore. Maybe I'm getting older or growing up. (Beat) Is there a chance that I could go to Heaven mister?

GOD

Yes. (GOD smiles) Of course there is. (GOD looks at JUNE) Put your cards out on the table. Then you'll know what to do.

JUNE

(Confused) I don't understand.

GOD

Tell me how old are you again June?

JUNE

I'm 21, about to turn 22.

GOD

When you can understand a Hank Williams or Ernest Tubb song, you'll be able to put out those cards child. And know the answer to everything is a simple four letter word.

JUNE

I hate country music!

GOD

I know.

(GOD rides his bicycle off stage. JUNE takes out a cigarette and is about to throw it on the ground after a few puffs. Right before she does it, JUNE looks up at Heaven, stops and puts the cigarette butt into her pocket and walks off stage.)

FADE TO BLACK

THE END