Scene 4

We're in the basement.
Margery is pacing.
Pastor Greg is sitting on the desk facing her.

MARGERY. They're not here.
PASTOR GREG. I can see that.
MARGERY. They're not here, and they're not coming.
PASTOR GREG. Margery …
MARGERY. I don't know what kind of performance we can have without any of the performers.
PASTOR GREG. The Lord works in mysterious ways.
MARGERY. I don't know what to do.
PASTOR GREG. Stop trying to do.
MARGERY. What does that mean.
PASTOR GREG. Just be still.
MARGERY. I cain't.
PASTOR GREG. Sit down. Give me your hands.
MARGERY. Pastor.
PASTOR GREG. Just give 'em to me. *(She does.)* Close your eyes.
MARGERY. I …

PASTOR GREG. Please. *(She does.)* Breathe deep. *(She does. He starts to rub her hands.)* Let it all go. Think how small our lives are in the bigness of the universe. Feel how tiny we are in the palm of God's hand. Feel supported by Him. Think how easy it is to live. Breathe. Be. Think about how little energy this takes. Make your mind as empty as you can. Make your world as simple as you can. Try to bring yourself to a place of surrender. Open your eyes … *(She does.)* And just see what's right in front of you. *(The pastor is smiling a little too big. Margery jolts up and drops his hands.)*
MARGERY. Oh God.
PASTOR GREG. Yes well.
MARGERY. I'm sorry pastor. I'm not …
PASTOR GREG. What?
MARGERY. Nothing.
PASTOR GREG. No you started.
MARGERY. I'm not ready.
PASTOR GREG. Ready for what?
MARGERY. I am not interested … in you.
PASTOR GREG. Oh. I …
MARGERY. I think you're wonderful. Sweet. Gentle. Good. I think you're a good man.
PASTOR GREG. But you're not in the market for good?
MARGERY. I'm just not in the market. I lost my husband and I don't know who I am anymore.
PASTOR GREG. I know. I know you're a wounded thing that needs to be cared for. I know you need for someone to share your burden. You need someone to pull in harness with you. I know what empty days are like Margery. I know what lonely nights are like. I know what it's like when you eat your lunch in silence and you think you're choking down dry white bread and then you realize it's half a cry. I know what it's like to look at your arms and ask what use are these empty. I know what it's like to wanna scream at happy couples on the street just 'cause they're happy. Just 'cause they're together and you're not. I'm not the biggest man in the world Margery. I'm not so rich or so handsome or so … good. I am not so good. But I got empty arms. Empty arms and ears made just to hear you cry. That's my best shot Margery. I think we could be good together, real and whole, and if you think there's even a sliver of a section of a portion of a chance I wish you'd give it to me. 'Cause I sure could use a break.

MARGERY. No pastor I don't think that there is.
PASTOR GREG. Oh. Okay. *(She reaches out to him, he pulls back real hard.)* Please no. Not now. *(He clouds up.)* I'mma go.
MARGERY. But what about Sunday?
PASTOR GREG. You'll figure something out Margery. *(He makes for the door.)*
MARGERY. Pastor.
PASTOR GREG. I hope you find what you're looking for.