

**PASTOR GREG SIDE #2 - PAGE 1 of 3**

*(Things with Tyrone have escalated to a hellish level and Tyrone/Jason are locked in the church basement. Pastor Greg has just walked in on Margery and Timothy going at it on his desk. The scene starts just after Timothy runs out of the office).*

MARGERY. I'm sorry.

PASTOR GREG. Me too Margery.

MARGERY. I was ... I am confused.

PASTOR GREG. That's great. I am not.

MARGERY. What are you talking about.

PASTOR GREG. I have to call the police Margery.

MARGERY. No ...

PASTOR GREG. No? No? I ... uh ... there's no more "no." I can't have you around. You can't be around if this. If this is what you're gonna do. If this is what you are.

MARGERY. What I am?

PASTOR GREG. Yes.

MARGERY. What I am?

PASTOR GREG. Margery ...

MARGERY. What am I Greg ...

PASTOR GREG. I don't know.

MARGERY. No you don't. No you fucking. Don't. I'll tell you what I am. I am disappointed.

PASTOR GREG. Disappointed?

MARGERY. I am let down. I am failed.

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PASTOR GREG. Failed by who Margery.

MARGERY. By you. By all of you.

PASTOR GREG. Tell me about it Marge.

MARGERY. You're a real piece of shit Pastor Greg. I have endured some pussy pasty limp-dick come-ons in my time but really? "My arms were made to hold you."

PASTOR GREG. I have feelings too, Marge. I have human feelings.

MARGERY. La-di-fucking-da.

PASTOR GREG. You wanted to talk. I listened. You needed a place to go I was here. You needed work for idle hands. I gave you puppets.

MARGERY. Oh and you think that entitles you to a piece of this.

PASTOR GREG. You brought an abomination into the house of God.

MARGERY. You used the church to try and fuck me. *(Beat.)*

PASTOR GREG. That isn't fair, Marge.

MARGERY. No no. Not fair is being taken advantage of. Not fair is being abandoned by your husband. Not fair is having a kid that won't give you one the one thing you ask for. Just be there for Momma. Just be there for Momma and don't talk to your fucking puppet.

PASTOR GREG. He's having a hard time.

MARGERY. Stop making excuses. No more excuses. He's having a hard time. I'm sad, I need a Whopper. I'm too busy to go to the doctor. Excuses. Fucking excuses. Fucking bullshit. *(She sees a Bible.)* Fucking Jesus.

PASTOR GREG. Give that to me. *(He tries to take it from her.)*

MARGERY. Fucking wisdom of the ages. Fucking stories. And fucking rules and fucking Geneology. Abraham begat Isaac. *(She tears a page out of the Bible.)*

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PASTOR GREG. Stop it Marge. *(He steps towards her.)*

MARGERY. Isaac begat Dorkus. *(She dodges him, shredding the old book as she moves.)*

PASTOR GREG. Margery give it to me.

MARGERY. Dorkus begat Gibberish. Gibberish begat Balderdash.

PASTOR GREG. You know what go ahead.

MARGERY. Stupid fucking God. *(In frustration she throws the tattered Bible on the floor.)*

PASTOR GREG. Go on. Keep going, if this is what helps.

MARGERY. None of it helps. I touched that stupid boy. I made my son crazy. Everything I touch turns to shit.

PASTOR GREG. Then what now. *(She crumples.)*

MARGERY. Take me away. I cain't touch anything else. I don't wanna hurt anybody else. Call the police.

PASTOR GREG. Maybe.

MARGERY. Maybe? *(She sniffles a little. Greg goes over and helps her up.)*

PASTOR GREG. First thing's first.

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