

DEAR GOD

Written by  
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A monologue

Originally Performed by  
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The Woodlands Inn and Resort: Grand Ballroom  
"Love Lines for Linmarie" Benefit  
Woodlands Inn and Resort  
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INT. BEDROOM

A MAN is on his knees praying to GOD.

MAN

Dear God, I...I know I haven't spoken to you since the diagnosis but uh, I thought now would be a good time to catchup--even if this goes right to your voicemail. Or rejoicemail. Sorry, that was a bad joke.

A beat.

MAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, uh. See, the reason why we haven't been in touch lately is, well... I'm just a little confused. I mean, you're the creator of all things, right? The answer to all questions. So I guess my question is....Why? Ya know, why her? Why Linmarie? Out of all the people who get cancer, why did it have to be her? I mean, couldn't someone else have it? Someone who doesn't live their life for you? Somebody who intentionally hurts other people? Because I'll tell you right now, she doesn't deserve this. Actually, ya know what? Nobody deserves this. Not her, not anybody. Children, mothers, fathers, anybody. I mean, I walked around her hospital and I saw this disease and I thought, man. How could the one and only person who is suppose to protect us from all harm, the person who we come to for strength and guidance do this to someone? To my wife. To the person who I swore to you that I would love and serve for the rest of my life. A life that she may not get to live. (pause) She's 28, man. We're 28. Life has just started for us. And now life is stuck in pause. Plans that we've made for the future are now put on hold. Some plans cancelled indefinitely all because my wife is fighting a disease that you gave her.

A beat.

MAN (CONT'D)

But you know what? She's tough man. She is, I mean, I know she's Puerto Rican but she's been...INCREDIBLE. To be able to spend five days a week in the hospital, away from her job, her family, getting poison dumped into her body. Painfully rolling in and out of bed and into the bathroom only to wake up the next day and do it all over again. To sit in a chair courageously as I stand behind her to shave her head. The strength she must have had to look herself in the mirror and see *her* reality---face to face. And yet, whenever I see her, she still has *that* smile. The smile that reassures me that she's OK. That smile that she fakes whenever I tell her a joke. That smile that told me ten years ago that she was meant to be my wife.

A beat.

MAN (CONT'D)

The other day she joked about how I don't have to worry about playing with her hair anymore. And you know what? That bothered me. It bothered me because I know how much that meant to her. To have me play with her hair. Nothing else could put her mind at ease. And for the longest time, I refused to do it. For some reason it bothered me for her to ask all the time. I guess I saw it as a chore. But then I realized what it did for her. And now, more than ever, I want to play with her. I want to let her know that everything will be OK, that she'll beat this thing. I want to let her know that she will hear herself be called, "Mom" one day.

A beat

MAN (CONT'D)

But honestly, the more I think about it, the more I realize that she doesn't need her hair for that anymore. No. She has something else now. She has her friends, family, hell, even strangers reaching out and caressing her spirit-- helping her to grow more positive with each day. And these people have given us hope, that there *is* a better tomorrow ahead. And you know what? I have to thank you for that.

A beat.

MAN (CONT'D)

Alright, that's all for now.

A beat. He ponders one last thought.

MAN (CONT'D)

Actually, um, there is one more thing. Now forgive me for saying this but I kind of like the fact that her mustache hair isn't growing back. So maybe, just maybe, even after the chemo is all done, can you still make that happen? Or not happen? You know, the moustache hair thing? Yeah, that would be great. But hey, only if you have time. Alright. Thanks God. Peace.

He gestures the FATHER, SON and HOLY SPIRIT.

THE END