

A Divinely Mundane Day

by

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Characters

Micah: Angel

Ornias: Demon

Jane: Ordinary middle aged woman

Worker: Typical 'New York' man

Carreau: Demon coworker

The stage is divided in two. To the left, an office space divided in half. One half, an all white, standard setup.

The other, a black and red lounge 'office'. To the right of the offices, a small town 'Main Street'.

MICAH:

So what do you have planned for ol' Jane today?

ORNIAS:

A meeting with the big boss downstairs hopefully.

MICAH:

Really? Because that's been working out for you for the past 40 years or so.

ORNIAS:

All it takes is one bad day.

MICAH:

You never get tired of it, do you?

ORNIAS:

You ever get tired of that stick up your ass?

JANE enters onto Main Street. She walks up to a newsstand.

JANE:

One large coffee, please.

WORKER:

You want any milk, sugar? I got this new hazelnut creamer if ya wanna try that.

JANE:

Oh no, it would kill me to try that, quite literally! I have a major nut allergy.

ORNIAS:

Bingo.

JANE:

But I'll take a splash of milk please.

WORKER:

Yes ma'am.

The WORKER places the coffee on the counter, right next to the identical bottles of milk and creamer. JANE picks up a paper and starts to read it. The WORKER turns around to grab something. The milk and creamer switch places.

WORKER:

(While pouring cream) With a splash of milk. That'll be \$3.50.

JANE:

(Leaving money and taking the coffee) Thanks.

MICAH:

You think you're going to get away with it that easy?

JANE begins to walk away. MICAH starts typing on their computer.

MICAH:

There.

A cat runs by JANE'S feet, startling her. She spills the coffee.

JANE & ORNIAS:

(simultaneously) God damn it!

MICAH:

Language!

JANE checks her phone and looks back at the newsstand. She sighs and continues walking.

ORNIAS:

Well, me and Carreau from a few offices over have a major pile-up scheduled for the I-25 in about 20 minutes. Have fun trying to get around *that* one.

MICAH:

A pile-up?! How'd you guys get everyone to sign off on that one?

ORNIAS:

Well, there was quite a lot of arguing but at this point everyone in the department either conceited or compromised. And

as much as some people around here hate to admit it, I think everyone's excited to see our little show!

MICAH takes a deep breath and starts typing wildly on their computer.

MICAH:

Sorry Jane, I know you're trying to quit.

A scratch-off lotto ticket falls off of the newsstand and the wind carries it to JANE'S car. JANE notices the ticket on the ground and picks it up.

JANE:

I mean, it doesn't hurt if it's free, right?

JANE takes out her wallet to grab a coin. She scratches the card.

Jane:

Well I'll be damned, it's my lucky day! That's just enough to cover a new coffee! I guess I can be a little late today.

JANE turns around and walks back towards the stand. CARREAU
enters the office.

CARREAU:

What are you guys still doing here?

ORNIAS:

Don't tell me the crash fell through on you too?!

CARREAU:

That crash should be the least of your worries right now,
Ornias.

ORNIAS:

Well that's just rude! You *know* how many interns I bullied to
make that happen!

CARREAU:

Wait, did you not see the memo?

MICAH:

What memo?

CARREAU:

The memo from corporate? Apparently the company couldn't negotiate a new contract, they're scrapping the whole Earth project.

MICAH:

What do you mean they're scrapping the whole project?

CARREAU:

They ordered a goddamn meteor! By tomorrow afternoon, all of humanity will cease to exist and we'll all be out of jobs. We're laid off 'until further notice'. A bunch of bullshit if you ask me.

The room falls silent.

MICAH:

I never thought I would say this, but you wanna go get a drink?

ORNIAS:

The pleasure is all yours!

Blackout