

Praying for Forgiveness

A monologue play

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“Praying for Forgiveness”

Characters

Jacob..... A 25-year old man who is searching for his belief in God.

Setting

The play takes-place in a meeting room in Ohio.

Synopsis

Jacob is searching for his belief in God, and is determined to find it through sacrifice. He went back to his college to apologize to the people who hate him.

Other Notes

Jacob is southern. His accent should reflect that.

“Praying for Forgiveness”

JACOB is standing behind a table, and is wearing a cross-necklace. On the table is a ring, and a card.

JACOB takes the ring off of the table and puts it on his finger. He takes his card off of the table, and puts it in his pocket. He takes his cross-necklace (which is around his neck), and tucks it underneath his shirt.

JACOB

An apology is odd because it only asks for belief. It doesn't want forgiveness, or understanding, but just blind belief that the person who is giving the apology means it.

(sarcastically) Sorry *(monotone)* Sorry *(angrily)* Sorry.

I'm sorry. See, I meant it that time, but you don't believe it. You have to know what I'm sorry about, and it has to actually contain something of myself. A context, so you know that you can believe that I'm not lying. And then, then it becomes a, a real apology, then it becomes a sacrifice. *(JACOB takes out the card)*

This, is my voter registration card. I kept it, even though I don't live there anymore. I got this when I was in high school. It's from the first place that I registered to vote; Wellington, South Carolina. I'd fill-out my ballot, and there would be this old woman with an open box, and as soon as you dropped your ballot in, she'd close it, and if you kept your fingers in there, you'd lose them. One of my friends swore that his dad broke all his fingers because he was one second too long. My parents would always have a voting party after every election. Voting is about being part of this country, not about your party. It didn't matter who people voted for.

It's different at college. The professors in my department wore buttons, telling who to vote for. If a republican is mentioned they'd scoff, and the rest of the students would scoff. If one was openly supported, they would ask why that student was even in the department to begin with. *(pause)*

I'm sorry that I take my politics personally. I'm sorry that I can't distance myself enough. I'm sorry that I'm a republican.

JACOB puts the card on the table in front of him.

JACOB (CONT'D)

When I said earlier that I left here, I actually did. I'm working for a non-profit in Mexico. And out of the country, there are some anti-American sentiments. We don't have control of the face that's put-out there, shown to the rest of the world.

No one really thinks that there are cogs and gears behind the face, that there's this entire world.

My first year here, I had a friend from Vermont who always insisted that Ohio was part of the south. He's from New England, so anything past New York would be 'the south' for him. When he asked me, I took off my ring (*takes off ring*) and showed it to him. I said that my great-grandfather had a business, and he would take locally made metal, and turn it into jewelry. He had that business, and my grandfather took it over, and his wife would run the shop, and people would come in during the depression so they could still get married. Always the oldest would take over the family business. I was born second, but my dad took the ring off of his finger, and he gave it to me, and told me that this business will always be my families. And he gave me this ring. And then he told me to go to college and make some money. That was my south. (*pause*) And Vermont told me that before he got here, he read that a clan meeting that was broken-up outside of Cincinnati. (*pause*) So he was wondering if the south was higher than he thought. (*pause*) I didn't realize that I, and the rest of my culture, was so... I'm sorry that I'm racist, and I'm sorry that I'm hateful. I'm sorry that I'm from the south.

JACOB puts his ring on the table. He then takes the cross from under his shirt, and lays it over it.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I believe in miracles, and I believe that it, and the power of faith are linked with each other, forever. I believe that the God of the Universe helped create me, and everyone else in here. I'm sorry that... I'm sorry that I can't make you understand how, for me, belief in that, and belief in a young earth, isn't a large jump. That, if I do believe that, I'm sorry that it makes me stupid.

I'm sorry that I'm a-

JACOB holds the cross in his fist.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I'm...

There are somethings that I can't be sorry about, no matter what.

I am sorry that I have to apologize to you, that I can't be a good enough person for me to be believed without apologizing. But, I'm sorry. I'm sorry that my political party made me ignorant, that my home makes hateful, and that my religion makes me stupid. (*pause*)

I'm sorry.

END OF PLAY