

**Does God Love Me?**

One Act Draft 4

written by  
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**Characters-**

Gabriel - 17, Caucasian. Has a black eye. Prideful and comes from a firmly catholic household. A frail frame whose personality makes him seem a lot bigger than what he actually is.

Brennon - 35, Caucasian. Constantly on edge. Gives off an air of nervousness. Wants to stay out of the way.

**Setting-**

Some small town in Wisconsin, in the basement of an old, rickety house.

**Time-**

Present year, around 4:30 pm

Note - DCF references Wisconsin's "Department of Children and Families"

Darkness

The sound of a plate shattering.

More grating moments before incomprehensible yelling begins.

This goes on for awhile, with a male voice eventually becoming the most prevalent.

It stops.

A door slams.

Footsteps fade in as lights come on to the stage.

Gabriel storms out of his house, his hands clenched into fists as he paces.

The feeling of frustration seems more present than Gabriel himself.

He keeps walking.

Gabriel trips and stumbles, collapsing to his knees. His hands claw at his head.

Gabriel yells- one of pent up anxiety and hurt.

Long, stretched out moments pass by.

Gabriel goes quiet.

Unmoving.

He presses his face against the concrete, doing his best to stop the swelling around his eye.

His breath begins to steady.

*Gabriel rolls onto his back, and stares up at the ceiling.*

*He wipes his eyes and does his best to catch his breath.*

*Some moments seem calmer, passing by as he fiddles with the ring on his finger.*

*Some moments, the sobs try to escape again.*

*Gabriel swallows them down.*

*Footsteps fade in.*

*Brennon walks to Gabriel. Hesitantly.*

*Gabriel sits up and looks out, blankly.*

*No emotion passes Gabriel's face, no acknowledgment of the visitor.*

*Brennon clears his throat.*

*No reaction.*

*Brennon clears his throat again.*

*No reaction.*

*Brennon stares at Gabriel for awhile in quiet sympathy.*

*Gabriel continues to stare out, out of Brennon's sight he starts tapping the ground with one finger.*

*More silence.*

*Brennon takes a step toward Gabriel.*

	BRENNON	GABRIEL
Hey-		Don't come near me.

*Brennon stops in place. He purses his lips in slight annoyance.*

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
(cordially)  
I don't need you here, please leave.

*Brennon opens his mouth to say something but decides against it.*

*A few moments pass, filled with both of them figuring out what will happen next.*

BRENNON  
I understand, you kn-

GABRIEL  
You don't.

BRENNON  
Can I sit down?.

*Gabriel simply closes his eyes. He starts scratching his palm, slowly but with obvious force.*

BRENNON (CONT'D)  
Look, I know my brother- ... his reaction wasn't- ...well it wasn't appropriate. It's not just Mara's party though.. it's yours too.. Let's go back inside and-

GABRIEL  
I know what you did. She might've forgiven you but I haven't.

*Brennon shuts up. He considers leaving.*

*Gabriel eventually looks at Brennon, trying to be as assertive as he can under the current circumstances.*

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

You realize how inappropriate this is? If I went out there right now saying that Uncle Brennon was alone with me- you'd probably be thrown out faster than I'm getting thrown out. Heck, the police would probably be called instantly-

*Brennon takes a step back from Gabriel, slightly defensive.*

BRENNON

Gabe... Gabe they are not going to throw you out, okay? Your dad is just-

GABRIEL

You realize I've never had my sister since what you did? I get she's "forgiven" you, the church has forgiven you and all that christian bullshit. But I haven't.

*The both go quiet.*

*Gabriel staring daggers at Brennon, hands clenching into fists once again.*

*Brennon sighs in defeat, nodding as he sits down, a distance from Gabriel.*

BRENNON

I'm sorry

GABRIEL

I don't need to hear it.

BRENNON

Yeah... I- ... Yeah.

*Gabriel takes a sharp inhale and turns back front, closing his eyes once again and lightly feeling around his black eye with one palm.*

GABRIEL

Stop acting like you get what I'm going through.

*Brennon glances behind himself and fidgets nervously.*

BRENNON

Hey.. What your dad said... He doesn't mean it.

GABRIEL

He didn't mean to call me a faggot? That's assuring. What about the other names he called me? Twink? Flamer? Keep going, please enlighten me.

BRENNON

I'm sorry...

GABRIEL

I don't need to hear it. It's something you'll get to walk away from.

BRENNON

Your sister... Gabe, I've been doing my best to make up for my sins-

GABRIEL

I don't care.

*Brennon starts fidgeting again as he nods.*

BRENNON

... it was brave what you did. I know- I've read that um.. coming out is sort of a big moment-

GABRIEL

I did nothing. My "friends" posted pictures of me with my boyfriend. My dad saw them. The end.

BRENNON

Oh.

*Gabriel laughs dryly.*

GABRIEL

On my birthday. And now my rapist of an uncle is trying to talk about feelings-

BRENNON  
Gabe, I'm trying to do  
better, I'm trying to be here  
for you and show.. show some  
support!

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Go back inside and enjoy my  
goddamn party. Keep bragging  
about how much better your  
life is now that you're back  
in the family.

*Silence.*

*Brennon clears his throat.*

BRENNON (CONT'D)  
Do you want me to get you ice...? For your eye...?

*Gabriel shakes his head, the pridefulness returning.*

*The uncomfortable silence returns once again.*

BRENNON (CONT'D)  
You've grown up so much. I know what I did is absolutely  
gross and just... I am glad your sister had you to lean on.

*Gabriel stays quiet, not reacting in the slightest.*

BRENNON (CONT'D)  
I'm only here because your sister said I could come back into  
the family. And your parents invited me saying everyone was  
fine with it... especially Mara. We make mistakes sometimes  
and-

GABRIEL  
What you did wasn't JUST a mistake-

BRENNON  
I know. But I am so thankful that I can be allowed back and  
not just live a life alone. It's been two years since i've  
last seen you guys and you have both grown so much.. I didn't  
deserve your sister's forgiveness and-

GABRIEL  
I know you were told that she forgave you and wanted you to  
come back to the family. But that's not what happened.

*Brennon goes quiet and sits up slightly straighter.*

BRENNON

No- what do you mean?

*Gabriel shrugs, wondering if this went too far.*

BRENNON (CONT'D)

Gabriel. What do you mean?

GABRIEL

I don't see how you think you could come back to the family after raping my 13 year old sister.

BRENNON

It was one time, Gabriel and since then I've-

GABRIEL

Every time I see you I wonder how long you were planning it. How you waited til my parents weren't around. And how you told her to stay quiet about it. You really think God loves you, Brennon?

*Pause.*

*Brennon stands up and begins pacing.*

*He's distressed, looking to the door and glancing at Gabriel.*

*Gabriel plays with the ring, seemingly not paying attention to Brennon.*

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

You. My Mom. Whatever family and friends are inside. You're all assholes who decide to be okay with shit you shouldn't be okay with.

BRENNON

I'm changing-



GABRIEL

When my sister was trying to recover from what you fucking did to her, do you want to know the first thing your forgiving church said to do?

*Brennon stares in shock before nodding for him to continue.*

GABRIEL

They had my sister overloaded with Scriptures to read and the pastors wife came over to pray that my sister wasn't damned to hell...

*Gabriel digs his nails into his wrist.*

*Brennon stands frozen.*

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

And dad constantly complained about DCF, and there were so many people at our house.. in and out of the house... Asking me if I was there, if I heard anything when it happened... But I loved it. I thanked god that you did what you did.

*Gabriel's body shakes as he continues to slowly claw at his arm.*

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Because for a few moments, my family had to act like a family. Some bullshit united front. But... fuck could I just believe it.

*Gabriel's body freezes as he finally looks Brennon in the eyes.*

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

And you can think 'oh but you were young and didn't understand' I understood. We shared a room, I'd go to sleep holding her as she cried, and wake up to her crying. And I'd sit outside for hours, trying to make myself not feel.. thankful...

*Brennon closes his eyes and tilts his head up to stare off.*

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Cuz for awhile- for a couple of months, I went to bed without bruises and-

BRENNON

Gabriel stop.

GABRIEL

But wow. You and everyone else just completely turned a blind eye when it started back up. Sorry to break it to you, Brennon but you're not the only one working happily in a church in some hope that you'll earn your forgiveness.

BRENNON

That's not-

*Gabriel stands up*

GABRIEL

You holier than thou church people turn a fucking blind eye to this.

*Gabriel points at his eye, fuming as he stares Brennon down.*

*Brennon uncomfortably backs up.*

BRENNON

Gabriel... I didn't realize-

GABRIEL

Yeah you did. Everyone did. And everyone saw it happen today. Everyone saw my dad fucking punch his son on his very own birthday. But you know what will be talked about tomorrow?

*Brennon nods.*

BRENNON

(quietly)

Those photos.

*Gabriel nods and turns way, pressing his hands against his face.*

*Wincing slightly at the reminder of the pain on his eye.*

GABRIEL

How Gabriel Cairns is a fucking faggot. That's what people will take away from that stupid party.

*Gabriel backs off and sits back down, a distance from Brennon.*

*Brennon sits down.*

*Gabriel closes his eyes and buries his face in his hands.*

*Brennon tilts his head up to the sky.*

*Gabriel finally looks at Brennon.*

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I don't know if she forgives you. I don't think I know her anymore..

*Brennon nods.*

BRENNON

I'm trying to do right by you two. I don't think- I don't ever expect you guys to fully forgive me.

*Gabriel fiddles with his ring.*

BRENNON (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that?

*Gabriel glances at Brennon*

GABRIEL

Nowhere.

BRENNON

Your boyfriend?

*Silence.*

BRENNON (CONT'D)

Look.. let's go inside. Let's talk to your dad.

*Brennon gets up.*

*Gabriel shakes his head.*

BRENNON (CONT'D)

We can.. we can talk to the church. If I've learned anything it's that God loves everyone-

GABRIEL

God doesn't love me, Brennon. If he did, he wouldn't let people like me believe they would be going to hell for who they love.

***Blackout***