

The power of God

By A.J. Venter

Characters:

Sergeant Damon Graham - A soldier

Sergeant Michael Richardson – A soldier

Bare interior – The inside of an American Missile Silo.

It is 1985, The height of the Cold War.

There are two chairs on the stage. Of the kind have stuffing and reach up to the neck, yet they are upholstered in cheap synthetic fabrics that stick to the skin and irritates the seated person. They have the feel of chairs meant for people who will have to sit on them for hours on end, but made cheaply.

They are mounted to the floor, at an angle away from each other so that the people seated in them can speak to one another but not see one another with any comfort.

In front of the chairs there is a panel, it contains one keyboard, a green-on-black monitor and two very complex looking keyholes.

Behind the chairs there is a solitary steel bunk with a thin mattress and crumpled bedding.

The two sergeants are seated in the chairs, they are wearing standard issue army camouflaging. Each has a key around his neck, to fit one of the keyholes as well as some dogtags.

Damon: How long have we been down here now ?

Michael: Three months give or take.

Damon: How long do we have left ?

Michael: Lets see, six month shift, been here three months, how much do you think ?

Damon: [Folds his arms across his chest] Oh yeah.

(pause)

Damon: Jeez, I can't even remember the last time I got laid.

Michael: I got some just before I came down, with our last break.

Damon: What kind of girl would sleep with a guy who spends all but ten days a year in a damn rabbit hole ?

Michael: The kind that thinks your going to call.

Damon: You're an asshole you know that.

Michael: Maybe, but you're stupid.

Damon: Touché

(pause)

Damon: Christ this is the worst job in the military

Michael: Aha

Damon: I mean here we are, sitting in a fucking pit like two dying moles just so the president can have the finger of God.

Michael: Our part of keeping the commies on their side of the wall.

Damon: Oh come on fuckit, you honestly think our being two feet above hell is of any significance to Moscow ? A computer could do this job better but Reagan doesn't want to tell voters a computer glitch could send one of our own nukes to New York.

Michael: Shut up.

(pause)

Damon: You know what's funny ?”

Michael: What ?

Damon: If we just stuck these keys in there, we could blow up any city in the world.

Michael: You're sick.

Damon: No it's just ironic, we may be the two most powerful people on earth right now, and we are just too sane to use our power.

Michael: You think this is power ?

Damon: It's the power of God my friend. With the touch of a button we can release fire and brimstone from the heavens until Sodom and Gomorrah is laid to waste.

Michael: Man are you ever sick.

Damon: I'm just saying...

Michael: [Interrupting him] Shut up.

(pause)

Damon: Next time I'm bringing a radio down here.

Michael: I won't work down here.

Damon: Well at least I could play some tapes or something.

Michael: They search you coming down remember. Not allowed.

Damon: Think if we stay down here long enough, cut off from everything with no entertainment, we'll go insane ?

Michael: I don't wanna talk about it.

Damon: Why not ?

Michael: Self-fulfilling prophecy.

(The sit quietly for several minutes, then an alarm rings out from somewhere)

Damon: Shit we got a strike order.

Michael: Shut the fuck up and give me the coordinates.

Damon: [Leaning over the monitor] 33 Degrees 91 Minutes and 2 seconds south, 74 Degrees, 22 minutes and 34 seconds west.

Michael: Got it.

Damon: On my mark insert keys. One ; two ; three... Mark ! [They both put their keys into the holes and turn them at their same time]

Michael: Right brace yourself, thirty seconds to launch.

(they sit tensely as Damon counts down to 25)

Damon: [Notices a message on the screen] Fuck we got an abort I repeat we have a fucking abort.

Michael: [Pulls his key out]. Keep your panties on, it's stopped and the missile is still asleep like a dragon in his cave.

Damon: I hate these goddamn tests. They scare the shit out of me every time.

Michael: When they don't scare you anymore, that's when you need to worry.

(pause)

Damon: You know, here we are, sitting with the power of God at our fingertips, and we can't use it.

Michael: You talk too much.

Damon: What else is there to do in this hellhole ?

Michael: Maybe.

Damon: Jeez you know you piss me off. You just sit there accepting this bullshit like you're a citizen in 1984 or something.

Michael: I'm pissing you off ? God that's rich, I'm trying to make the best of what's grantedly a bad state, and you keep ruining it by spending everyday reminding us both of how bad it is.

Damon: Maybe I should just kill myself then hey ?

Michael: As much of a relief as that would be, how do you intend to do it ?

Damon: I could hang myself by my shoelaces or something ?

Michael: From what ?

Damon: Jeez aren't you the nihilist.

Michael: Shut up.

(pause)

Damon: Maybe I should just set this thing for our coordinates.
Take us both out. I'd be doing the world a favor.

Michael: And what about the people on top ?

Damon: This bunker is in the middle of the goddamn Arizona
desert.

Michael: You have a bigger problem anyway, you need my key
for that.

Damon: And what if I lost it and beat you to death first ?

Michael: I've had three years as a green beret, you won't win
a fight against me.

Damon: Man I wish I had a gun.

Michael: Shut up.

(pause)

Damon: Jeez, what I wouldn't give for a naked girl right now,
any naked girl. Even that girl with the pimply face
I stood up in high-school would do if she was only
here and naked right now.

Michael: You are a bloody moron.

Damon: Really, like you don't miss sex at all.

Michael: I do, but I'm not stupid enough to talk about it the whole
time.

Damon: Maybe we should just do each other and get it over with,
it's bound to happen sooner or later anyway.

Michael: Mabye.

(They stay seated. Pause)

Damon: I am sure death is better than this.

Michael: Shut up.

(pause)

Damon: I think I should go make some coffee.

Michael: I aint stopping you.

Damon: That's what I'll do, I'll make coffee. Nice fresh-ground
coffee with whipped cream on top.

Michael: Where you planning to get that ?

Damon: You're a bloody asshole you know that. You're seriously getting under my skin.

Michael: So what ?

Damon: I think I should just attack you to lose, I could use dying.

Michael: I aint stopping you.

(They sit. Pause)

Damon: This sucks so big time it hurts.

Micheal: Will you shut up for crying out lout.

Damon: No, you may be the kind of asshole who keeps his mouth shut, but I am not. I believe this sucks, and I believe in the first amendment which says I have the right to express that believe.

Michael: Shut the fuck up.

Damon: Ok.

The end.