Amy

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CHARACTERS

Amy
-an 18 year old girl who calls herself an activist. She does things like walkouts, social media stuff, and boycotts. However, she feels like she isn't doing enough for her community. She has never been religious and looks at it with disgust. This is because her dad is extremely religious and has pushed christianity on her her whole life. She has learned the flaws in it and vowed never to be a part of religion because of this.

Preacher
-In the 1970s, works for a church in philadelphia. There is a lot of injustice with churches with them costing money. He doesn't want this for his church, but he does receive a cut. His name is John

Amy's Dad
-He tries his best to steer Amy in the right direction in life. He has always sensed that she doesn't feel completely fulfilled with her life, so he tries the only thing he knows: religion. But she pushes back at him, and he doesn't know what to do.

SETTING DESCRIPTIONS
Amy's Room
-A small room with one window that looks over a sea of rooftops. It is slightly messy and has dim lighting. It is comfortable though.

John's Room
-Same sort of layout as Amy's room, a little bigger. Same dim lighting, same view from the window.

The Church
-Simple Church layout, slightly smaller than an average church. You can hear the sounds of the city from in the church, but they are muffled, sound distanced. The light is and orange hue from the stained glass.

Act I, Scene I

(*Amy scrolls through her computer, and is looking at different ways to help out her lovely city. She loves helping others but has trouble finding ways to do this*)

I feel like I could be doing so much more than I am now. Every once and a while there's a protest in the city, but that doesn't feel like enough for me. No one seems like they really mean it when they go to these meetups either.

(*Amy gets up and walks to her window and pulls the curtain to the side*)

They're never local, and it shows. All that show and no actual passion, they go home to the burbs and feel good. Not me. I need to see some results. What more can I do though? I need to volunteer somewhere, maybe something a little more hands on.

(*She goes back to her computer and starts researching volunteer opportunities*)

There! A local cleanup would be great, I always have wanted to do this kind of thing.

(*She looks into it a little more, and then realizes it is organized by a church that is a few blocks away from her*.)

Awww come on, that makes this so much more difficult. I really don't want to be involved in some christian worship. I'll say it now, I'll say it a thousand times, there is no god, it's so silly to see people waste their time with this crap. That really sucks, I would have totally done this. Welp, I guess I have to keep looking.

Act I, Scene II

(*1970's Philadelphia, a church in the north part of the city. The sun is going down.*)

(*John finally gets to his room after putting his kids to bed. He is alone.*)

Phew, that was a long day. Finally get to sit down! What a day, I sure do love my job as a pastor. The church was really going today, I felt God's presence, and a sense of strong community. Oh, but I almost forgot about that one person that came up to me after the sermon. What did he say again? All that stuff about racial justice, it really got me thinking. What am I doing for justice, probably nothing. I should really do more, but how?

(*He looks out of his window into the city.*)

Most of these people want the same thing, but have trouble finding each other. I wish it was how it is in church. Everyone talks to each other like one big family, if we treated this city the same way word would get around much faster. We could organize and make a change. *I* could make a change. Wait.

(*He looks to the right and peers at his church, the steeple peeking over the rooftops.*)

That's it! I could use the church!

Scene I, Act III

(*After a sermon, after a fight with Amy about religion. He is alone in the church and kneels before the main cross. He talks to the cross.*)

Monologue: Our father which art in heaven, O please hear these words of mine, for I am in distress. I'm sure you have heard my daughter, a disciple of the devil, cursing the heavens with foul language. How ever shall I save her from the devil's clutches? I am looking for an answer for I don't think I can bear not being on good terms with my daughter any more.
(*A car honks outside. An engine revs.*)
Hmm, maybe I am taking the wrong approach here. Maybe pushing this hard for religion isn't the step I should be taking. What would my dad do? God, how is he doing up there in heaven? He was the best gosh darn preacher on this side of the mississippi. He did so much for this great religion, I could never reach his greatness. But he got mixed up in the wrong ways, I don't want that happening to me or my daughter.
(*He gets up and looks away and then looks at the cross again*)
Nice talking bub.
(*He exits*)

Scene I, Act IV

(*Amy was looking through old photo albums and found out that her very own grandpa was a preacher as well as her dad is. This is obviously very shocking, and she confronts her dad that night after church in his room.*)

DAD

I never wanted to lie to you! I just didn't know how to tell you. I was going to tell you eventually. I really was, but you just hated church so much I thought you would hate it even more!

(*Amy turns around and tries to storm out of the room*)

Wait! I know you're upset, I can explain everything. Your grandfather, see, he uh. Uh. He was murdered! He was murdered doing what he loved, the same kind of things you love to do.

(*Amy is visually confused*)

The helping! Well, not the simple cleaning up or lending a hand, the kind of helping that caused conflict.

(*Amy gives him a confused look*)

Amy, your grandpa used his church as a voice for everyone that was down and under in America. A voice for activism, for equality. He led marches, organized boycotts, and much more. But not everyone agreed with his views… I want the best for you, Amy, that's why I didn't tell you. And that's why I don't want my church, and you involved in that nonsense!

(*He takes a deep breath and continue*s)

But I understand that you don't feel whole, and that religion might not be the thing that completes you. Maybe it's time I showed you some pictures.
(He takes her to his room and pulls out a photo album from under his bed. Inside are pictures of his father, up on stage and leading groups of people) (Amy looks through the whole thing in shock and awe)

Scene I, Act V

(*Amy responds to her father in reference to their last conversation.*)

(*Amy stays quiet for a while after looking through the book. She takes in all of this new information and begins to understand. She looks down and then back up at her father, who is looking at her with a worried expression*)

Dad, you have it all wrong. These people, they're making a change, not conflict. They are fighting for a cause that helps others, against people who want everything for themselves.

(*She sighs and then continues*)

He used his church for more than what anyone expected him to. He went the extra mile. He cared for more than himself, that's more than you can say. I just don't understand, why would you keep this from me for so long? You know I haven't felt fulfilled, but I love doing things for others.

(*Dad starts to talk but she cuts him off*)

–No, let me be alone.

(*Amy exits the room. Dad sits down and puts his head in his hands*)

Scene II, Act I

(*Dad makes a rough decision and decides to make his church host a gathering. Amy's words have changed his point of view. But he needs someone to manage and organize all the new things his church will be doing. And who is better but Amy for this job. It's been a week since their fight.*)

(*Amy stops in at the church after school like she always does.*)

(*Amy enters the church. It is empty, the big doors echo as they shut. Dad is sitting in one of the pews facing the front, opposite of Amy. Amy slowly walks up the aisle and sits down next to her dad.*)

Dad

I've been thinking a lot about what you said, Amy.

Amy

Good, you should.

Dad

I am. And I've come to a conclusion that I hope you like.

(*He pauses and then pulls out his computer from his bag.*)

I made this website just for you, Amy. I'm taking what you said into account, and opening up my church to volunteers and, well, whatever you want. You get to run that side of the church, Amy. This is all yours.

(*He hands Amy the computer and she takes it with a stunned look in her eyes*)
Before you answer, I just want to say that you really inspired me. I know that Grandpa was looking down on me from heaven with anger. I should have told you about him sooner, and I should have done this a while ago. You really opened my eyes to the real world, Amy. You can't just do your own thing and live a certain way without acknowledging the injustices in the world. I have been blinding myself to the truth because it was more comfortable for me, and for that, I am ashamed. But I hope that with a few changes, and a little time, you, grandpa, and god can forgive me.

(*He takes a deep breath and then gets up.*)
Wada ya say?

(*Amy closes the laptop and hugs her dad real tight.*)

I'll take that as a yes!

(*They both laugh.*)

(*Amy starts research on how to start her new website as the lights fade.*)

END