

Gregor and Yahweh Drinking Coffee

written by

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Second Draft

Characters

Name	Age	Gender	Description
Gregor	late thirties	M	Blue jeans and a sweatshirt. He is an average man on an average day. Punctual, to a fault.
Yahweh	—	—	Your image of Yahweh.

Location:

An outdoor cafe in Prague.

Time:

Present day.

A small outdoor cafe on a nondescript street in Prague.

There are several tables, but only one is occupied.

Gregor sits by himself, quietly taking notes in his journal and sipping his coffee. He is in his late thirties, wearing blue jeans, a sweatshirt. An average man on an average day.

He watches life roll on around him.

He takes notes. He marks the passage of time.

A moment later, Yahweh enters. Yahweh is eternal and is dressed as your personal image of Yahweh.

Yahweh is in a bit of a flutter, and clearly running late.

YAHWEH
(in a huff)

Sorry! I'm sorry!

Gregor puts up a finger to hush Yahweh, as he finishes his note.

Gregor closes his journal, and stares at Yahweh for a moment.

GREGOR
(slightly irritated)

Well, better late than never.

YAHWEH
(apologetic)

I know, Gregor, I know. I'm sorry.

GREGOR
(slight chuckle)

It's amazing to me.

Yahweh is confused.

YAHWEH

What is?

GREGOR

After all this time, you still have never gotten the hang of... Well... Time.

YAHWEH

(with the firmness of a parent)

Don't forget who you're speaking to. You may be made in my image but, that doesn't mean that...

GREGOR

(interrupting)

No. You don't forgot who you are talking to.

They stare at each other, sizing each other up.

YAHWEH

I'm the eternal. I am, very literally, everywhere and everywhen.

Gregor leans in.

GREGOR

(firm, almost threatening)

We are not doing this again. Not like last time. I will be very clear on this... I am the eternity in which you exist. You didn't make me, I allowed you.

Silence.

Yahweh manifests a cup of coffee and takes a sip.

YAHWEH

What can I do for you, my Son?

GREGOR

That is entirely up to you, and how cooperative you're going to be. You know why; it's time for your check up.

Yahweh slumps at the table.

YAHWEH

Again? Already?

GREGOR

Right on schedule, just as always.

YAHWEH

Schedule? Didn't we just do this?

GREGOR
 Yep, six millennia ago.

Yahweh groans.

Gregor opens his journal.

GREGOR
 (continued)
 Hush, now... If your place in the universe was more secure, there would be no need for check up. As it is, we've seen too many gods fall to non-belief. So, taking a look at how many people have stopped believing.

YAHWEH
 I'm eternal. I'm going to continue, no matter who goes to church.

GREGOR
 Are ya now?

YAHWEH
 Can you believe how these people flock to church like that?

Pause.

GREGOR
 Are they flocking?

YAHWEH
 They are!

GREGOR
 Trust me. Trust Ol' Gregor, I've looked at the calendar. They're not flocking like they used to.

Pause.

YAHWEH
 Huh. Really?

Gregor nods, curtly.

He consults his notes.

GREGOR
 Ready? Let's check you up, OK? Let's see how you're doing as a "Beloved Deity." Here we go. Now, how many wars in your name since last we talked?.... Oh, boy...

YAHWEH
(sheepishly)

One or two...

Gregor shakes his head.

YAHWEH
(continued)

three or four...

Gregor indicates more.

YAHWEH
(continued)

....Many...?

GREGOR

Most. Ok, lets just make it easy and go with
"most."

YAHWEH

Ok, fine... Most.

Gregor holds his pencil, ready to
take notes, and stares straight
into Yahweh's eyes.

GREGOR

So, how many atrocities done in your name this
time??

YAHWEH
(sipping coffee, continues in a
mocking tone)

Look at me, I'm Gregor and I have a note book
and ask questions. Blah, blah, blah... Yeah,
see that? That's me, imitating you.

GREGOR

Are you done?

YAHWEH

I just had to give you free will. What I was
thinking?

Gregor slams his hand on the table.

GREGOR

You gave me nothing, and I will out last you.

Pause.

YAHWEH

You know what I can do, Master of All Time?

Aggravated, Gregor stares at
Yahweh.

Yahweh snaps fingers, and we are
suddenly mid-apocalypse. Screaming,
explosions, fire and brimstone.

YAHWEH
(giddy, enjoying it)
It's like Sodom, all over again.

Gregor snaps his fingers.

Blackout.

Silence.

GREGOR
(in darkness)
Welcome to what's left after everything ends.

Pause.

Lights up on the street, as before.

YAHWEH
Nobody likes you. Trust me, *I* know.

Gregor leans in, again.

GREGOR
Here's the thing about that, I don't care.

YAHWEH
Spoken like a guy with no friends.

GREGOR
No, it's true. I don't need friends.
Because, I just... outlast them. I mean,
people are born, people die, and I just write
it down. And time marches on.
Seconds...Minutes... Years...Ages... The
calendar always turns.

Silence.

YAHWEH
(snotty)
I invented marching.

GREGOR
You dang it!

YAHWEH
What?

Gregor gathers himself, and draws a breath.

GREGOR
What happens, do you think, when your popularity fades?

YAHWEH
I'm eternal.

GREGOR
What happens when people start think of you as a myth?

YAHWEH
I'm eternal.

GREGOR
What happens when people forget you exist?

Pause, Yahweh is thinking about it.

YAHWEH
I'm... eternal.

GREGOR
Ask Ra about eternity. Ask Bast. Set. Odin.
Ask Tlaltechutli. Ask Zeus about what it's like to be eternal when no one believe in you.

Silence.

GREGOR
(continued)
Now, are you ready to behave? Or would you rather be forgotten?

Lights out.

End of Play.