

"Assignment: Hindrance!" Sample Pages #1

(Funky music open brings on a demon, Scuzzy. He is happy, snapping his fingers, and walking with a definite swagger. He meets in the middle of the stage with another demon, Sleazy, who is in bad shape, limping on crutches.)

Scuzzy: *(Jovially.)* Hey, Sleazy! Long time no see!

Sleazy: *(Depressed.)* Oh, hey, Scuzzy. What's up?

Scuzzy: Dude, I've had a great week, and I'm on top of the world. But what happened to you? You look like you wrestled with a rottweiler and lost!

Sleazy: *(With feeling.)* Oh, I only wish. What I've been through is **much** worse.

Scuzzy: *(Cheerfully, he indicates a bench.)* Well, take a load off, ol' pal, and tell me all about it!
(They sit down, with Sleazy taking extra care as he sits down gingerly.)

Sleazy: Oh, my aching behind! I just got it kicked royally.

Scuzzy: *(Breezily.)* Man, I can sympathize with ya there. I've had it happen too many times to count. But here lately, I've been livin' on easy street.

Sleazy: Huh. Wish I could trade places with you. Heaven, I'd trade places with a sewer rat to get outta my mess.

Scuzzy: *(Laughs.)* Last I heard, you were assigned to Joe Gunderson. Sounds like a cushy job to me, why so depressed?

Sleazy: *(Leans forward with his elbows on his knees and clasps his hands, downcast.)* Yeah, I **was** with Joe, and we had a lotta fun. I stayed with him all the way to the end, but then, at the last minute, he meets up with Mark Summers and boom! He gets saved in spite of everything I could do! I used every trick in the bag. But that Mark, he was on fire, full of the Word, and there's no defense against that kind.

Scuzzy: Oh, you said it, buddy. I hate it when I run up against them. Lucky for us, they're few and far between.

Sleazy: Thank Hell for that. Otherwise, we'd all be in deep sulphur.

Scuzzy: So what happened when you lost Joe? I'll bet there was the Devil to pay.

Sleazy: You ain't kiddin. I had to spend a whole month inside Marilyn Manson. *(He shudders.)* Talk about overcrowded living conditions!

Scuzzy: Satan's Slum, they call it. That's skid row for us poor demons.

Sleazy: But at least there I had lots of company. Now, I'm all alone.

Scuzzy: So, what assignment did you get after losing Joe? It hadda be a tough one.

Sleazy: Tough ain't the word for it, Scuzzy. The Boss has a really sick, twisted sense of humor, let me tell ya. He put me on Hindrance Detail and assigned me to Mark Summers himself!

Scuzzy: *(Horried.)* No! That's terrible! *(Then smiles evilly.)* Not to mention wickedly ironic!

Sleazy: I begged, I pleaded, I groveled in the filth, but it didn't make a difference. I got the detail, and ever since my life has been a hell on earth! *(He puts his head in his hands, shaking it in defeat and sorrow.)*

Scuzzy: Aw, you poor little devil. *(Patting him on the back, he pulls away his hand when Sleazy winces)*

at the pain it causes.) Sorry. Well, I'm glad I'm not in your hooves. I'd wouldn't trade my assignment for all the porn in California.

Sleazy: *(Looking back up and wiping his eyes.)* Tell me about it, maybe it will cheer me up.

Scuzzy: *(Enthusiastically.)* It is such a sweet setup! I've been assigned to a girl named Tabitha Tonkers.

Sleazy: Tabitha Tonkers? From Yonkers? But, I thought she was a believer!

Scuzzy: She is! I got assigned to hinder and trip her up right after she got saved. Usually, that's a real bear, but fortunately she cooled off real quick and I'm keeping her lukewarm. Hardly ever picks up a Bible, still hanging around with all her old friends, still listens to the same hellish music, and I've even got her to skip church a couple of times recently to go to the movies!

Sleazy: *(Holds up his hand for Scuzzy to high-five, with a slight grin.)* You lucky dog!

(Scuzzy high-fives him too hard, and Sleazy recoils in pain, holding his arm. Scuzzy doesn't even notice.)

Scuzzy: You ain't heard the best of it yet! I just got her introduced to another of my assignments, Harry Flanagan. He's more like a pupil really; one of my best investments. He's a real sinner, and she's fallin' for him like a ton of bricks!

Sleazy: You got her now. That almost always works! If you can't keep them from getting saved, at least hinder them with a pagan spouse!

Scuzzy: Yeah, and this dude is a dream date. Lucky for me, she don't know just how quickly it will become a nightmare, once I get them married! Then I can bother them both, without having to split up my time! What a racket, huh? *(He laughs gleefully and claps his hands in happiness.)*

Sleazy: *(Also laughs, but then winces and grabs his side in pain.)* Man, that's so good, that almost makes me forget my troubles.

Scuzzy: You look like you went through a meat grinder.

Sleazy: That's not far from the truth! I chipped a horn, and my tail is broke in three places.

Scuzzy: What happened to cause all this injury? Did you try to push too hard?

Sleazy: No, I know how dangerous that is. It was just last night. It started out small. Mark was surfing the internet, looking for some devotionals for his Sunday school class.

Scuzzy: Oh, the internet. What a great opportunity for temptation! No-one around to see, no accountability...

Sleazy: Exactly! What better time to try a little tempting? Not a big temptation, mind you, just a little one.

Scuzzy: They're the best kind! I'd rather use one little one than a hundred big ones. Much more effective.

Sleazy: Usually, that's true. But you don't know this Mark. I put a little suggestion in his ear, no harm there, I thought. But then, it got... nasty.

Scuzzy: I thought that's what you wanted!

Sleazy: Nasty for me, not for him! He suddenly realized what I was doing, and started resisting me in the Name!

Scuzzy: Ouch. That stings like the Word. *(Continues...)*