SSSSATAN (*PREVIEW)*

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(*Marla is sitting in church. Tess slides in beside her. Marla looks at her disapprovingly. During much of this conversation, Tess has a compact out and is adding final touches to her makeup between lines.*)

Marla: You’re late.

Tess: I know. I know.

Marla: Church starts at 9am, every Sunday.

Tess: I know, Marla! I just had a late night last night.

Marla: Late night? What were you doing?

Tess: Well, a couple other ladies in the apartment building came over for dinner, and we decided to go out for a few drinks. (*gets out compact*)

Marla: Drinks? You went to a bar? For drinks? The night before church? That was stupid.

Tess: Well . . .

Marla: Why would you tempt Satan like that?

Tess: What do you mean, tempt Satan?

Marla: You go to Satan’s house, drink Satan’s cocktails, laugh and party with Satan’s companions . . .

Tess: Satan has a house in Sioux City?

Marla: . . . you’re lucky you got out of there alive.

Tess: Alive? Marla, we just had a few drinks. I don’t think the great Evil One of the universe was involved.

. . . . .