

# **Throw It In The Devil's Face**

By Lauren Henderson

## **Characters**

**Bonnie** Older sister. Practical & skeptical. Puts on a neutral American accent. 20's female.

**Agnes** Younger sister. Curious & headstrong. Southern Appalachian dialect. 20's female.

## **Setting**

Front porch of an old cabin. Early morning.

*BONNIE sways in a rocking chair on the porch and reads a newspaper. A small wooden table and an empty chair next to her. AGNES hangs wet clothes on a clothesline. Morning birds sing.*

**AGNES**

Hey, Bonnie?

**BONNIE**

Hmm?

**AGNES**

Could you go and check on Ma?

**BONNIE**

Why?

**AGNES**

She's s'posed to be up by now.

**BONNIE**

Oh, c'mon, it's still early.

**AGNES**

No, she should be awake. Every day, soon as the sun rises above that valley, she's up makin' buckwheat cakes. I don't hear her now.

**BONNIE**

Sleeping in, then. We had a long night.

**AGNES**

Ma never sleeps in.

**BONNIE**

Well, maybe she's starting today.

...

What exactly do we need to get done today?

**AGNES**

Just scoutin' work. Set up a few more cameras by the river.

**BONNIE**

Got it.

**AGNES**

...

Oh, shit. I still need to get my hunting license renewed.

**BONNIE**

What?! That expired months ago.

**AGNES**

I know, I know! I forgot!

**BONNIE**

Agnes, you can't forget this kind of stuff.

**AGNES**

I doubt the deputy would care all that much anyway. He knows us.

**BONNIE**

And he expects us to follow the law.

**AGNES**

I'm a very competent hunter. He knows I'm good for it.

**BONNIE**

It'll be bad for business if people find out you're unlicensed. Get it done.

**AGNES**

*Alright, I'm gonna.*

*Agnes hesitates. Leaves the clothesline and paces near Bonnie.*

**AGNES**

Bonnie, I really got a bad feeling. Would you please check on Ma, make sure she's alright?

**BONNIE**

Oh my God-

**AGNES**

Please?

**BONNIE**

Why can't you do it?

**AGNES**

I don't know! It's bad luck if I do it. Gotta be someone else.

**BONNIE**

You need to calm down.

**AGNES**

I can't! It's my intuition-

**BONNIE**

Your intuition is bullshit.

**AGNES**

I got a gift, Bonnie. I know when things are about to happen, or when things have already happened and we don't know about it yet.

**BONNIE**

That's just not possible, Agnes.

**AGNES**

It is! I was always predicting stuff as a kid, I know you remember. Hell, just last week, I had a strong feelin' that Carol was gonna come by askin' for help with the dogs. Couple of hours later she came knockin' on our door.

**BONNIE**

That doesn't count, she needs help chasing those mutts inside every other day.

**AGNES**

But I didn't just *think* it was gonna happen, I knew it would!

**BONNIE**

Well, what about all the times you've been wrong? You'd always come into my room crying about someone being ill or in danger.

**AGNES**

Sometimes I was right.

**BONNIE**

But you usually weren't! How do you explain that?

**AGNES**

I don't have all the answers! I just listen to what God tells me.

*Bonnie throws down the newspaper and stands.*

**BONNIE**

God ain't tellin' you shit!

**AGNES**

...

Look at you, Bonnie. "*God ain't tellin' you shit.*" Your accent's comin' out again.

**BONNIE**

No it- no it's not.

**AGNES**

Mhm. You can go and be a big city girl all you want, but you'll always belong right here.

*Agnes sits in the empty chair.*

**BONNIE**

I don't sound like you.

**AGNES**

You do when you're angry.

**BONNIE**

Well, stop making me angry.

*Bonnie sits back down.*

**AGNES**

I can't help it.

...

You know, on that first day you came home, I had another feeling.

**BONNIE**

Agnes-

**AGNES**

Just listen to me for a minute. It's real late in the night, probably 'round three or four. I'm exhausted from runnin' all over town all day and I usually sleep very soundly, so I should've been out cold and dreamin' through the whole night. But for some reason, I wake up very suddenly and I know- I *know* Daddy is comin' to my room. And I can hear your voice in the back my head tellin' me that this is just some form of grievin'. That I'm gonna start thinkin' everyone's footsteps are his and see his shadow in the corner of my eye and hear him whisperin' my name in the wind whenever I step outside. You tell me it's 'cause I deeply wanna see him again and I never will. But I know this is different.

...

I sit up in bed and I wait. It feels like a lifetime passes by before somethin' finally happens. I

hear-

*Agnes slowly knocks on the table three times.*

**AGNES**

-right on my bedroom door. And I wait a moment before I say anything, 'cause I have no idea how or why he's here. But then I tell him he can come on in, and the handle slowly, *slowly* turns and the door creaks open. I look out into the hall, but it's too dark to really make out anything. I have a little moonlight comin' into my room and I think I can see his silhouette in the doorway, but I'm not sure. I'm not sure.

...

And then I hear him. He says my name, and I know in my heart that's his voice. I start cryin' and he tells me he loves me and you and Ma, and he says I gotta look out for everyone now that he's gone. Take care of 'em.

...

He doesn't say anythin' else after that. I try to talk to him, but he won't answer. Or maybe he couldn't. I fall back asleep eventually, and when I wake up, he's gone. But the door is still wide open, and that spot he'd been standin' in smells like firewood all day.

...

Do you believe in anything, Bonnie?

**BONNIE**

Um, what do you mean?

**AGNES**

I know you ain't a Christian. Which is fine, I'm accepting. But you don't have to be religious to believe in somethin'.

**BONNIE**

...

To be honest, I don't know. I started hating religion when I was a teenager. I felt like I'd woken up, like I was seeing a truth that none of you could. And when I moved out, I started surrounding myself with all these other high-and-mighty skeptics. It felt like the right thing to believe. But then...you know.

**AGNES**

Mhm.

**BONNIE**

And maybe it's just for my own piece of mind. Maybe I wanna believe there's something after so I don't have to accept that that awful phone call was the last time I'll ever talk to him. I'll meet him at those pearly gates and I'll be able to apologize. I don't know.

...

Agnes?

**AGNES**

Yeah?

**BONNIE**

...

He said he loved me?

**AGNES**

Of course he did!

**BONNIE**

Okay.

**AGNES**

Why wouldn't he-

**BONNIE**

I was just curious about what you heard, that's all.

**AGNES**

Alright.

...

I hate to be pushy-

**BONNIE**

You love being pushy.

**AGNES**

Well, maybe I do with you. But I really do think you should check on Ma. We've gotta get started workin' soon anyway, and she really never sleeps in this late. I don't care if I'm just bein' overly superstitious, it's...for my piece of mind.

**BONNIE**

...

How about we take a walk first? I'll help you finish hangin' your clothes, then we can check on the nearby cameras, get our bodies moving. I know Ma will be up and making breakfast by the time we get back, but if she isn't, then we'll go wake her up together.

**AGNES**

Alright, sure. Sounds like a plan.

*They stand. Agnes gestures to the newspaper.*

**AGNES**

Anything interesting today?

**BONNIE**

They actually did an article on the business.

**AGNES**

Really?! What'd they say?

*She grabs the paper and scans the headlines.*

**BONNIE**

It was bad. They called us unprofessional and careless. Said we must be the worst hunting guides in the entire state.

**AGNES**

Son of a bitch, are you serious?

**BONNIE**

Mhm. All because you didn't renew your license.

**AGNES**

...

Oh, fuck off!

*Agnes hits her with the newspaper, Bonnie laughs. They walk to the clothesline and put up more garments.*

**BONNIE**

Sorry, sorry, I had to! But seriously, get it done.

**AGNES**

I will, I will!

END OF PLAY.