

The Monologue Project

God's Error

Duration: 75 seconds
Gender: Male/Female
Style: Drama
Emotion: Earnestness, Grief
Language: Dirty

I won't pray for you. I'm sorry, I can't.

No, wait. Please listen before you bite my head off. It's not that I don't care about Emmy. I do. I'm mortified – completely mortified – that your beautiful young girl is so sick. Yes, *dying*, I know.

I can help you with the housework or cooking, or give you money, or anything at all you need – but I won't pray for you.

Why? It all comes down to God. God is omniscient – all knowing, all loving; the man with the plan. The *really* good plan. I used to pray for the poor, the needy, the starving children, the victims of nature's wrath. But then I realised – God *knows*. He knows *everything*. I'm not giving him any new information when I say, "People are starving. They will die if you don't intervene." If I prayed to him to say, "Please God, don't let Emmy die of leukemia. She is only six; she deserves to live," what I'm really saying is "you screwed up, God. You shouldn't have given cancer to a *child*. You might be the all-knowing, all-loving Supreme Being but you really fucked up this time, buddy."

I don't know why God is letting Emmy die, Cynthia. It breaks my heart to know He is. But I can't question God's plan. I can't.