

# DOG SEES GOD: CONFESSIONS OF A TEENAGE BLOCKHEAD

## “DEAR PEN PAL”

*Lights up on a handsome, however currently sullen, teenager.  
His name is CB.*

CB. Dear Pen Pal. I know it's been a few years since I last wrote you. I hope you're still there. I'm not sure you ever were. I never got any letters back from you when I was a kid. But in a way it was always very therapeutic. Everyone else judges everything I say. And here you are: some anonymous person who never says "boo." Maybe you just read my letters and laughed or maybe you didn't read my letters or maybe you don't even exist. It was pretty frustrating when I was young, but now I'm glad that you won't respond. Just listen. That's what I want. *(Beat.)* My dog died. I don't know if you remember, but I had a beagle. He was a good dog. My best friend. I'd had him as far back as I could remember, but one day last month, I went out to feed him and he didn't come bounding out of his red doghouse like usual. I called his name. But no response. I knelt down and called out his name. Still nothing. I looked in the doghouse. There was blood everywhere. Cowering in the corner was my dog. His eyes were wild and there was an excessive amount of saliva coming out of his mouth. He was unrecognizable. Both frightened and frightening at the same time. The blood belonged to a little yellow bird that had always been around. My dog and the bird used to play together. In a strange way, it was almost like they were best friends. I know that sounds stupid, but ... Anyway, the bird had been mangled. Ripped apart. By my dog. When he saw that I could see what he'd done, his face changed to

sadness and he let out a sound that felt like the word “help.” I reached my hand into his doghouse. I know it was a dumb thing to do, but he looked like he needed me. His jaws snapped. I jerked my hand away before he could bite me. My parents called a center and they came and took him away. Later that day, they put him to sleep. They gave me his corpse in a cardboard box. When my dog died, that was when the rain cloud came back and everything went to hell ... *(CB's sister enters wearing what can only be described as a black wedding dress. CB begins erecting a wooden cross on a mound of dirt in front of him. She joins him.)*

### “CANIS EXEQUIAE”

*CB and his sister are standing beside each other and staring at the wooden cross. A long silence passes. She takes a box of cigarettes out of her purse (that is shaped like a coffin) and offers one to him.*

CB. Mom will kill you if she sees you smoking.

CB'S SISTER. *(Lighting the cigarette.)* Well, when she does, I hope you'll have the decency to bury me in an actual cemetery rather than the backyard. *(Another long silence passes.)* Do you think we should say a prayer or something?

CB. I guess.

CB'S SISTER. Okay. You can say it.

CB. I don't want to.

CB'S SISTER. Well, neither do I!

CB. I don't know what to say.

CB'S SISTER. Oh, stop being so melodramatic, Charles. No one's asking for a eulogy. Just a simple prayer. Ask the Earth to watch over him. Or something.

CB. He's dead. There's not a whole lot of that necessary.

CB'S SISTER. You're so morbid. What about his next life? I think we should pray to Hecate and ask her to make him a human. Someone we meet and become friends with.

CB. What???

CB'S SISTER. Hecate is the goddess of death. She's also a goddess