

The Lord Will See You Now

A 10-minute play

By Jake Lewis

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The Lord Will See You Now

CAST

MELANIE (any age)

HOLLY (any age)

THE ATTENDANT (male or female, any age)

THE VOICE (male or female, any age)

ALISON (any age)

SETTING

Immediately following death

The Lord Will See You Now

Scene One

(Lights come up on a bench with MELANIE and HOLLY seated there. They occasionally look at each other and smile.)

HOLLY: Hello.

MELANIE: Hey there.

HOLLY: They sure do keep you waiting a long time!

MELANIE: You're telling me. *(Beat.)* Who are we talking about?

HOLLY: I don't know, actually.

MELANIE: Neither do I.

(Awkward silence.)

MELANIE: This is going to sound weird....

HOLLY: Ok.

MELANIE: But I cannot, for the life of me, remember how I got here.

HOLLY: So it's not just me? Oh, thank God! I feel better.

(They chuckle uncomfortably.)

HOLLY: My turn for weirdness. It feels like I've been sitting next to you for a few hours.

MELANIE: But also only a few minutes.

HOLLY: Right! *(Getting up.)* Maybe we should just leave.

MELANIE: Do you see any doors? Or windows?

HOLLY: No. This is a little freaky.

The Lord Will See You Now

MELANIE: Where are we?

(ATTENDANT enters.)

ATTENDANT: Melanie Frye and Holly Tremblay?

MELANIE & HOLLY: Yes?

ATTENDANT: The Lord will see you now.

MELANIE: Pardon?

HOLLY: The Lord? Lord who?

ATTENDANT: *The* Lord. God. Yahweh. Pick your poison. Sorry, we like to keep things light around here.

(Both look confused.)

ATTENDANT: Oh. I see. You don't know. Most people sort of figure it out while they're sitting here waiting...Well, we don't have any time to waste. You're dead. So sorry.

MELANIE: Shit! I mean-- Darn it!

ATTENDANT: That's quite alright. It is one of the more common reactions.

MELANIE: This is Heaven? Gotta' say, it's a little...blah.

ATTENDANT: Well, not exactly.

HOLLY: Then that means....we're in....*(Points down.)*

ATTENDANT: You're not there, either. Not *yet*.

HOLLY: Yet? We might go there, you're saying?

ATTENDANT: You have a 50/50 shot, as a matter of fact.

MELANIE: Hold on a second. Let's say I agree that I'm dead--

The Lord Will See You Now

ATTENDANT: You are.

MELANIE: That aside, I was raised to believe that there is no Hell. That everyone would be forgiven by an all-loving God and taken into Heaven, no matter how evil their deeds on Earth were.

ATTENDANT: Joke's on you, then, lady. Now, please follow me--

HOLLY: Just a moment. You're saying that if we go with you, we will get to talk to God? Like, in person?

ATTENDANT: There's no "if" about it, and The Lord isn't really a person, per se....but yes. You'll have your own little chatfest with God on High.

(MELANIE and HOLLY are in shock.)

ATTENDANT: *(Annoyed, and recites as though from a script.)* You have seven minutes, no more and no less, to plead your case to the Almighty about whether your soul should go to Heaven or Hell for the rest of eternity.

MELANIE: Seven? Why seven minutes?

HOLLY: Yeah, seven is kind of a random number.

ATTENDANT: The brain of the average human -- and both of you were completely average -- continues to function for approximately ten minutes after the heart stops, three of which you've just wasted asking me questions. In the remaining seven, you will plead your case about your final destination. After that time has passed -- get it? Passed? Sorry, angel humor -- The Lord will decide which of you goes to Heaven and which of you goes to....y'know.

HOLLY: So it's sorta a competition. Like a reality show.

ATTENDANT: Doesn't get more real than this, baby.

MELANIE: But...but...I don't want to go to Hell!

HOLLY: *(To MELANIE)* You want me to go to Hell?

The Lord Will See You Now

MELANIE: Well, no offense, but.....yeah, if it means I don't have to.

HOLLY: "No offense," she says, as though it negates what she says.

ATTENDANT: Ladies, if I may direct you--

MELANIE: Why can't I go up against someone *truly* evil like...Hitler?

ATTENDANT: Where'd be the fun in that?

HOLLY: Nice qualifier, there, by the way. Hitler is *truly* evil, so I'm just *regular* evil.

MELANIE: That's not what I mean. But--

HOLLY: But what?

MELANIE: Well, I don't know you! Maybe you.....maybe don't use your turn signals! Or use their headlights at night because YOU can see just fine!

ATTENDANT: Ouch.

HOLLY: Oh yeah? Well, for all I know, you could be the kind of person who doesn't decide what they want in the line at Starbucks until they get up to the front and hold up everyone else behind you, but ends up ordering the same thing as always anyway!

MELANIE: Ok, I change my mind, I'm ready to go up against this bitch. Bring it on.

ATTENDANT: Terrific. If you follow me...

HOLLY: Look, I'm sorry for what I said just now. I'm just a bit upset.

MELANIE: It's ok. I'm sorry too. It's not every day that you die *and* find out your whole belief system was completely wrong.

HOLLY: (*To ATTENDANT*) Can't we just do it one at a time?

ATTENDANT: Sadly, no. We used to do that, but you would not believe the backlog. This isn't the Lord's only gig, you know. Other things need to get done. I always told The

The Lord Will See You Now

Lord that the job should be delegated to someone else. Like me. But no, the Lord is very Type A.

MELANIE: Sounds like a control freak to me.

ATTENDANT: As it just so happens,) I suggested two at a time. The Lord liked that idea. Naturally. It really streamlined things to weed out the best of the best. *(Beat.)* So....we good?

MELANIE: Lead on.

(All exit stage right.)

Scene Two

(Lights rise on stage where MELANIE and HOLLY have re-entered.)

VOICE: Greetings, Holly and Melanie. I am your Lord.

HOLLY: Nice to meet you?

VOICE: Gracias. Now, my question for you is....*(Like a wrestling announcer.)* Are you ready to respond?? I love that part!. *(Clears throat.)* But getting down to business, I will ask you both the same questions. Based upon your answers, I will then decide who stays forever in my Kingdom, or who is sent...elsewhere. We will decide who answers first with a coin toss.

(Sound of a coin flip.)

VOICE: Heads! That means Melanie answers first.

HOLLY: But we didn't pick which side we want!

MELANIE: Or see the coin!

VOICE: Are you calling your Lord a liar? *(MELANIE and HOLLY acquiesce.)* I didn't think so. Now, ladies, without further ado, question one. What is your favorite color?

The Lord Will See You Now

MELANIE: My favorite...?

VOICE: Color.

MELANIE: Pardon me, my Lord, no disrespect, but how does that help you decide if I am worthy of Heaven?

HOLLY: I was expecting something more like, "What is the meaning of life?"

VOICE: That's easy. Cheesecake. Now, answer my question.

MELANIE: Um. Ok. Red.

HOLLY: I guess orange?

VOICE: *(Makes a buzzer noise.)* Ehh! Wrong!

HOLLY: You're saying I'm wrong about my favorite color?

VOICE: No, you are wrong because your favorite color is ugly. Why do you think I never created anything else that rhymes with it? Not one of my finer moments creating orange.

HOLLY: You gotta' be kidding me.

VOICE: I kid you not. Therefore, I award the first point to....Melanie!

HOLLY: What?! That's not fair!

VOICE: You can still win. You have 2 more questions left.

HOLLY: Thanks, Peter Sagal.

VOICE: Now....you ask me a question.

MELANIE: Pardon?

The Lord Will See You Now

VOICE: *(Sound effect of tapping a microphone.)* Hello? Is this thing on? I said, each of you asks me a question, and whoever asks the better one, gets the point. Holly will go first.

HOLLY: How about a riddle? Who doesn't love riddles?

VOICE: Everyone loves riddles!

HOLLY: What rock group consists of 4 famous men but none of them sing?

VOICE: *(Panicky.)* Umm....uhh.....Imagine Dragons??

HOLLY: No...Mount Rushmore.

(Silence. HOLLY looks concerned by THE VOICE's silence.)

VOICE: Ha! That's a good one. May I use it sometime? Of course I can. I made you, so I made that riddle! Point awarded to Holly! The scores are tied!

MELANIE: Hold on a second! I didn't even go yet!

VOICE: Does it look like I care?

MELANIE: How should I know? I can't see you!

VOICE: Well, trust me, I don't.

MELANIE: God save us.

HOLLY: I don't think that's going to happen.

VOICE: This is exciting! The scores are tied!

MELANIE: Something tells me you planned it this way.

VOICE: For your final question...If you had to relive your life over, what would you do differently?

(Both women look at each other. They are silent.)

The Lord Will See You Now

VOICE: Well?

MELANIE: That's a pretty big question. I need time to think.

VOICE: But your seven minutes is almost up.

MELANIE: Well...my biggest regret...You know what? I don't want to play this game anymore.

VOICE: This "game" is for the fate of your soul.

MELANIE: I don't care. The God I believe in already knows who I am as a person, for better or worse, and isn't some child who asks a bunch of random questions to prove whether I deserve to be in Heaven or Hell. I'll tell you one thing, if this playground behavior is what I'm in store for if I go to Heaven, then there's probably not much difference between the two places.

(After a full pause.)

VOICE: Very well. I have made my decision.

MELANIE: You might as well just tell Lucifer I'm on my way.

VOICE: My decision for who will sit by my side for the rest of eternity is--

(Blackout.)

Scene Three

(Lights come up on a bench with MELANIE and ALISON seated there. ALISON looks upset.)

ALISON: Excuse me? Sorry to bother you, but I don't know where I am. Or how I got here.

MELANIE: Neither do I. But...

ALISON: But what?

The Lord Will See You Now

MELANIE: Something about this place feels familiar. Like I've been here before, just not with you. That ever happen to you?

ALISON: You mean deja vu? Yes, I have. It can drive you crazy.

MELANIE: My grandfather used to say that deja vu was God's way of having some fun with you.

ALISON: God using us as his entertainment? That sounds pretty hellish to me.

(They chuckle uncomfortably.)

MELANIE: I think....This is going to sound nuts, but I think we're dead.

ALISON: *(Some part of her believes it.)* But this isn't what I thought Heaven would look like. Or feel like.

MELANIE: Maybe it's not Heaven then.

ALISON: You mean--

MELANIE: I don't know. I thought I was a pretty good person in life. I never hurt anyone, intentionally I mean.

(THE ATTENDANT enters.)

ATTENDANT: Melanie Frye and Alison Quinn?

MELANIE: Do I know you? I do, don't I?

ATTENDANT: We've met. Don't worry. You're not supposed to fully remember being here before.

(They give him a confused look.)

ATTENDANT: You two will go before the Lord and answer some questions about yourselves. Depending upon your answers, one of you will be sent to Heaven, and the other...will not.

The Lord Will See You Now

MELANIE: That doesn't make any sense. If we each go someplace else, why did you say I was here once before?

ATTENDANT: Once?! Oh, you're adorable! No, you've both done this fifty-five times already. I shouldn't be telling you this, but you're two of The Lord's favorites to play with. It's like this game has gone into sudden death! Ha! Get it? I kill me.

MELANIE: Jesus Christ.

ATTENDANT: No. JC only played once.

ALISON: God made him play this...game?

ATTENDANT: You can't show nepotism, even if you're The Lord. Everyone plays!

MELANIE: This sounds like Hell. Repeating the same thing, over and over, like Sisyphus pushing that boulder up the hill for eternity.

ALISON: But in this case, it's a good thing when the boulder crushes you.

ATTENDANT: Don't take it personally. The Lord plays this game with everyone. Some longer than others. Yes, the Lord is a bit of misanthrope and finds some pleasure in giving you just enough memory of this place to make you a bit paranoid. In truth, the Lord is not a big fan of his finest creation of late.

MELANIE: Me either.

ALISON: And I suppose after you've played the game enough times and given the answers The Lord wants to hear...

ATTENDANT: Then you will have paid your due. Your torture is at an end. You go on to Heaven.

MELANIE: I guess The Lord isn't completely diabolical, then.

ATTENDANT: So what are we waiting for? This might be your lucky day! If you will please follow me, The Lord will see you now.

(All exit.)

The Lord Will See You Now

The End