

HEAVEN'S WAIT

A one-act play

by

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HEAVENS WAIT

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Cast : **Ellah** ... Female. Middle aged.
 Emma ... Female. Mid to late thirties
 Vicky ...Female. Teenager
 Gabriel...Male. Any age

Set...Like a waiting room...Four chairs, table with some magazines... A number of artefacts are scattered around including doll, skirt and teddy bear

(Ellah is sitting on a chair as if waiting for someone. Emma enters, sits bewildered.)

Ellah: Hello

(Emma doesn't answer. Long pause)

Ellah : Nice room isn't it? Lovely and clean... I like a clean room

Emma: What?

Ellah: It's lovely and clean. My mother always used to say you can tell what a person is like by how clean their rooms are.

Emma : Did she?

Ellah : She also used to say that it's easy to understand what someone says, but harder to realize that it's not what they meant...

Emma : Good for her.

Ellah : And she used to wonder why chips taste nicer when you eat them with your fingers?

Emma: She was quite the philosopher your mother wasn't she?

Ellah: Only on Saturdays.

(Long pause)

Ellah : I know love. It's a bit of a shock. Isn't it?

Emma : I don't...

Ellah : Been dead long?

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Emma : What?

Ellah : Have you been dead long?

Emma : I was in the car, and I saw these headlights straight ahead... Then nothing.

Ellah : Oh, a car accident, that's sudden, and you're so young too. Still I expect it was quick.

Emma : What are you talking about?

Ellah : Well about you dying.

Emma : What?

Ellah : You're dead love... Passed over... No more... Pushing up the daisies... At least you will when they bury you. Unless you're cremated of course, or buried at sea... My mother used to say...

Emma : (Stands) I must be in a coma. This is a bad dream. I'll wake up in a minute.

Ellah : You reckon you had cheese on toast for supper, eh? Funny us both having the same dream, isn't it?

Emma : I don't believe it. I can't be... No...

Ellah : Yes.

Emma : So is this?.. I mean... Am I in?.. It's not quite how I imagined it... Heaven... I'm assuming it is Heaven, I mean, well, I'd like to think...

Ella : You thought there'd be pearly gates and fluffy white clouds, and lots of angels with harps.

Emma : Something like that. So this is it. (Sits next to Ellah) What about you?

Ellah : Oh I'm dead too.

Emma : Yes I know, but how did you die?

Ellah : I didn't listen.

Emma : Didn't listen?

Ellah : When people told me I should go and see the doctor about this mole. I didn't listen. They used to say that mole's looking a bit red, you should see about it, and I'd say no it's alright, then, oh that moles getting bigger, are you sure there's nothing to worry about, and then that mole's changed shape, I don't like the look of that, and then one day someone said, that mole's starting to bleed you really should see a doctor and I'd say...

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Emma : (Stands Angrily) Give me strength, I get the bloody picture..

Ellah : Alright, no need to be so snippy.

Emma : Snippy?...Snippy?

Ellah : Yes snippy.

Emma : Well I'm sorry, but there I was sailing along without a care in the world when suddenly some maniac overtakes on a blind bend at the dead of night, and I find myself sitting heaven knows where listening to someone wittering on about the rancid mole on her neck, so pardon me if I'm just a little bit... Snippy

Ellah : That's a good one.

Emma : What?

Ellah : You said heaven knows where.

Emma : Oh God.

Ellah : I expect we'll be seeing him soon.

Emma : Who?

Ellah : God. I mean he must be around here somewhere. He does own the place. That's probably why everything's so clean.

(Emma starts looking around)

Emma: There's a lot of old tat here, isn't there? Some of it looks familiar. This looks just like the doll I used to have when I was a little girl. (Examines it) My God. It is the doll. There's the mark I made when I dropped it. (Picks up skirt) I remember wearing this.

Ella : It's a bit short. Bend over in that, they'd see all your...

Emma : Ecoutrements?

Ellah : Good word.

Ella : Well I certainly wouldn't get away with wearing it now... It's like a walk down memory lane... (Picks up Bear) Benjy.

Ellah : Benjy?

Emma : I loved Benjy. He was always my favourite. I used to take him with me everywhere. I haven't seen him since...(Stops)

Ellah : Since when.

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Emma : It doesn't matter.

Ellah : I'll bet you're glad you believed.

Emma : (Returns to seat) What?

Ellah : You're glad you believed. You know, in heaven, everlasting life. That there was something better. You must be glad you believed.

Emma : But I didn't believe

Ellah : You must have believed.

Emma : I don't believe I believed

Ellah : I don't believe you didn't believe. Because I believe that whatever you believed would happen that's what would happen. If you bel...

Emma : (Interrupting) Please... Let's not say believed again.

Ellah : Well, if you... Assumed... You'd go to heaven that's what would happen, and if you... Understood... That when you died there'd be just nothing, well that's what there would be. Nothing. Though why would anyone want to believe that? So, deep down, even though you may not have realised it, you must have believed... Sorry, thought.

Emma : But if that's true there are lots of different beliefs, so there'll be lots of different afterlives. Moslem, Jewish... Hindu... Only they wouldn't be there long, because they'd come back as something else.

Ellah : I'd like to come back as a salamander

Emma : Yes, so anyway I suppose what's paradise for one person might be hell for another. It's all very confusing isn't it? So many beliefs.

Ellah : But they all lead to the same God.

Emma : Not necessarily. The Greeks and Romans worshipped lots of Gods. Pagans have their Gods

Ellah : But they're all heathens

Emma : But they still believed...

Ellah : Aah aah aah

Emma : Sorry, they all... Assumed... So for them, those Gods exist. And what about the Vikings. They believed...(Ellah goes to interrupt) I know what I said. They believed that after they died, they would enter Valhalla. That'd be a fun place, a lot of hairy-arsed yobbos all getting legless and fighting each other. All that rape and pillage.

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Ellah : Sounds a bit like Merthyr on a Saturday night... I suppose everyone needs something or someone to believe in, to put their faith in. I suppose its part of the human condition.

Emma : Except when that faith becomes blind and then you stop questioning.

Ella : True... What's your name, love?

Emma : Emma

Ellah : Pleased to meet you Emma. My name's Ellah.

Emma : (Picking up magazine) Hello Ellah

(Vicky enters)