

STILL LIFE

YESTERDAY, I DIED, AND TODAY I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO

A play by Phil Lewis

This play requires permission to perform and a performance fee

SHORTENED **SAMPLE** VERSION

For full version please contact:

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Approx. 11 minutes.

CAST:

GEORGINA: Any age over 50 – preferably elderly

DAN THE MAN 20+

SET:

Two chairs and spotlights.

YESTERDAY, I DIED, AND TODAY I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO

(OPENING MUSIC.

ENTER GEORGINA AND SITS ON CHAIR.

LIGHTS UP ON GEORGINA)

GEORGINA: Yesterday, I died. And today I don't know what to do.

It wasn't at all what I expected.

To say it was sudden is an understatement. I was sitting watching Holby when...the lights went out. I must have fallen asleep, because when I awoke it was very bright white light everywhere and this charming young man looking into my eyes.

I said, "What's happened?"

And he said, "You've passed away, Georgina. Welcome to the half way house. Are you feeling all right?"

I said, quick as a flash, "All right for a dead person. Dead? Am I dead" I said.

"Yes." He said.

"Are you sure?" I said.

He said, "I'm very sure. Just take your time. Adjust to your surroundings and I'll be back shortly."

Then he walked away into the light and disappeared.

What surroundings I thought. I could only see white light everywhere.

However, I felt nothing at all. Not hot, not cold. Every ache that has plagued me for years had disappeared.

I was starting to believe that nice young man.

Now, time is a very funny thing, space, more so. Here I was with unlimited space, or so it seemed, and as much time as I needed. But for what? I had nothing to do, nothing to occupy my mind. If I'd been alive and at home, time tended to pass slowly. Here, there was noyardstick, that's the word. Nothing to judge the passing of time.

So...I've no idea how long it was before the nice young man came back. He had with him a nice young woman. They were both polite and took time to explain my situation.

Although dead, I was not yet in heaven.

(GIGGLES)

I thought I was more bound for the other way.

(POINTS TO THE FLOOR)

Only kidding.

But.....I was here for a while, so I could acclimatise myself to my demise. Apparently, Heaven is a pretty awesome place and has to be approached in stages. Stage one. Here, where I woke up.

To help pass the time, they said, I could review my whole life. In incredible detail, as all my memory was restored to full working order.

They smiled and said they'd be back when I'd finished.

Well....I really didn't know where to start. What was my earliest recollection?

I remember as a young girl climbing a tree with the boy next door. Then, before I knew it, I remembered much earlier stuff. A cot, cradle and pushchair. My mother crying and father being angry. Then...still only a few years old just my mother. My father left. Suddenly and without warning – it seemed to me.

Then the memories moved forward to my school years. I saw again every one of my childhood friends. It was delightful and magical. Too late now to look them up to see how they're doing on Facebook, or MySpace.

All too soon those days vanished from in front of me. Just like they did in the real world.

When you look back, your life seemed to move at a rapid pace. It's strange..... when your whole life can be described in a few sentences. It really doesn't boil down to much. But once you can review at leisure, so much seems to have happened.

So...what to do?

I'll finally know the answer to the oldest questions ever. Is there a God, which religion was right, which were wrong? Were none of them right, is it something totally different to what we all thought?

Will I meet again all the people I'd like to see again? You know, I'm not sure about that. There was that horrible neighbour, who I don't want to see again – but then, she'd go to hell anyway. I've told her that enough times.

I look forward to meeting all my pets from my life, and loving them all over again. I hope they won't get jealous with each other. I'll have to give them each the same amount of attention.

I hope I won't meet both my husbands at the same time. Both mistakes, I'm afraid.

Losing one husband is careless. Losing two...? Well....

I regret not marrying the first love of my life, perhaps that would've lasted and I could do without the two husbands I did have. Regrets. So many

I didn't have time to say goodbye to my remaining family. To say what they meant to me and what I hoped I meant to them. How long to wait before they join me?

I used to fill my days with trivialities. I used to clean the house everyday. But now...I don't know what to do.

So....yesterday, I died. And today I don't know what to do.

The light's fading. I think something's happening. They're coming for me now.

Isn't this exciting?

(VERY SLOW FADE TO BLACKOUT.

INTER-MUSIC.

DURING BLACKOUT, GEORGINA EXITS AND DAN ENTERS TO STAND BEHIND THE CHAIR. HE IS FULL OF NERVOUS ENERGY AND WANDERS AROUND A GREAT DEAL.

LIGHTS UP ON DAN)

DAN: Yesterday, I died. And today I don't know what to do.

When I say died...I mean....I assume that's what happened.

Daft Dave insisted I jumped on the back of his stupid moped and we peeled off down the road. When I say peeled, I really mean crawled. He thinks he's Rossi from that Motocross. But it's a bloody moped.

No helmets, licence, insurance...anything. Oh.... did I say it was at night and the bloody thing doesn't have working lights?

Anyhow, slow and sluggish as it may be, he put us through a fence. He's not here, so I guess he's made it. Prat!

So...am I dead? Really?

Not what I expected.

Where are the angels with wings and things, or them devils with pitch folks?
Shouldn't it be hotter?

Nothing but white light. There was some woman that was here when I woke up. Fit she was, too. Said something about...take my time, get used to something or other and wandered off. I assume that was a dream, right?

I don't usually get those kind of dreams. Mine are always...well darker I suppose. Always running from something, or someone. Always about to get hurt, or caught, or something.

I could do with a drink and a smoke. Fat chance...there's nothing here.

Why am I dead? Why me, why now?

Christ! I've got a date with Trace next Tuesday. It's taken me two months to set that up. The stuck up tart looked right through me for most of that time. I finally....finally got her to say yes and now....this!

Told her I'd just won the lottery. Stupid cow believed me. She's a real looker, but thick as cotton wool. But it worked. I've always said the meek shall inherit the earth, if the stupids don't beat them to it.

I'm bored.

Isn't your life supposed to flash before your eyes when you die? Mine didn't. Or, if it did, I missed it. Mind you, I don't think I've done much worth remembering.

You're supposed to have regrets, aren't you? When you die, I mean. That's what I've heard. Well I haven't. Never did anything to be ashamed of, or regret. The family motto, really.

I just hope....well....I hope I don't have to meet a few people up here I ran into down there. I ran a....well..... I suppose it WAS a scam. The Magistrate called it that. Well, a fool and his money are soon parted is what I say. Another family motto. Some of them were quite old. They could be here waiting for me...I suppose. Well...what can they do now, eh?

EDITED