

REJECTED

Original Stageplay

by

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LIST OF CHARACTERS

- John Leach:** Early Twenties; just finished college and presently seeking a job.
- Pauline Leach:** Early Forties, mother and housewife.
- Jack Leach/Voice:** Late Forties; father and presently employed with Digicel.
- Stacy Ferron:** Early Twenties, ex-prostitute; ex-Christian.
- Phillip Taylor:** Late Fifties; Pastor for the New Born Church of Christ.
- Jackie Rennalls:** Early Twenties, Youth Council leader; Receptionist at Heavens Gate.
- Charles Taylor:** Early Forties, brother to Pastor, friend to the leach family.

SETTINGS

Living Room
Church Office

Prison
Waiting Room

[Just a small fraction of the stage could be set apart to fulfill both the requirements of the Church Office and The Prison. The rest of the stage can easily be converted from a Living Room Setting to the Waiting Room (*A smoke machine would be appropriate for the last scene as it would enhance the eeriness of this scene.*)]

SCENE 1

Setting: Living Room

VOICE: What is truth? That is a question with many answers. It is an undeniable fact that all fairy tales have happy endings, but when measured against real life we see a different truth. A real Truth. That life's stories have tragic endings. For once conceived, man lives to die and others are left with the pain of his passing on. That is the true cycle of our present existence.

LIGHTS UP TO DIM

[A doorbell sounds once. A male enters the living room to greet a female who has let herself in. They mime having a heated argument for a while. The male takes her hand and she withdraws it.]

VOICE: Truth is as solid as the existence of the sovereign God. No man can bend it, Distort it, twist it, conceal it or ignore it without paying the ultimate price. Thus, our story begins and ends with death; because death is the ultimate price of sin.

[The scene builds in intensity. The male tries to hold the woman, but she struggles With him. He wrestles her to the ground and holds her there, struggling, trying To free her throat from his grip.]

Another male enters, not expecting such a scene. The other rises to meet him. They argue intensely gesturing towards the body lying on the floor. They realize That the body doesn't move.

The male who strangled the woman starts to fidget nervously as...]

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE 2

Setting: *Living Room*

LIGHTS UP

[Pauline walks to the window and looks out. Her face brightens up a bit. She steps back from the window and waits. Charles enters and is greeted With a hug. But to Pauline, something feels awkward about the moment]

She pulls away from him and examines his facial expression]

PAULINE: I thought you'd be happy to see me, after all these months.

CHARLES: I am.

PAULINE: So, what's wrong?

CHARLES: Nothing.

PAULINE: You're sweating like a mule, Charles. I know you.

CHARLES: I'm not at liberty to discuss my troubles with you. No offense.

[Pauline considers this, and then decides to let it go]

PAULINE: Want something to drink?

CHARLES: Yeah. Sure.

[Pauline exits. Charles walks to the window and stares out nervously. He backs away and checks a few more times before Pauline returns With two glasses of lemonade on ice.

She hands one to Charles and sits him down]

CHARLES: How's everyone?

PAULINE: Jack is at work as usual and John, well he said he'd be back before Nightfall.

CHARLES: Has he landed a job yet?

PAULINE: Nope. Don't know if he's over-qualified or just plain lazy. He hardly Talks to me about his personal life anyway, so I'm guessing here.

CHARLES: I think he got that from his father.

PAULINE [*smiling*]: He sure did.

[pause]

CHARLES: I'm happy how things worked out...between you and Jack that is.

PAULINE: It was a long time ago Charles. We're past that.

CHARLES: The past has a way of catching up sometimes.

PAULINE: I'm not worried and you shouldn't be either.

[They stare at each other in silence for a moment]

PAULINE: You look good.

CHARLES: You too.

PAULINE: Where have you been...all this time?

CHARLES: I went to the country for a while. I thought the cool air would do
Me good.

PAULINE: It did.

CHARLES: Well, all things considered, I'll take that as a compliment.

PAULINE: What's on your mind, Charles? Really?

[Silence]

PAULINE: Please...

CHARLES: I don't know much about death, Pauline. I have no idea what it feels
Like or how it's supposed to look or what signs to look for that tells me it's
Coming..

PAULINE: None of us do.

CHARLES: Death is certain and unpredictable at the same time. It just seems to
Sneak up on you at the most inopportune time.

PAULINE: What are you trying to say?

CHARLES: I cannot die carrying this secret inside.

PAULINE: Oh no. Don't even go there.

CHARLES: John has to know. He has to know the truth.

PAULINE: We've been through this before. Many times. Why do you always bring
It up again?

CHARLES: Because it's killing me.

PAULINE: You should kill it.

CHARLES: Twenty years I've carried this burden, Pauline. I want to be released
From it.

PAULINE: You can't.

CHARLES: I have to. I know John and we've kept him in bondage long enough. He
Needs the truth.

PAULINE: Not now.

CHARLES: The truth will set him free.

PAULINE: Charles, think about what you're saying.

CHARLES: I have. Everyday for twenty years.

PAULINE: Haven't we been through enough.

CHARLES: I'm not ungrateful, Pauline. I mean, it's good that you and Jack have
Come to some understanding about the whole thing...

PAULINE: Yes we have and we have put it behind us.

CHARLES: I'm not convinced you have. Something like this, it just never goes away.

PAULINE: It has, for us.

CHARLES: Then why is Jack hardly home?

PAULINE: He works hard to provide for us. You know that.

CHARLES: Work is just an excuse. He wants to be away. Everytime he looks at John He sees and remembers and it hurts him.

PAULINE: No Charles...we got past that a long time ago.

[They stare at each other. A tense moment that is broken when John enters. John's face lights up when he sees Charles]

JOHN: Hey.

[Charles stands to greet him]

CHARLES: Hey yourself.

[They clap hands together and wrestle a bit]

JOHN: Ha. I'm still stronger than you.

CHARLES: You sure are. So what's going on?

JOHN: The usual.

CHARLES: Any plans for tonight?

JOHN: Not really.

[Pauline stands to address John]

PAULINE: The church is planning to do some hospital visits all of this week.

JOHN: Good for them.

PAULINE: They wanted you to...

JOHN: No way. You know how I feel about hospitals and the like.

CHARLES *[butting in]*: There's a new movie opening tonight.

JOHN: What time you coming to pick me up?

CHARLES: Say around 7:00.

JOHN: I'll be ready.

CHARLES: You can bring a friend along...if you want.

JOHN: No...I would prefer it be just us guys.

CHARLES: No problem. Seven then.

[John gives Charles the thumbs up and exits.]

Charles watches him go. He then turns his attention to Pauline, whose smile Has faded.]

PAULINE: Why'd you do that?

CHARLES: He's young, Pauline. He has his whole life ahead of him. There'll be Time enough for church stuff.

PAULINE: Is that what it is now. 'Stuff'

CHARLES: You know how easy it is to get burnt out. A young man has to have Balance or he'll run himself to a wreck.

PAULINE: He's already a wreck.

CHARLES: Well, I beg to differ. Anyway...I need the chance to talk to him.

PAULINE: Fine.

[Pauline holds his arm as he turns to leave. He meets her eyes]

PAULINE: Bury the past, Charles. We're far better off without it.

[The sound of sirens start to echo in the distant. Cold sweat wash over Charles forehead. He starts to fidget and stammers when he speaks.]

CHARLES: I have to go.

PAULINE: Are you in some sort of trouble, Charles?

[Charles meets her eyes in silence. He turns and exits quickly without another word. Pauline is puzzled.]

The sirens grow louder and louder as..]

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE 3

Setting: Living Room

LIGHTS COME UP

[Pauline clad in a house dress and wrap-head, moves about the stage sweeping and dusting. She stops, looks at her watch, walk over to the radio and flips a switch.]

NEWS CASTER: ...was charged today with first degree murder when he appeared in The Resident Magistrate's court for the murder of Muriel McDonald. Ms. McDonald body was discovered in her home at the Junction River Community by neighbors who reportedly discovered a foul smell coming from her house.... The cause of death...

(Pauline slams her hand against the radio and it goes silent)

PAULINE: *(a bit agitated)* Oh Charles...! WHY..! *(calmly)* That poor girl.

(ENTER JOHN. He walks to the refrigerator and takes out a coke. He slams the Refrigerator door, startling Pauline)

PAULINE *(Holds her chest)*: Dear God! John, how many times should I tell you, please don't slam the fridge door.

JOHN *(coldly)*: Sorry.

[Pauline breathes to calm herself]

PAULINE: You hear the news, John?

JOHN: About Charles?

PAULINE: Yes.

JOHN: I still can't believe he would do something like that.

PAULINE: I knew him for years. I think he's innocent.

JOHN: But all the evidence points to him. And there were witnesses that testified that it was him.

PAULINE: Not everything you hear is true. Somebody set him up for sure.

(Silence as John sips from his coke, not taking his eyes off his mother)

JOHN: How long you know him mother?

PAULINE: Over twenty years.

JOHN: You two seemed rather close.

PAULINE: Charles has always been a good friend. Even before you were born.

JOHN: You ever been more than a good friend?

PAULINE: Why you asking me these question?

JOHN: Just curious.

PAULINE: Well take your curiosity somewhere else. I'm busy.

JOHN: Why you always get so defensive with your personal life?

PAULINE: That's just it John. My personal life. It don't have anything to do with you.

JOHN: I tell you about mine.

PAULINE: No you don't.

JOHN [*takes out a picture and hands it to her*]: Explain this to me.

PAULINE [*Looks at the picture*]: Where did you get this?

JOHN: Does it matter.

PAULINE: Where, John?

JOHN: Charles gave it to me.

PAULINE: Did he say anything else to you?

JOHN: Yes.

PAULINE: What?

JOHN: What he said to me he said in confidence. It's not something I wish to
Share with you.

PAULINE: This is personal, John. It has nothing to do with you.

JOHN: What are you hiding, mother?

PAULINE: I'm not hiding anything!

JOHN: You lie.

PAULINE [*grabs John's collar and pulls him close*]: Don't you dare call me a liar.

[She lets him go]

JOHN: What does that picture represent, mother?

PAULINE: If you looking for some form of explanation from me you can forget it.

JOHN: I can't do that.

PAULINE: This is just a picture of me and Charles years ago. What significance
This have with anything.

JOHN: You tell me. Read the note on the back.

PAULINE [*looking at the back of the picture*] 'The truth shall set you free.'

JOHN: You know my fear of a dysfunctional family. Just tell me what truth that old
Picture represents and I'll leave you alone.

PAULINE: It's just a note.

JOHN: What does it represent?

PAULINE: Nothing.

JOHN: You're lying. God hates liars and so do I.

PAULINE [*grits her teeth*]: What do you think this means?

JOHN: Were you having an affair with Charles?

PAULINE: Affair! Don't be silly...I've always been faithful to your father.

JOHN: So why Charles gave me this picture?

PAULINE: I don't know.

JOHN: You talk like is the first time you see it.

PAULINE: I'm a grown woman John. I don't have to answer to you.

JOHN: Then I will just ask father when he comes from work.

PAULINE: John please...

JOHN: I'll get to the bottom of this with or without your help.

PAULINE: Why won't you leave it alone?

JOHN: Because I can't.

PAULINE: Forget about it, John. Please.

JOHN: What do you think I've been trying to do for the last two weeks? Not even a walk to the park couldn't help me clear my head.

PAULINE: Why you don't tell me about this new girl you seeing?

JOHN: Don't change the subject.

PAULINE: Change the subject John? You want dip in my past and don't want tell me about your future.

JOHN: I know how parents react to certain things. So I choose not to talk about certain Things with you.

PAULINE: Well, for your information. I hear that the girl you seeing is or was a Prostitute.

JOHN: Stop your foolishness. Stacy is a decent girl. That's why I like her because *[pause]* because she reminds me of you.

PAULINE: You only say that because you want me to tell you about that picture.

JOHN: Mother, Charles is my friend from way back. He's someone that has always looked out for my best interest...like a father.

PAULINE *[angry]* Don't say that. You already have a father.

JOHN: He hardly spends any time with me. He's always at work.

PAULINE: How else are we to survive.., if him don't work hard.

JOHN: You know what was my main reason to turn to Christianity?

PAULINE [*sarcastically*]: Because you acknowledge that man was created to serve God.

JOHN: No. I was searching for comfort and attention that only a father can give.

PAULINE: Jack try him best to provide for us John. How can you be so selfish to think that way?

JOHN: It has nothing to do with self. I had the money, the clothes, everything that I wanted, he provided...everything but friendship.

PAULINE: I never realize that's how you felt about this whole thing.

JOHN: Every man has his breaking point mother. And unless I can get a suitable Explanation regarding this picture and this note...

PAULINE: Just leave it alone John.

JOHN: I can't. Don't you understand, I need to know.

PAULINE: I refuse to talk to you any further on this matter.

JOHN: Fine. Then I'll just ask somebody else.

PAULINE: You have no idea what you're doing to me John.

JOHN: It's always about you. What about my feelings?

PAULINE: [*She throws away the picture*] It's just a picture John. It's just a picture!

[She breaks down. John stares at her and he slowly calms down]

JOHN: Mother, I'm sorry.

PAULINE: Leave me alone John. Just let me be.

JOHN [*picking up the picture, he sits and looks at it*] It's just a picture.

[ENTER JACK from work. He sees that Pauline is crying. Walks over to her]

JACK: What is going on here? [*To John*] You two been arguing again?

JOHN: She started it.

JACK: John. You know you mother sick with her heart. You have to try exercise some Form of self control man.

JOHN: You know how easily provoked I am father.

JACK: Especially when you don't get your own way.

[pause]

JOHN: You hate me don't you?

JACK: No I don't...

JOHN: Yes you do. I see it in you eyes all the time.

(Jack walks up to John and stares him dead in the eyes)

JACK: What is it that you see?

JOHN: Regret.

JACK: Regret?

JOHN: Yes. You regret the day I was born.

JACK *(Gestures with his fingers)*: I'm up to here with your foolish behaviour, John. You're not a child anymore.

JOHN: I know that.

JACK: Then act like it. Your mother is sick. Stop stuffing your silly arguments down her throat.

JOHN: You do hate me!

JACK: Stop saying that.

JOHN: Why you can't be honest with me just once? Tell me what you actually feel.

JACK: What you and your mother arguing about?

JOHN: A stupid pict...

PAULINE *[quickly rising to her feet]* It was nothing Jack. Really. Just a simple Misunderstanding.

JOHN *[ignoring her and holds out picture to Jack]* We were arguing about this.

PAULINE *[quickly grabbing the photograph]* Nothing to get concerned about Jack.

JACK: Why you behaving like this?

PAULINE: How?

JACK: Like you hiding something.

PAULINE *[attempting to put the picture in her bosom]* What could I possibly be hiding...?

JACK *[grabbing the photograph and looking at the picture]* Let me see that. *[Pauline turns away]* Just an old picture with you and Charles. *[giving picture back to Pauline without looking at the back]* Why you hiding this from me?

PAULINE *[relieved]*: I told you it was nothing to worry about. *[smiles at John who frowns]*

JACK *[yawning]* I'm beat. I'm going to bed.

PAULINE: I cooked your favourite.

JACK: I'm not hungry.

[Jack exits]

JOHN: You've always given me a hard time and I don't know why.

PAULINE: Everything I do is for your own good, son.

JOHN: I know you harbour a deep dark secret that affects me; that affects this whole family. Something you did or know about that cause father to look at me with regret and I won't stop until I find out what. I'm tired of feeling like a reject.

PAULINE: Do whatever you wish John. Just leave me out of it.

JOHN: Stacy is coming here tomorrow.

PAULINE *[firmly]*: I don't want that girl in my house John.

JOHN *[turns to leave]*: You won't be here, remember.

[He exits]

PAULINE: John! John...

(Pauline drops herself in the coach, defeated)

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE 4

Setting: Living Room

LIGHTS UP ON...

(Stacy is wearing a long flair dress. She sits on the coach; she's crying. ENTER JOHN with a small cup of tea. He hands it to Stacy and sits down beside her.)

JOHN: How bad is it?

STACY: I dunno. They said she might need to do an operation.

JOHN: You can't afford an operation.

STACY: I know. I don't know what to do.

JOHN: Maybe I can help.

STACY: How?

JOHN: I can lend you the money.

STACY: I couldn't do that. You hardly know me.

JOHN: We've seen each other almost everyday for the past three months. I think I come pretty close.

STACY: Where would you get the money?

JOHN: My college fund.

STACY: No, no, no way.

JOHN: I won't be needing it until next semester year, anyway.

STACY: I can't.

JOHN: Stacy...I - love you. If I can help I want to.

STACY: Say that again.

JOHN: If I can help, I want to.

STACY: Not that part.

JOHN: I love you.

STACY: You love me?

JOHN: Yes I do.

STACY: You shouldn't. We agreed to be just friends remember, at least for a time.

JOHN: I guess I've grown dependent on you, Stacy. I just can't imagine my life without you right now.

STACY: I enjoy your company too...but the 'love' thing...it would make us complicated.

JOHN: Why?

STACY: You're in the church, I'm not. I haven't even met your parents yet and for some reason you seem to allow me to come here only when they're not here. That's not a good enough foundation to build a relationship.

JOHN: I haven't gotten the opportunity of meeting your mother either. So what? Everything else would fall into place.

STACY: John, what if we found out that there are pieces of the puzzle that just won't fit.

JOHN: Love will make up for it.

STACY: No John...I'm not made that way. And I rather we talk about something else now.

JOHN: I think we should talk about this.

STACY: I think we shouldn't. If you do choose to persist I'll leave.

JOHN: All right. Let's talk about something else.

STACY: Yes...please.

JOHN: Let's talk about what you intend to do about your non-Christian state.

STACY: Let's not talk about that either.

JOHN: I pray to God for you every night, Stacy. We have to talk about it sooner or Later.

STACY: Great.

JOHN: What is that supposed to mean?

STACY: (*Stacy gets up*) I don't believe that there's a God, ok.

JOHN: But there is.

STACY: I can't feel Him. I can't touch Him or see Him...if He existed I believe it would appeal to at least one of my natural senses.

JOHN: Just because you can't see Him, doesn't mean He is non-existent.

STACY: It does for me.

JOHN: What has this world ever done for you? It has nothing to offer but destruction...Stacy.

STACY: Look at me John. (*She models a bit*) All that I've accomplished so far, I've done on my own. I've got my own place, more than enough clothes and I provide my own bread. I don't need to lean on some unseen crutch you choose to call God.

JOHN: What is your problem?

STACY: You are...men are...this whole corrupt world is my problem.

JOHN: (*calmly*) I know that for some reason you're bitter, but don't take it out on God...

STACY: Stop telling me about God...I don't want to hear it.

JOHN: Well don't take it out on me.

(*Silence*)

STACY: I'm sorry.

JOHN: What is it Stacy?

STACY: What do you mean?

JOHN: Explain, to me, your reasons for being so bitter.

STACY: Two words. Life sucks.

JOHN: Tell me something I don't know.

STACY: I've suffered, John. Tried even to kill myself a few times...I guess you could say I'm still looking for that perfect life. Where I'll live happily ever after.

JOHN: Life is not a fairy tale. It's something we all have to accept at some point or the other.

STACY: This coming from a man who puts his trust in the bible.

JOHN: You ever think that maybe you've been looking in the wrong places.

STACY: This is the part where you tell me that all good things can be found in the Church, right.

JOHN: I didn't say that...but it's a start.

STACY: Half the men I've dated were Christians. But they all wanted the same thing.

(Stacy sits; sighs calmly)

STACY: *(Wiping away a tear)* I give up...

JOHN: Let me inside, Stacy. Let me help you.

STACY: I'm yet to place you, John. You seem a nice guy...but even you telling me you love me, I can't help but to wonder if you're just like the others. That 'love' is a doorway for you to literally get inside a woman.

JOHN: I'm not like that and I can prove you wrong.

STACY: Please do. I have no problem with that. But I won't allow you to hurt me, John.

(pause)

STACY: You know my friend Jessica.

JOHN: She's the one with the hot dog stand at the park, right?

STACY: Yeah.

JOHN: I know her.

STACY: She told me she saw you walking in the park yesterday.

JOHN: So? I do that all the time.

STACY: You were alone. Hands in your pocket; head down.

JOHN: I know where you're going with this...please don't ask.

STACY: What's wrong?

JOHN: I don't want to talk about it.

STACY: Then we have nothing more to say to each other.

(Stacy gets up to leave)

JOHN: I think my mother had an affair...but she won't admit it.

STACY: Is your assumption based on that picture you got from your friend?

JOHN: Partially yes.

STACY: Don't you think you're over-reacting?

JOHN: No.

STACY: You are...and even if that was the case, it's your mother's problem – not yours.

JOHN: It's my problem too.

STACY: How is it your problem?

JOHN: I don't know. I feel rejected, unwanted sometimes. Like I was some form of an accident or something with no real significance or purpose.

STACY: Look John...my father...is dead. My mother is thousands of miles away

lying on an hospital bed. I can't see her face or hold her hands or stare into her eyes and tell her everything's gonna be all right. You are lucky to have both parents alive.

JOHN: I don't feel lucky.

STACY: You should.

JOHN: I don't have the kind of relationship that I'd want with them. At first I didn't care but now it's making me bitter.

STACY: You should count your blessings...

(John smile at her words)

JOHN: Can I ask you something?

[Stacy nods]

JOHN: What happened between you and God?

STACY: I just stopped believing.

JOHN: Maybe one day you'll believe again.

STACY: Yeah, well. We'll see.

JOHN: Let's talk some more over lunch...

STACY: Sure!

(They walk towards the exit)

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE 5

Setting: Church Office

(The stage is semi lit. ENTER JOHN and JACKIE; flashlights in hand)

JACKIE: *(shining the light in John's face)* You want to run that by me again.

JOHN: *(Moving Jackie's hand)* What?

JACKIE: Why are we doing this? Breaking and entering is a serious felon in this country you know...There must be some other way to get information about someone...like maybe asking questions!

JOHN: I've tried that already...it didn't work! Quit worrying will you! We won't get caught.

JACKIE: I'm not comfortable doing this John...you need to give me a good reason to...

JOHN: Well for one...the only persons with access to the church records are the pastor and auxiliary workers...You are the only one in that category I could approach...

JACKIE: Oh! The local Youth Director Idiot right!

JOHN: Don't be so hard on yourself...(They reach a filing cabinet) You did bring the key for this thing, right!

(Jackie pushes him aside, inserts and turn the key)

JACKIE: So you really believe that this mystery man is a threat to your family's happiness.

JOHN: More like a threat to my parent's marriage...and you know how much that would affect me.

JACKIE: *(sarcastically)* I don't have a clue!

(John puts a few files in front of Jackie; He holds the picture in front of her)

JOHN: This is the guy we're looking for right...

(They start to check through the files)

JACKIE: Can I ask you a personal question?

(John nods)

JACKIE: What do you think your chances are of making it to Heaven?

JOHN: Heaven is the single most important thing to me right now...I can't miss it.

JACKIE: It would be so hard to have lived your life trying to please God only to hear "DEPART FROM ME I KNOW YOU NOT"

JOHN: Well...I'm not worried about that!

JACKIE: *(sighing)* That makes one of us...*(she sees something)* I think I found it!

(John runs over to her; examines the find)

JOHN: That's him all right...CHARLES...(a beat)...TAYLOR. Oh my God.

JACKIE: His surname is Taylor?

JOHN: He said it was Brown.

JACKIE: You sure this is the guy?

JOHN: Yeah. It's him.

JACKIE: It says here that our mystery guy has a brother.

JOHN: He's PASTOR BECKFORD'S broth...

[Lights come up to full]

[PASTOR BECKFORD IS LEANING ON THE WALL NEXT TO THE LIGHT SWITCH...]

PASTOR: This is unbelievable...!

JACKIE: Sir, we can explain.

PASTOR: Sit down Bro. John.

JOHN: Sir...I...

PASTOR: I said have a seat...

(John sits; Jackie slumps down beside him with her head down)

PASTOR: This is unexpected indeed!

JACKIE: Sir...we are sorry.

PASTOR: *(To: JACKIE)* Don't ever let this happen again...all right!

JACKIE: Yes Sir...!

PASTOR: I need to speak to John alone.

JACKIE: Yes Sir! *(To: JOHN)* I'll see you at church tomorrow!

(Jackie leaves)

PASTOR: What do you think you were doing?

JOHN: Looking for answers.

PASTOR: Answers!!! John certain things are best left in the past.

JOHN: Not in all cases sir...not when your parent's marriage is on the line.

(Pastor takes up the file and examines it)

PASTOR: Your parents marriage, huh?

JOHN: Is he your brother?

(Pastor closes the file; takes up John's picture and tears it up; John is not pleased)

PASTOR: If you are smart...you'll leave the past where it belongs.

(Pastor gets up and walks to the exit)

JOHN: How far would you go to save your parent's marriage? What would you do if their happiness and yours was at risk?

PASTOR: I would be where you are right now.

JOHN: Then help me...tell me what you know!

PASTOR: Shouldn't you be home preparing the message for tomorrow?

JOHN: Tell me what you know. Please!

PASTOR: The truth is a hard pill to swallow John...you're not ready for that sort of medication.

JOHN: Please...

[pause]

PASTOR: For years I ministered to my brother to give his life to God. When he finally did, he got involved with a married woman who conceived...that's when he

disappeared...from me that is. I heard that he was always around, but he never came to me.

(John swallows...)

PASTOR: I haven't heard from him in years until the other day, on the news. He's serving a life sentence at the maximum prison for murder...but you already know that, right?

[pause]

PASTOR: I'm truly sorry...

JOHN: She conceived?

PASTOR: Yes. Charles has a son.

(John is at a lost for words. He slumps down in his chair. Pastor rest his hand on John's shoulder, but John shrugs him off)

JOHN: Don't touch me...don't ever touch me...

PASTOR: Word of caution...if you do go to visit him be careful what you choose to believe...he is a psychopathic liar! [Gestures towards the door] Now if you don't mind...

[John gets up and exits. Pastor exits behind him]

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE 6

LIGHTS UP

[Pauline is seated in the coach crying; Jack is standing a little way off with arms folded across his chest]

JOHN: How long were you planning on keeping this from me?

PAULINE: We waited for the right time. It just never came.

JOHN: The right time.

PAULINE: It's not easy for any of us, John.

JOHN: How do you think it feels to be told by a convicted murderer that I'm his son?

PAULINE: I don't know.

JOHN: You can't possible know, mother. And you'll never walk in my shoes, so don't
Try to understand or say you do because you can't.

PAULINE: I'm sorry.

JOHN: 'I'm sorry!' Is that all you can say. You forced me to endure so much pain
Throughout my life, and now that I know, you just want me to forgive and
Move on like it never happened.

PAULINE: I know it will take time.

JOHN: That's right, mother. It will take time. Time away from you.

PAULINE: John.

JOHN: You hurt me mother. You hurt me bad. You gave me no choice but to live a
Lie and now I'm so confused about my own identify.

[John faces his mother; tears streaming down her face]

JOHN: My pain cannot be measured by your tears mother; nor will it vanish through
Forgiveness. Only time can heal my wounds; time and true unconditional love.

PAULINE: I love you.

JOHN: You say that because you feel something that a mother should feel for her son.
But the truth is, you are yet to learn love.

PAULINE: We're a family, John. All I ever wanted was for us to be a family.

JOHN: I was grown in an organization based on rules. That's exactly what this is; an
organization, not a family.

PAULINE: Jack loves you.

JOHN: I won't be intimidated by your pleading any more, or by your tears. Goodbye,
Mother.

*[John moves towards the exit. Pauline grabs him, but he frees himself and exits
with tears flowing from his eyes too.]*

LIGHTS FADE**SCENE 7**

Setting: *Living Room*

LIGHTS COME UP

(Jack and Pauline sits opposite each other; Pauline is visibly upset)

JACK: Try to relax dear!

PAULINE: How can I relax in a time like this, Jack. He's bringing her here – to
Our house.

JACK: We haven't seen him in months, Pauline. Let's just try to get along.

PAULINE: I can't go through with this. It has cause me enough embarrassment at
Church. My son with a - - a - - *[pause]* I don't deserve this.

JACK: Calm down, please.

PAULINE: Stop telling me to be calm. I can't be calm. And I'll speak my mind so
Help me God.

*[ENTER JOHN and STACY; John looks in his parents direction, their facial
expression is unpleasant]*

JOHN: Mom, Dad! I would like you to meet Stacy Ferron!

*[Stacy walks to them, smiling and hand outstretched. Mother gets up and walks
past her to John.]*

PAULINE: You have any idea who this girl is?

JACK: Pauline...

JOHN: Don't do this to me..!

PAULINE: I've lost your respect haven't I?

JOHN: Yes, you had. ...but Stacy helped me to see...

PAULINE: I made a mistake John...I'll accept the fact that you can't forgive me
now...I'll even accept the fact that you haven't spoken to me in days...but how dare

you bring a prostitute to my house!

JOHN: (*Shocked out of his wits*) If that was the case mother, what makes you any better Than she is.

[That remark has earned John a slap across the face]

[Jack is visibly even more upset with John's remarks. He draws close to Pauline and puts his arm around her]

JACK: How dare you!

STACY: Maybe I better leave.

JOHN: No Stacy...please...look mother...Stacy has helped me to realize how lucky I really am to have you. I came to make things right and I wanted her to be here when I do.

PAULINE: I can't accept this John...if these are your conditions for forgiveness then you can stuff it.

STACY: I'm leaving...

JOHN: No Stacy!

STACY: I didn't expect this John...I thought Christian parents were supposed to be loving and accepting. I thought your parents would be what mine were not...

JOHN: Please...at least wait for me outside!

(She nods in tears)

JOHN: (*To: Mother*) You think this was easy for me to do...but you wouldn't be content Unless you drove another few nails in my coffin, would you?

PAULINE: Intimacy with prostitutes is forbidden in this house.

JOHN: (*firmly*) Stacy is not a prostitute...must you believe everything you hear. All she wants is acceptance...that's why she wanted to meet you.

PAULINE: I can't accept a prost...

JOHN: (*loudly*) STOP CALLING HER THAT!!!!

JACK: John...!

JOHN: WHAT!!!!!!!

JACK: I beg your pardon!

[Pastor steps out from the shadows...John turns and sees him]

JOHN: Great! FANTASTIC! The calvary is here!

PASTOR: John., I'm aware that men have a natural tendency to channel their inner pains through sexual immorality.

JOHN: So I'm a backslider now!

PASTOR: No one is accusing you of anything...but until you learn to forgive and accept you'll just continue to grow bitter.

JOHN: *(at the top of his voice)* WHO'S BITTER? ME? *(To: AUDIENCE)* AM I BITTER?

JACK: Can't you see what you are doing is killing your mother...she has a heart problem for God's sake.

JOHN: What you have done is killing me! I am the victim here, remember.

JACK: Victim of what?

JOHN: Victim of your lies and deception. I'm the one who has been hurt, I'm the One who has 'stuff' to deal with.

PASTOR: John...there is a better...

JOHN: This is a 'family' problem, sir! I don't see any reason for you being here.

PASTOR: I'm only here to keep the peace, John.

JOHN: Yeah! Well done. *(To mother)* I came here ready to try and accept what you have all done to me...

PAULINE: No!!! You came here to kill me...

JOHN: How can you say that?

PAULINE: What happened to my sweet, innocent little baby...?

JOHN: (*firmly*) He grew up, mother! I'm no longer a baby and that is reason enough for You not to take advantage of me.

PAULINE: I never took advantage of you.

JACK: Can't we put this whole thing behind us?

JOHN: If you are willing to apologize to Stacy and accept her as my Friend...I'm willing to try.

(Pauline turns away)

JOHN: Then it's settled...

(John turns and walks to exit)

JACK: John...get back here!!!

[John stops. He walks up close to Jack]

JOHN: (*To Jack*) Who are you to order me around?...You're not even my real Father!

(Jack slaps John hard across his cheeks)

JACK: No matter how you look at this John...I'm your father..! You have no right to talk to me like that and I sure as hell don't expect you to shout at your mother...Do you have any idea what it is to take care of a child from conception...

JOHN: Do you have any idea what it is to be a living mistake...[*pause*] I'll pick up the rest of my stuff tomorrow...

(John exits)

LIGHTS FADE

SCENE 8

Setting: Prison

LIGHTS COME UP

(Charles is behind bars; ENTER JOHN and STACY)

JOHN: I really don't want to do this Stacy.

STACY: It's important to me that you do.

JOHN: It is? WHY?

STACY: *(sighs)* I've worn your shoes. My father spent my entire life in prison. I was grown to believe he lived abroad until recently...I denied the chance to visit him for the same reasons you have and more...

JOHN: I thought you said your father was dead.

STACY: He was beaten to death...before I ever got another chance to visit him.

JOHN: I'm sorry!

STACY: You don't have to apologize. Just do what you have to do...I won't be far.

JOHN: O.K. If it means that much to you...but I don't know what to say to someone I don't like...

[Stacy looks over at the cell and an expectant Charles taylor]

STACY: I don't think you'll have to worry about that.

(John walks over to the cell; Charles sees him coming and extends his hand; John ignores it)

CHARLES: I don't blame you...I'd probably do the same.

JOHN: You're my father...?

CHARLES: Not much of a resemblance I'm afraid but...biologically...yes..! I've made a lot of mistakes in my time...I've learnt to accept the consequences as they come...

JOHN: *(annoyed)* I've heard that line before!

CHARLES: That's what my brother always said.

JOHN: Why did you lie?

CHARLES: I didn't have a choice.

JOHN: You always have a choice. You could have told me the truth.

CHARLES: I wanted to.

JOHN: But you didn't.

CHARLES: Forgive me, John.

JOHN [*ignoring his plea*]: Have you seen your brother lately?

CHARLES: He came to visit a few weeks ago.

JOHN: He said he hadn't seen you for twenty years..!

CHARLES: I'm afraid we haven't been on good terms lately...listen John...I know you think I abandoned you and in a timid sense I did...but...I need you to forgive me...

JOHN: In a timid sense...you've got to be kidding...you allowed me to live a lie...you *REJECTED* me...that is unforgivable.

CHARLES: I thought you were a Christian?

JOHN: I am!

CHARLES: What about forgive that you may receive forgiveness?

JOHN: God understands what I'm going through...He would never hold this to my charge.

CHARLES: I want to give my life back to Him John...but I can't unless you forgive me...

JOHN: It's not that easy.

CHARLES: You ever thought about what prison is like.

JOHN: No.

CHARLES: It's a foretaste of what hell must be like. It's tormenting. Like watching your whole life flash before your eyes. You see all the mistakes and every single moment you had to make things better.

JOHN: Maybe you're being prepared for where you'll be going.

CHARLES: Maybe. You have thought about hell though?

JOHN: Not particularly. I'm not all that interested in hell.

CHARLES: Neither am I. But being here kinda sheds light on some of the darker
Corners of my mind...but what I realize most of all is that there's a lot of
People in here hungry for God. They just don't know where to look for him.

JOHN: If that's your way of trying to get me to come back, you can forget it. This is my
First and last visit to this place.

CHARLES: So much bitterness you carry inside. It's not healthy, you know.

JOHN: Spare me the health-tips.

CHARLES: I messed up, John. I made a choice and now I must pay the consequences.
I don't want the same thing to happen to you.

JOHN: It never will. I've lived a good, honest life and I'm expecting nothing less than
Paradise in the after life.

CHARLES: There's more to being a Christian than you think. Being God's son requires
Us to die daily.

JOHN: What do you know about righteous living?

CHARLES: I know enough. In this place I see a clear reflection of who I was or was
Becoming. I know that I cannot approach an altar unless I make things right with
My son...I'm asking you to forgive me.

JOHN: I can't do that.

CHARLES: Yes you can. It's a simple mind-set. It's who you are.

JOHN: I'm not like that.

CHARLES: You should be. You profess to walk according to Jesus' example. You
Testify that you live and breathe His will. Forgiving others is a part of who you
are.

JOHN: It was difficult enough coming here.

CHARLES: Do your duty, John. So I can do mine.

JOHN: You talk as if your salvation; your life was in my hands.

CHARLES: It is.

JOHN: Say hi to my grandma when you get to hell! *(pause)* out of mere curiosity... why did you kill that girl?

CHARLES: I didn't...! I'm an innocent man son.

JOHN: *(loudly)* Innocent men don't go to prison.

CHARLES: That's what I thought...but now I have to face the reality that in a few months I'll die for sins I did not commit.

JOHN: Die...what do you mean...die?

CHARLES: Oh! My dear lovable brother did not fill you in on that little details, Huh!

JOHN: I have to go!

CHARLES: John wait...if you won't forgive me then at least give me a chance to meet my daughter in law..!

(John motions for Stacy to come closer)

JOHN: This...this is Stacy Ferron.

CHARLES: *(kissing her on the hand)* I ask but one favour of you ...don't make the same mistakes I made...let your relationship be built on the Truth.

(Tears form in Stacy's eyes)

STACY: *(To: John)* I'll wait for you outside.

JOHN: Are you all right?

(Stacy nods and leaves)

CHARLES: John listen to me...I know you might not believe me...

JOHN: I don't want to hear it!

CHARLES: Please. I need to free myself from this burden I carry.

[John doesn't move, nor responds orally. Charles takes the hint]

CHARLES: I usually inform my brother when I'm coming to visit...but on this particular day I didn't. I usually knock before I enter but this time I didn't. I heard strange sounds coming from his bedroom...

JOHN: What are you trying to say?

CHARLES: My brother set me up.

JOHN: What?

CHARLES: He has a weakness for women. He always had. It's the one temptation he
Could never free himself from.

JOHN: You want to tell me that Pastor *Phillip Taylor* murdered this girl?

CHARLES: She was a prostitute. She threatened that she would bring it all to light
Unless he paid her a monthly due. One sin led to another. He was taking money
From the church treasury to pay his debt and lying to the church board when he
had to give an account for the missing funds, but he couldn't keep up.

JOHN: Why didn't you report this?

CHARLES: Phillip said he was going to the Police...I thought he was prepared to accept
any consequence he would have to face. The next day there were policemen knocking
down my door...so I ran.

JOHN: You could have told the truth...?

CHARLES: They treated me as if I was a psychopath. They didn't care what I was
saying. In court...it was a Pastors word against mine.

JOHN: Evidence...witnesses...?

CHARLES: He got two witnesses to place me at the scene of the crime and take him out!
I don't know how he did it, but it's done.

JOHN: He warned me about you.

CHARLES: Warned you?

JOHN: He said you were a liar.

CHARLES: I was always there for you John. As a friend.

JOHN: I needed a father.

[Tears form in Charles eyes. He wanted to say more, but for a while he couldn't]

CHARLES: I'm sorry John.

JOHN: That's not enough.

[John walks away from Charles. He goes over to Stacy - she is still crying-]

JOHN: What's wrong? *[pause]* Stacy, what is it?

STACY: I lied to you John.

JOHN: Lied..?

STACY: Your mother was right...I was a prostitute.

JOHN: Please don't say that!

STACY: My mother died months ago...I didn't need money for her to do an operation...I needed the money to do an abortion. John...I'm pregnant.

JOHN: Pregnant! No you can't be pregnant.

STACY: I'm carrying a baby for a stranger.

(John is devastated; Stacy tries to touch him...but he vigorously brushes her away;]

STACY: I wanted to quit, but I didn't. I needed the money to do an abortion, but I couldn't go through with it...please forgive me!! Please forgive me!!

(Stacy tries to hold John, but he pushes her away. He fights the tears in his own eyes)

JOHN: You used me!

STACY: No...I love you.

JOHN: Love!!? How dare you use that word.

STACY: I want nothing more than to be with you, John.

(John looks at her sternly...then leaves)

STACY: John please...John...John.....

[Stacy falls to her knees]

LIGHTS FADE**SCENE 9**

Setting: Waiting Room

LIGHTS COME UP

[The only thing onstage is a table at DSR with a chair (White if at all possible). There are two big books on the table. A door US represents the doorway to Heaven. John is lying at CS. Slowly he comes to and starts to look around]

JOHN: Where am I?

[He rises to his feet and examines his environment. He sees the table and walks over to it. He tries to open the books...but he can't. He hears something. It sounds like people screaming. He moves to USL and the screams get louder and louder. He reaches the window and looks down...what he sees terrifies him]

JOHN: What is this place?

[Enter Charles in chains walking towards USL. He is dressed in full black. John looks at him and then at his own cloths. He sees that he also is dressed in Black. He is troubled.]

JOHN: Charles!! *[He doesn't respond. He just keeps walking]* CHARLES...

[Charles stops. He raises his head slowly and stops when he makes eye contact with John]

CHARLES: Why do you call my name as if you care?

JOHN: What?

CHARLES: You sent me to this place remember. You hate me John.

JOHN: I don't hate you Charles.

CHARLES: Do you know what is down there John? That's eternity on the wrong side Of the fence and I will be eternally punished just because you could not forgive me For making a mistake.

JOHN: No! You had a choice and you choose this Charles. I'm not the cause of this.

CHARLES: But you are. I was your responsibility and you failed.

JOHN: I think you have that backwards. I was the reject, remember.

CHARLES: Things aren't always what it seems.

JOHN: Where are we?

CHARLES: Somewhere between where I was and where I'm going.

JOHN: What?

CHARLES: This is where life ends and eternity begins.

JOHN: You mean we're dead?

CHARLES: Is that hard to believe?

JOHN: I don't remember dying.

CHARLES: Actually, no one ever does.

JOHN: You're lying! This is just a dream.

CHARLES: Consider it what you will. But in reality, this is where you walk the path
You have chosen in life.

JOHN: So you admit that it's your choices that have led you here?

CHARLES: I admit to nothing but the truth.

JOHN: You don't know truth.

CHARLES: The truth is all you see when you have been Judged.

JOHN: The truth that you deserve to go where you're going?

CHARLES: Yes. The truth is all you see in a place like this.

JOHN: And what is the truth?

CHARLES: That what you believe doesn't change reality. It just changes you.

JOHN: Your brother was right about you.

CHARLES: John, I watched you grow. I was there for you. I didn't fail you, you failed

Me. You couldn't forgive me.

JOHN: What does that have to do with now?

CHARLES: Everything.

[A loud shriek echoes from offstage]

JOHN: What was that?

CHARLES: I must go.

[He exits. A receptionist dressed in white enters unnoticed and sits at the table]

JOHN: Please God...Let this be a dream.

[Pastor Taylor enters. He's also dressed in black and in chains. He moves mechanically towards the direction that Charles went]

JOHN: Pastor.

[Pastor doesn't respond. John walks over to him and stands in his path. Pastor bumps into him as if he couldn't see and stops. Slowly Pastor lifts head to meet John's eyes]

JOHN: Where are you going?

PASTOR: What do you care?

JOHN: Excuse me.

PASTOR: I warned you to leave the past alone, didn't I?

JOHN: What are you talking about?

PASTOR: You have any idea what it's like being a shepherd.

[John doesn't respond. Pastor continues to talk as if he expected no response]

PASTOR: A shepherd has a responsibility to make sure he leads by example. We do what we must to protect our image of perfection, never once heeding to conviction or contradiction. We remained focus, upright, totally pure in thought and action.

JOHN: Sir, what happened?

PASTOR: You happened.

JOHN: Me?

PASTOR: Yes. You opened an old wound and pour alcohol into it. I confessed to everything, did you know?

JOHN: I don't remember.

PASTOR: Oh yes. God would not let me be until I did. The nightmares, the looks on people's faces, the agony of remembering. I had to confess. You made me. God made me. My life turned upside down and you know what?

JOHN: What?

PASTOR: I died spiritually. I died. I could not even face my own reflection in the mirror. One little sin that I could not bury. One little sin triggered a chain reaction of countless other sins. And I couldn't stop because I never repented.

JOHN: You really did kill her, didn't you?

[Pastor burst out in a throated laughter. Then suddenly the laughter dissolved again into an expression of deep despair]

PASTOR: Oh yes. I was a religious murderer. Tried to hide behind a cloak of righteousness, but whither shall I go from His presence. If I ran to the bottom of the sea, He's there. If I make my bed in hell, He's there. Where could I hide, John?

JOHN: You can't sir.

PASTOR: Yes. The truth that was often denied in life becomes undeniable in death. All the excuses that bore a level of validity in life is like foolish babbling before the judge. Oh yes...No one can escape.

JOHN: Why didn't you repent?

PASTOR: Pride. I guess. Another perfect excuse.

JOHN: So this is it? The final curtain?

PASTOR: No more mercy, no more forgiveness, no more second chances. This is it.

[Pastor starts walking again and John steps out of his way]

PASTOR: I'll see you, kid.

[Pauline enters. She is dressed in a sparkling white gown. She walks up to the receptionist who opens a book. She searches and searches. Her finger stops moving and she points to the door at USR. Pauline smiles and walks towards the door. John turns to see her and for a moment he is at a lost for words.]

JOHN: Mother!!

PAULINE: *[Turns to see him]* Johnny. Is that you my baby?

JOHN: Yes mother.

[Tries to hug her, but can't]

PAULINE: You can't touch me John. I haven't seen Jesus yet.

JOHN: You're going to look for Jesus?

PAULINE: Yes. I've followed the path...*[points to path leading to door]*...surely you recognize the way that leads to God.

JOHN: I don't see anything.

PAULINE: You can't see the path?

JOHN: No!

PAULINE: Oh my poor baby. What has happened to you?

JOHN: I don't know mother. I was hoping maybe you could tell me.

PAULINE: I don't have the answers John. It's the first I'm seeing you since you left.

JOHN: Left?

PAULINE: You went to live with...what's her name..?

JOHN: Stacy.

PAULINE: Stacy. That's right.

JOHN: I'm sorry I hurt you mother.

PAULINE: That's OK John. I forgave you a long time ago.

JOHN: You did?

PAULINE: Yes. When I could no longer carry the burden of my own guilt. I confessed Everything to God. Then I went searching for you...but you were no where to Be found.

[Tears well in John's eyes]

JOHN: How's dad?

PAULINE: I don't know.

JOHN: Where are we?

PAULINE: *[Points to receptionist area]* See those books over there.

JOHN: Yes.

PAULINE: Those are the books *Revelation* spoke about.

JOHN: You mean...the book of life.

PAULINE: Yes John. Right where you are standing even now is the very place every Single human being will stand to face eternity. The place where they will be judged.

JOHN: Can I come with you?

PAULINE: I don't know if you can come dressed like that. *[points to receptionist]* Go Ask her.

[John hesitates before slowly walking towards table. Receptionist watches him approach. Pauline turns and goes off stage through the door. John stops at the table, unsure he turns to look at mother...but she is gone. He stops at the table and remains silent]

RECEPTIONIST: *[Breaking the ice]* Hello!

JOHN: Hello!

RECEPTIONIST: May I be of assistance to you sir.

JOHN: Yes...uhm...I understand that Jesus is here...and...well...I want to see Him.

RECEPTIONIST: Does he know you?

JOHN: He should. I mean, I spent my entire life serving Him.

RECEPTIONIST: Do you know Him?

JOHN: Are all these questions necessary.

RECEPTIONIST: No sir. Just trying to prepare for what's to come.

JOHN: What's to come?

RECEPTIONIST: Yes sir. Your final judgment. You do know that you will have to
Give an account for your life...right. And from where I'm seated, things doesn't
Look too bright for you.

JOHN: What do you mean?

RECEPTIONIST: I don't believe you have a clean record, John.

JOHN: Of course I do.

RECEPTIONIST: Only the judge can decide.

JOHN: Where do I go to be judged?

RECEPTIONIST: You don't know where to go?

JOHN: No!

RECEPTIONIST: Then there's only one place you could be headed. *[She points USL]*

JOHN: What!

RECEPTIONIST: Do you see that path over there? *[Points to USR]*

JOHN: No!

RECEPTIONIST: Do you see that one? *[Points to USL]*

JOHN: Yes.

RECEPTIONIST: Then that's the path you should follow.

JOHN: I'm not going down there.

RECEPTIONIST: I'm sorry sir.

JOHN: As I understand it...once my name is in the book of life, I'm entitled to go there.
[points to heavens door- USR]

RECEPTIONIST: Would you like me to check for your name sir?

JOHN: Please! John Leach.

[Receptionist flip through the book and stop at L. She moves her finger down the page, up and down the page again...until she stops.]

JOHN *[Folds his arm]* I see you've found it.

RECEPTIONIST: No sir. It's not here *[She closes the book]* I'm afraid you go there.

JOHN: There's no way I'm going to that place. I don't deserve that...please...check Again.

RECEPTIONIST: It's not there sir.

JOHN: *[Crying]* Check...just one more time. Please.

[She opens the book and check again. She closes it and shakes her head sadly]

JOHN: I don't believe this is happening.

[Receptionist gets up and exits]

JOHN: Hey. Where are you going? Please don't leave me here alone. Please!

[John is alone and confused. He runs from one end of the stage to the next but he can find no other way out. He hears the screams from USL and he's afraid. Alone and Afraid. Stacy enters. She is also dressed in black and in chains]

JOHN: Stacy. Stacy is that you?

STACY: *[with a hurtful smile]* John.

JOHN: What has happened to you?

STACY: Nothing I don't deserve.

JOHN: You don't deserve this Stacy.

STACY: Don't lie John. Whatsoever you sow that you shall also reap.

JOHN: Why am I here?

STACY: You tell me.

JOHN: Why are you here?

STACY: I'm here to pay for my sins.

[John looks toward USL]

JOHN: Such an awful price. To be trapped in that place...eternally tormented. Are your Sins that great?

STACY: *[laughs]* There is no sin that is greater than another. All sin is paid for by death. Just one unforgiven sin in your heart and you're toast. *[looking at his clothes]* as I'm sure you'll find out soon enough.

JOHN: *[following her eyes to his clothes]* You mean...

STACY: I must go John.

JOHN: Why do you go so willingly?

STACY: You can't see them, can you?

JOHN: See who?

STACY: They're standing behind you now.

[He quickly turns around but there is o one there]

JOHN: There is nothing there.

STACY: Just because you can't see it, doesn't mean it's not there.

JOHN: I don't want to go to hell.

STACY: Do you know where you are John?

JOHN: No!

STACY: You're standing between death and eternity. Your life on earth is complete,

Your destiny already set and there's nothing you can do to change it.

JOHN: There's always room for change.

STACY: You don't get it do you? A man who has never believed in God has to stand
Where you are and walk this same path that I take. This is where all doubts are erased.
This is where the memory of the chances you passed up to go to church become
Painful. You regret every time you laughed and jeered your way through a sermon
Or switched the radio channel when a gospel music starts to play and you have to
Live that every single day for all eternity.

JOHN: I'm sorry Stacy.

STACY: Don't apologize John. You will have to give an account for your own life.
I've already given an account for mine and now I must face my eternal destiny.

JOHN: If only I could turn back the hands of time.

STACY: If only I could. I would have told you the truth about myself from the very
Beginning. Maybe you would have helped me to believe again.

JOHN: What about the baby?

STACY: She's right where she belongs. *[a beat]* In the bosom of Jesus Christ.

[She walks away]

JOHN: Goodbye Stacy...

STACY: Maybe I'll see you again. Very soon.

[She exits]

JOHN: Oh God!

VOICE: Yes.

JOHN: *[Frightened]* What!! Who said that?

VOICE: You don't even recognize my voice anymore.

JOHN: Is that you my Lord?

VOICE: John. Do you see how your actions have affected those around you in the end.

JOHN: I didn't know Lord. If I knew I would have made different choices.

VOICE: You really think that if you had known you would have chosen to forgive?

JOHN: Definitely, Lord. Definitely.

VOICE: I don't think so.

JOHN: It is lack of knowledge that causes us to perish, right.

VOICE: I've found the human nature to be vastly complicated. It would seem that
Knowledge does not always help you to do right. In contrast it just makes you
Feel bad when you continue to do wrong.

JOHN: Am I really the cause of these people's punishments and my own.

VOICE: Is that so hard to believe, John.

JOHN: I'm not going to hell am I?

VOICE: You are dressed for the occasion.

JOHN: What about all my years of service?

VOICE: Not everyone that saith Lord, Lord shall enter into my kingdom.

JOHN: But did I not preach in your name. I cast out demons in your name.

VOICE: Yet you would not forgive or feed the hungry or pay visits to the fatherless
And widows. You did much, but much you also didn't do.

JOHN: It was too much.

VOICE: It was enough.

JOHN: What now?

VOICE: You follow the path you can see.

JOHN [*folding his arms*] I refuse to accept that punishment, just because I didn't
Forgive a few persons for hurting me.

VOICE: You don't know what it is to hurt. You try sending your only Son to die
For a world that hates you. You try watching him being scold and beaten and
Battered by the same set of people you're trying to save from traveling that

Path. And that is just a touch of what I've experienced since I created man.

JOHN: You are an all knowledge God. Why make us if you knew we were going to Be bad?

VOICE: Man has his part to play in my eternal plan. Though many will be lost, many Will also be saved. But it saddens me because it's not my will that any should perish.

JOHN: I cannot accept your punishment God. Not for a few little sins.

VOICE: If you don't go...then they will carry you.

JOHN: There's no one here but me and you.

[silence]

JOHN: God...*[shakes his head in denial]* No. This is just a dream; another nightmare. It can't be real. There's no way that my life can have a tragic end. *[starts to shout]* I HAVE BEEN GOOD. I DID GOOD.

[silence]

JOHN *[a bit scared]* God...

[He slowly looks around and his eyes widen by what he sees. He falls to his knees]

JOHN: Somebody wake me from this nightmare. Mother; father; Stacy; Somebody; Anybody...

[silence...tears form in John's eyes and roll down his cheek]

JOHN *[He lies on his side]* : No...please...leave me alone...I'm not going...No!

VOICE: So many try to outrun truth, to hide from it, to remain ignorant to its sting. But There will come a day where there'll be no denying the truth, the only truth. The Truth that our lives and the choices that we make has a strong impact on the Cosmic universe and we decide our own fate and the fate of those we're Responsible for. If only the dead could come back and warn the living. If only Their voices could be heard as they echo the words, 'Our lives paint our destiny's and death forces us to walk that path, for in the end...our natural senses will betray us and there's no denying the truth.'

BLACKOUT

