

THE ROOM

(Where Your Whole Life Flashes Before Your Eyes...)

By

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SETTING

Mostly a bare stage.

There's a bible on a little stand SL: A Filing Cabinet with four drawers SR.

The Rest is just a combination/ mixture of light and dark.

CHARACTERS

JOE – Main Character

VOICE OF GOD

MARTIN – Joe's Father

CHARLINE – Joe's Mother

MARK – Joe's Non-Christian Friend

SALLY – Non-Christian Friend

MARY – Joe's Girlfriend

GEORGE – A Stranger From Joe's Past

Additional Character where Necessary.

THE SCRIPT

Lights up.

The Stage is dark, at first.

Then there is the sound of a faint groan.

The lights start to come up slowly and we see someone lying onstage.

*He stirs, the lights come up to full...He sits up. He holds his head as if having
A headache.*

VOICE: Joe.

*Joe shakes at the sound of his name. He starts to shiver...growing uneasy,
Uncomfortable...he looks around for the source of the voice...but there
Is no one.*

*He stands to his feet and walks about the empty stage. He tries to find
A way of escape, but there is none to be found. He goes DS, then backs
Away slowly to CS...he looks at his hands, he's confused.*

JOE: Where am I?

Martin and Charline enter from backstage.

Charline cries uncontrollably. Martin tries to comfort her, anyway he can.

CHARLINE: I can't believe he's gone.

MARTIN: I know, but God knows best.

JOE: Mom...

They can't see or hear Joe.

CHARLINE: He was supposed to be at church today, Martin... Why wasn't he at church? What was he doing all the way across town...at that hotel...

Charline breaks down again.

JOE: Dad...

MARTIN: I don't know, dear.

Joe tries to reach them, but he can't touch them. It's as if they are in different Worlds.

MARTIN: I still can't believe he's gone.

Martin leads Charline down the aisle and through the exit.

Joe tries to follow, but somehow he can't leave the stage. He's even more Troubled now...he starts biting his nails.

JOE: What is happening?

VOICE: Joe...It is time to start putting the fragments of the puzzle together.

Joe looks around shakingly.

JOE: Who...who said that? What puzzle? Who...who are you?

Silence.

JOE: How...do you know my name?

Silence.

JOE: Hello..!

VOICE: I will only answer questions that are relevant as we progress through this...time. We will waste no time with mediocrity and vain babblings...is that understood?

JOE: Who are you?

VOICE: For years I was known as the Saviour...but today you will know me as a Judge.

Joe considers. He starts to chuckle and shake his head.

JOE: No, no. This is a dream. Just another one of my sick nightmares.

VOICE: Is that how you deal with truth, Joe. Pass it off as some nightmare, never to be remembered?

JOE: Nightmares aren't worth remembering.

VOICE: Why not?

JOE: They form a part of your bad side...the side of you that don't need to be shown.

VOICE: A part of you that needs to be addressed, none-the-less.

JOE: Why...why would we need to pay attention to that side?

VOICE: Because ignoring it doesn't make it go away. Instead it grows stronger and stronger and eventually you lose control.

JOE: If you say so, anyway...If you don't mind, I would prefer to wait in silence until I wake up.

Silence.

More Silence.

Joe taps his feet.

Even more silence.

VOICE: They say that in dreams you feel no pain.

JOE: Ha...you're right.

Joe pinches himself hard.

The pain quickly seeps to his brains.

JOE: Owwww! Ow! Oh God, that really hurt.

Joe considers. He starts shaking again.

JOE: No, no, no. I can't be dead. Am I dead?

VOICE: It depends on your definition of the word.

JOE: Am I in heaven?

VOICE: No.

JOE: But, this is not hell...is it?

Silence.

JOE: This couldn't be Hell...I'm a Christian. Christians go to Heaven.

VOICE: Not everyone who says Lord is saved.

JOE: You're confusing me.

VOICE: I am?

Joe stops for a beat. He holds his head tight to think.

JOE: What's happen...

Joe suddenly realizes.

He goes to SL and picks up the bible...he skips through it quickly and stops at A specific verse.

JOE: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the... judgment."

Joe replaces the bible.

JOE: I am dead!

Joe backs away from the little table.

JOE: This is my judgment!

VOICE: Some say that in The Room your whole life flashes before your eyes. The truth is, in here the value of your life's deeds are measured...your final faith decided.

JOE: How...how did this happen? How did I die?

Enter Mark and Sally from US.

MARK: Where's Joe?

SALLY: He's already in the van.

MARK: And Mary..?

SALLY: She'll be waiting for us at the motel.

MARK: Good, good. I still can't believe we got the jerk to skip his stupid church meeting to hang out with us this weekend.

SALLY: Yeah. Mary's pretty excited. She's been dying to get some.

They laugh all the way down the aisle and exits.

Joe remains in silence, his shoulders slump.

VOICE: You put great value on your friends.

JOE: He called me a jerk!!

VOICE: Your best friends were not saved, Joe...what did you expect. They were not guided by the rules of value and morality that I set for my children. They served different masters.

JOE: I only skipped church once...only once.

VOICE: In body, I may be forced to agree...but otherwise...you see Joe...where your treasures are, there your heart is also.

JOE: My treasures.

VOICE: Yes, let's talk about your treasures.

JOE: What defines my treasures?

VOICE: Not what...who?

Joe knows the answer.

JOE: Me.

VOICE: You're beginning to see the puzzle a little clearer. In life, you get the opportunity of deciding what value to place on everything that concerns you. You have a savings account with a huge lump sum that you'll never spend, and none of your family will benefit because you were too selfish to add their names to your account.

JOE: I was saving for my house.

VOICE: So for that reason you never give to charity, or to the homeless or needy, you wouldn't even help your niece with some school books.

JOE: If I did all that, how would I achieve anything, how would I achieve owning my own house?

VOICE: Do you have a house now, Joe?

The answer is obvious.

VOICE: The truth is a little deeper than that Joe. The truth dictates that you did not trust Your Heavenly Father enough to provide these things for you.

JOE: This isn't fair.

VOICE: I'll be the judge of that.

JOE: Money wasn't all I valued.

VOICE: True...you took great pride in how you dressed, you worshipped your car...you sacrificed selflessly for women you want to go to bed with...well, selflessly may not have been an appropriate word there, right?

JOE: Ok...but I did ask for forgiveness on many occasions.

VOICE: Yes you did.

Silence.

VOICE: You see that filing cabinet over there.

Joe looks SR.

JOE: Yeah.

VOICE: Open the top drawer and pull out a file.

Joe reluctantly goes to the cabinet afraid of what he will see.

He opens the top drawer and pulls out a 5" thick file.

VOICE: That is one of twenty-five files with lies that you told that were never forgiven.

JOE: Twenty-Five?

VOICE: That whole filing cabinet is one of five that has a record of your unforgiven sins.

JOE: No, no. This can't be right. I was never that bad.

VOICE: Your record shows that you averaged one lie every seven minutes. Do the math!

JOE: I, I...please tell me this is a dream.

VOICE: I can't lie, Joe.

JOE: Then say it, please just say this is a dream and it will be just that.

VOICE: You seek mercy, Joe...but there is no mercy here. In the end Joe, there is no mercy.

JOE: Then why take this long route....why not just sentence me here and now...why not just send me to Heaven or Hell...

VOICE: I sent my son to die for your sins. You have to give an account for the blood He shed for you.

Joe falls to his knees weeping.

JOE: Please, give me another chance. I don't want to go to hell.

VOICE: Why?

JOE: Because it's hot down there and I'll be tortured and tormented for all eternity.

VOICE: That's your answer?

JOE: Of course. What did you expect me to say?

VOICE: That you didn't want to be eternally separated from your Creator...that you loved Jesus and wanted to be with Him for all eternity.

JOE: Well, yeah...that too.

Two individuals enter from backstage dressed in black.

VOICE: Your priorities are twisted, Joe.

The two individuals walk past Joe bouncing him left, then right.

They continue towards the exit down the aisle.

More and more individuals appear from backstage bouncing Joe as they past.

Joe recognizes the last one to bounce him as he past.

JOE: Mark...Mark...

Of course Mark can neither hear nor see Joe.

Joe watches as everyone disappears down the aisle.

JOE: Who are these people?

VOICE: Didn't you recognize any of them.

JOE: Well, yeah...my friend Mark...

VOICE: Some you will recognize and some you won't...These are they who are lost because of you.

JOE: Excuse me?

VOICE: You kept the message of the gospel to yourself.

JOE: I am not responsible for these people. I am responsible only for myself.

VOICE: I know that is what you believe. But just because you believe it doesn't make it the truth.

JOE: I was taught, that everyman should stand on his own...work out his own salvation with fear and trembling.

VOICE: My Son taught the necessity to be your brother's keeper...but you wouldn't know His teachings because your bible has been merely a trophy for you.

JOE: I read the bible...when I could.

VOICE: You will find that most of the answers you give will end with those three words.

JOE: This is really not fair. All you're doing is pointing out the bad in me...what about all the good that I've done in my life.

VOICE: For example....

JOE: Well...there was this one time I gave money to a beggar.

VOICE: Twenty Cents.

JOE: Well, he didn't need more than that.

VOICE: How do you know that?

JOE: I just...know.

VOICE: Let's not just look at the little picture....let me show you what I saw.

Enter homeless man.

He stops a few feet from Joe with his hand outstretched.

VOICE: I was the homeless man at the corner of the street that you ignored everyday.

Enter man on crutches.

He also stops short of Joe.

VOICE: I was the lame man you ignored at the grocery store.

Joe wants it to stop. He closes his eyes.

Enter young boy in ragged clothes.

VOICE: I was that kid who had no home, no parents, no friends.

Enter old woman.

VOICE: I was the sick old woman who wanted help to cross the street. Should I continue?

JOE: No...please...

All these characters exit down the aisle.

VOICE: Would you like to point out the good that you did in any of these circumstances?

JOE: I had no time to help.

VOICE: You found time to do what you wanted to do. I can only conclude that the things you didn't have time for, was in fact those things you didn't want to do.

JOE: I helped...when I could.

VOICE: You helped when you felt like it...which wasn't very often, but to you, enough to merit your way into heaven, right?

JOE: You know how many people out there take our money and use it to buy drugs.

VOICE: What they do with the money is their concern. They will have to give an account, just like you. You didn't do your part.

JOE: I can't take any more of your accusations.

VOICE: Look keenly, Joe and you will see that your puzzle is almost complete.

JOE: Why are you doing this to me?

VOICE: You knew about the Judgment that each man will face after death. You choose to ignore the truth to fulfill your own lust...you made the bed that you're about to lie in.

JOE: What about my offerings...my sacrifices?

VOICE: Did you do these willingly?

Silence.

VOICE: My point exactly. You complained, you whined, you murmured...you blocked your own blessing because you had no control over your tongue. If you had the power to take back your offerings you would. I charged you to pay one tenth of your earnings to the development of the church...did you do this?

Silence.

VOICE: You thought that all this time you were in control...you thought life was what you wanted it to be...but all you've accomplished in your life was to hide from the very truth that judges you right now.

Tears come to his eyes.

JOE: I tried to serve you the best way I could...you know I wasn't perfect.

VOICE: Perfection was never unattainable. My Son made sure of that. If you sinned, all you had to do was repent.

JOE: Repenting was easy. It's turning away that was hard.

VOICE: Do you know how many times I provided a means of escape for you? Every time I drew your attention to the answers, you ignored me...You had too many idols in your life.

JOE: How can you accuse me of Idol Worshipping?

VOICE: Joe, you lived for Thirty Four years, out of that you spent Eleven years, Six months, Twenty Five days and Two and a half hours watching television – and this is after you got saved.

JOE: I was a child when I got saved. I didn't know what I was doing.

VOICE: Yes you did. The truth is you were much wiser as a child.

JOE: Please, have mercy...if I knew these things then I would have made different choices.

VOICE: You did not die an ignorant fool, Joe.

Charline enters from backstage. She holds a sheet of paper out to Joe.

Joe knows he cannot interact with her, so he just watches.

CHARLINE: Joseph...God gave me these scripture for you...can you please try to read them before you go to bed.

JOE: Ok, Mom.

Charline releases the paper and exits down the aisle.

VOICE: That was two days before your accident. Did you read those scriptures?

JOE: No.

VOICE: Why?

No answer.

VOICE: You were too busy, right? Busy talking on the phone, watching television and hanging out with your non-christian friends, poking fun at people, ridiculing church folks and laughing at dirty jokes...but then, these were the things you valued, right?

JOE: It seemed important then.

VOICE: Exactly...you placed your greatest value on things that had nothing to do with me...In doing so you denied my very existence. If you deny me in life, the I'll have no choice but to deny you in death.

JOE: Please don't deny me...please don't send me to hell.

VOICE: I am not sending you anywhere.

JOE: You're not?

VOICE: You choose where you must spend eternity. You choose, not me Joe...it was your choice all along. You will have to honour your choice.

JOE: Please...

VOICE: You still don't get it, do you? There is no mercy in the Room. Your pleading and tears will not buy you a place by my side. The only defense you have here is your relationship with my Son.

Pause.

VOICE: Every single time you lied, cheated, gossiped, fornicated, sinned in anyway...you drove a nail into his body. Can you imagine His pain, My pain?

JOE: I'm sorry.

VOICE: Not good enough. My Son begged for you each time, but you never acknowledged that, Did You?

JOE: I didn't know what I was doing.

VOICE: Yes you did...and you knew the consequences of your actions...but you wrote it off as a nightmare, just as you're trying to do now.

Enter George, dressed in full black.

He stops a few feet from Joe and just stares at him with fire in his eyes.

Joe turns to see him and stares back puzzled at his expression.

JOE: Do I know you?

GEORGE: Why didn't you tell me?

JOE: Tell you what?

George attacks Joe and starts to beat on him.

Joe manages to grab George's hand and throw him off.

George quickly recovers and wants to have another go, but he decides to Exit down the aisle instead.

JOE: Who on earth was that?

VOICE: To you, his face may be a stranger, but to him...yours is not.

JOE: What did I do to him to make him hate me so much?

VOICE: In his life, yours was the last face he saw...your words, the last words he heard. He asked for your help and you turned him away. You told him you were too busy to help a crack-head.

Joe remembers.

VOICE: But he was not on crack. He just needed help.

JOE: I don't know him.

VOICE: You're right, yet...what difference does it make. Didn't I warn you to be careful how you entertained strangers...Your life caused many deaths.

JOE: Now, I'm a murderer.

VOICE: Yes, you are.

JOE: Show me one person that I murdered.

Enter Mary. She too is dressed in full black.

Joe sees her...

JOE: Mary..

MARY: Do you know where I'm going now, Joe?

Joe turns his head away.

JOE: No.

Mary goes closer to him.

MARY: You would lie to me...here.

JOE: Mary, I'm sorry.

MARY: You knew all along that the things I valued were meaningless, and yet you allowed me to continued believing that life had nothing else to offer...just so you could sleep with me.

JOE: I said I'm sorry.

MARY: Is that supposed to mean something to me now, Joe...Sorry can't quench fire.

JOE: What do you WANT from me?

Pause.

MARY: You have nothing to give me now.

Mary passes him and exits down the aisle.

Joe barely has enough strength to remain standing.

JOE: My perfect world was just an illusion.

VOICE: The truth is already defined and set in stone. Nothing you think, imagine or believe can change the truth in anyway. You have been measured and found wanting. You have denied my Son in your priorities, in your deeds and in your conversations and now my Son has denied you. As you've failed to recognize who I am, I've failed to recognize who you are and there remains only one thing to say...*DEPART FROM ME, I KNOW YOU NOT!*

Joe hangs his head and starts to cry.

He exits down the aisle.

VOICE: Oh, think what torment it will be, to think that you spent your life in pretending to be a Christian, and lost your opportunity of becoming one indeed! Your hell will be all the deeper, blacker, hotter, that you knew so much of Christ, and were so near Him, and found Him not. Robert Murray McCheyne

BLACKOUT.

PLEASE NOTE:

The ending, though sad, lays the perfect foundation for an altar call for both Christians and Non-Christians who don't want to share Joe's fate. I also want to highlight that getting saved is not just about avoiding Hell, but having a true and fulfilling relationship with our Creator and Saviour, not just in our earthly life...but for all eternity.