

The Original Stageplay

THE WAITING ROOM I



CHRISTIAN PLAYWRIGHT

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Sample Script



LIGHTS UP

Five characters lie unconscious on the stage. They are all dressed in black.

Michael is the first to jump to consciousness, startled.

He looks around with a confused expression on his face.

MICHAEL: Where am I? *(Gets to his feet and walks around looking at the others lying onstage).*

Michael begins to shake Kevin.

MICHAEL: Hey! *(Slaps him)* Wake up!

KEVIN: *(jumps to consciousness)* JAH! *(Michael is startled....he steps back).*

The other characters begin to stir and sit up. They look just as confused as the others.

KEVIN: *(holds his head)* I feel like I suffering from a serious hangover. *(Rubs his head looking around at the others)* But I don't remember drinking no rum last night. Must be the weed.

MICHAEL: And who are you?

KEVIN: Nooo, you don't ask Rasta who am I. Rasta should be the one to ask who are you?

MICHAEL: I don't know you. *(looks at the others)* I don't know anyone here. Why am I waking up in a room with strangers?

KEVIN: *(sees that he is wearing black)* Is where them clothes here come from. I man don't wear straight black. I have a very bad feeling bout this.

JANE: Who are you people?

MICHAEL: Why are you dressed like a terrorist?

JANE: *(pulls her hijab from over her mouth)* I am Muslim, not a terrorist.

KEVIN: Not much difference between the two, daughter.

MARIA: What is this place?

They walk about the room observing.

KEVIN: Jah know! This must be a dream. A very strange dream.

MICHAEL: Which one of us is dreaming?

They look at each other equally confused.

Pause. No one has an answer.

KEVIN: I don't like this one bit. *(starts searching his pockets and finds them empty)* Where is the I weed?

The others begin searching their pockets to find them also empty.

MICHAEL: My wallet is missing.

MARIE: No keys, no cell phone. Nothing.

Pause.

MICHAEL: We're being held hostage.

KEVIN: Noooo, Sherlock. Keep that to yourself. Nobody can take Rasta hostage. Jah would never approve.

MICHAEL: You have a better explanation?

No response.

They begin searching along the drapes UP, SL and SR. They find no opening or means of escape (though there should be an opening somewhere for characters to enter and exit from).

MICHAEL: There is no door....no window. Who would build a room without doors and windows?

KEVIN: Who would build a room without a bathroom? I don't like how I stomach feel.

MICHAEL: Why do you talk so weird?

JANE: He is a Jamaican Rastafarian. They speak with their own dialect. In his case, he is using I where there should be me and you.

MICHAEL: And that makes sense how?

JANE: Rastafarian is a religion, just like mine.

MARIA: You are a Muslim?

JANE: Yes.

MARIA: You were born a Muslim?

JANE: I wish I was. I grew up in a Christian home but eventually I found the truth.

MICHAEL: You talk as if there is an absolute truth.

JANE: There is.

MICHAEL: That is what I would expect a Christian to say. The truth is what you are willing to believe.

JANE: There is no God like Allah. That is absolute truth. *(Starts to bow her forehead to the ground repeatedly humming an unknown language).*

MARIA: This place is really creeping me out.

MICHAEL: It must be a dream. It's the only thing that makes sense.

JANE continues to bow and hum.

KEVIN: I feel like I was sleeping for a month.

MICHAEL: I think I heard a voice when I was waking up.

MARIA: What did it say?

MICHAEL: Something about it is appointed unto men to die once and after that some judgment or the other.

MARIA: Sounds like a quote from the Bible.

MICHAEL: The what?

FAITH: Hebrews 9:27.

MICHAEL: She speaks.

MARIA: Why would we be hearing a voice quoting scriptures?

FAITH: Because we are dead.

Pause.

Everyone is laughing except Faith. The laughter continues until BELLA enters. Maria is the first to see her and the first to stop laughing.

Maria just stares at her for a beat.

BELLA: Maria - - is that really you?

MARIA: *(in tears)* Yes, mom.

BELLA: I didn't expect to see you here so soon, but I'm grateful. I miss you so much.

MARIA: Mom.

BELLA: I wish I could stay and talk, but it's not allowed in this room.

Bella walks away.

MARIA: Where are you going, mom?

BELLA: All your questions will be answered soon, Maria.

MARIA: Things haven't been the same since you left. Can I just hug you before you go?

BELLA: We are not allowed to touch here either, but I hope we get to talk soon, Maria. I'm actually looking forward to it. See you soon.

Bella exits SR.

MICHAEL: Who was that?

MARIA: My mom.

MICHAEL: I guess we know now who's dreaming.

MARIA: My mom's been dead for five years.

Pause.

KEVIN: Why is the I seeing dead people?

FAITH: Because we are also dead.

KEVIN: I don't remember being dead and I would want to think that I would remember dying.

FAITH: You are not supposed to remember. Psalm 146:4 - When his breath leaves him, he returns to his earth; in that very day his thoughts, plans, and purposes perish.

MICHAEL: Lady, you are creeping me out, okay. If I was dead, I wouldn't be standing here now would I. There is no life after death. When you are dead, you are dead.

FAITH: My name is Faith, not lady...and there is life after death, whether you want to believe or not.

MICHAEL: Did I ask you for your name?

MARIA: Will you stop being such a dupe. We are all strangers who woke up in an empty room. How about we try to figure this thing out together, and hopefully find a way out of here?

KEVIN: Unity is strength is what I believe.

MICHAEL: Can you please replace the I with a me?

KEVIN: Unity is strength is what me believe.

MICHAEL: Okay, that still sounds wrong.

Pause.

JANE: Can you feel that?

MARIA: Feel what?

JANE: The heat. It's coming from over there (*points to wall SL*).

They walk over to SL.

MARIA: Something is burning behind this wall.

MICHAEL: This is going to sound weird, but it smells like human flesh burning.

JANE: How would you know that smell?

MICHAEL: I used to be a fireman before I became a lawyer.

KEVIN: No wonder you talk so much.

FAITH: You sound so proud.

MICHAEL: I have reason to be. Everybody knows who I am.

KEVIN: Except us.

MICHAEL: I don't know any of you, okay, but I can tell you that I have accomplished far more than you could ever dream in my life. I made more money than all five of us could spend in this lifetime.

FAITH: Thing is, your money, status, education and accomplishments have no value here.

MICHAEL: Listen, Fake...

FAITH: Faith.

MICHAEL: Whatever. I don't feel dead, okay. I feel normal, except I just can't seem to remember the last few days of my life.

JANE: Do you remember anything?

MICHAEL: Yes, I remember buying a plane ticket to spend my vacation in Miami. I can't even remember getting on the plane.

MARIA: I am from Miami.

KEVIN: Me live in Palm Beach.

MICHAEL: Please go back to saying I, and aren't you Jamaican?

KEVIN: I travel hard, yeah! I is always about my master's business.

FAITH: I lived in Panama City.

Everybody turns to look at Faith.

MARIA: Does the fact that you lived in the city of prostitution say something about you?

MICHAEL: Of course it does. You have prostitute written all over your face.

FAITH: You cannot judge someone by outward appearances.

MICHAEL: Sure you can. *(Points at Maria)* Well respected, law abiding citizen *(Points at Jane)* Terrorist *(Points at Kevin)* Idiot.

Kevin grabs at Michael, but Faith holds him.

FAITH: He is not worth it.

Silence.

Everyone looks to Jane who has a worried look on her face.

MICHAEL: What about you, Terrorist? Where are you from?

No response. Jane sits...tears filling her eyes.

MICHAEL: I guess that narrows it down. We are somewhere in Florida. Probably taken captive by some terrorist group.

MARIA: There are no terrorist in Florida.

MICHAEL: If there are Muslims in Florida, there are terrorist.

MARIA: None of this is making any sense. Why are we here? (*Screams offstage*) Why are we here?

ENTER RAFIK from SR heading SL. He stops just outside the room.

RAFIK: Jane.

Jane looks up to see a familiar face. She runs up closer to him, but he stops her before she touches him.

RAFIK: Don't touch me.

JANE: Why can't I touch my own husband?

RAFIK: You just can't, okay. It's not allowed here.

JANE: I was promised that I would be reunited with you as a reward for my sacrifice.

MICHAEL: Sacrifice?

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FAQ

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