

# Heaven's door

## *Synopsis*

Colin has crashed his car and finds himself at Heaven's door, where he is interviewed by Saint Peter, who has to fill out a form for The Boss.

## *Characters*

**Colin Watson** – An average guy in his mid-20s, married and enjoying life, but confused to find himself at heaven's door

Colin is dressed in a shirt and trousers and shoes – he was on his way home from work

**Saint Peter** – Gatekeeper at heaven's door, but he is not the ancient with a flowing white beard depicted in paintings. He is a Ricky Gervais-type character.

Peter is wearing a pair of jeans and sneakers, a T-shirt and suit jacket, and a hat – preferably a trilby or porkpie – pushed back on his head

## *Set and props*

### **The set is a bare room**

- Within view of the audience is a standard wooden door, preferably white or cream (the Pearly Gates are away for maintenance). The door is not touched during the play and doesn't open.
  - o If no door is available, the actors can refer to it as just out of sight off-stage.
- On the wall within view of the audience is a clock. It can be set to any time, but the time doesn't change during the play (see the latter part of the script).
  - o If no wall is available to hang the clock, a standard alarm clock on the desk will do. The audience doesn't have to see the time.

### **The props are**

- An ordinary table and two chairs near the centre of the room, one chair behind the table for St Peter and another chair in front of the table for visitors (in this case Colin)
  - o Both are placed so the characters are generally facing the audience
- A computer monitor is on the table placed so the audience can't see the screen. It doesn't have to be powered on
- A keyboard and a mouse that Peter uses are on the table. It doesn't matter if they're cordless or cabled.
- A jar with some coins in it is on the table. This is where Peter puts a coin if he swears.
- A rubbish bin is under the table
- A clock (see above)

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*Colin wanders into the room from the left with his hair tussled and clothes in a bit of disarray, and looks around in confusion.*

*Peter wanders in from the other side with a paper bag that had held his lunch and wiping his hands and mouth on a paper serviette. He sees Colin, leans over his desk to look at the monitor, and taps the keyboard a couple of times.*

**Peter** Ah... who are you?

**Colin** Colin... um Colin Watson

*(hesitantly)* Who are you? What is this place? How did I get here?

*Peter sits down at his desk, screws up the serviette and paper bag, and throws them into the bin. He then types a bit and moves the mouse before hitting enter. Reads for a bit then replies:*

**Peter** Ah, yes... Colin.

Road crash – hit a power pole... That’s a bit silly. How’d you manage that?

The power company’s not happy

**Colin** But who are you?

**Peter** I’m Peter – I guess SAINT Peter to you

*Peter gestures at the door*

**Peter** This is the Pearly Gates mate... but they’ve been taken away for maintenance.

Your crash was a bad one

**Colin** You’re not Saint Peter.

**Peter** Yes I am.

**Colin** But you don’t look like him.

**Peter** What am I supposed to look like?

**Colin** Old, big white beard, bald, wearing a white robe. And you’re meant to have a big book that you write in.

**Peter** Bollocks!!

*Peter frowns and tutts in frustration, reaches into his pocket for a coin, and throws it noisily into the jar*

**Peter** Michelangelo and his mates have a lot to answer for... He still thinks it’s funny. The cartoonists picked up on that... They’ve got me looking like the druid from the cartoon strip...

I assure you I’m Peter, and this is the doorway to heaven.

As for the book... we've computerised. It's way faster...

**Colin** So you're going to decide if I get into heaven...

**Peter** Oh no!! That's way above my pay grade.

The Boss does that, I just do the report and pass it through to Him.

**Colin** So how does it work? Do you have everything on that computer?

**Peter** Yep, pretty much.

We've got three categories.

The first is for the real bad bastards.

*Peter tutts again and rummages for another coin that he throws into the jar*

These guys are murderers and the like, and they basically go straight down the chute.

Category 2 are people who do bad stuff like robberies and ripping people off, corporate thieves – yes, we get them in the end.

We've also got a special sub-category for phone scammers – Moses is in charge of that lot... lots of biblical plagues and stuff...

Category 3 is where most people go – people like you probably.

*Colin scratches his head and shifts uneasily in his chair.*

**Colin** So, what sorts of bad things have I done? I've been pretty good by and large.

**Peter** Oh, there's all sorts of stuff. A lot of it might seem pretty petty, but it all goes into how well you've lived your life.

Everyone's different.

**Colin** Like what?

**Peter** Well take Harry Knight...

He was just a domineering little...

*Peter pauses, pats the pocket the coins are in and shakes his head briefly in frustration*

... so-and-so.

Always demeaning his wife, refused to let her watch what she wanted to on TV, ridiculed her ideas, criticised her conversation...

... made her life a misery.

So, he's rooming here with a very angry, very large former professional wrestler called Andre, who spends most of his days watching reruns of Coronation Street. Absolutely batty about it – actually, he's probably absolutely batty full-stop.

Harry'll probably be there for a couple of lifetimes.

Then there's Louise.

She was one self-opinionated cow who was always right, never stopped talking, talked over you, had something to say about everything...

Terrible woman. I could hardly get a word in edgeways when she came through here.

She's rooming with Sister Mary Rosa.

Sister Rosa was a teaching nun and a chain-smoker. Terrified the kids who couldn't do their times-tables. Belted them with her ruler.

She's as short-tempered as...

*Peter shifts the money jar*

... anything.

Sister Rosa really does know a lot about a lot, and she interrupts Louise and fact-checks everything she says. And she's still got her ruler...

Louise is NOT happy.

So that's how it works.

**Colin** So what about me?

*Peter straightens up in his chair, types a bit then hits the enter key.*

**Peter** Right, let's get started...

Murders? Violence? Bank robberies?

**Colin** No

**Peter** Hey, just as an aside, you didn't happen to work in accounts did you?

Abraham loves that TV series Colin from Accounts, and he always gets a chuckle when we get a real one through...

**Colin** No way.

**Peter** Larceny? Fraud? White-collar crime? Taking deposits and not delivering?

**Colin** Um, no.

**Peter** Right, Category 3

Ripping off the tax department with false tax returns?

**Colin** Not really. I only claimed what I was entitled to.

**Peter** Come on! You stretched it with inflated claims and things you never did. That new laptop was not for your job.

**Colin** Everyone does that.

**Peter** No they don't.

What about the insurance claim for the cellphone? You claimed it fell out of your back pocket into the toilet, but it didn't did it? A new model had just been released...

*Colin shifts awkwardly and gets up to walk around before sitting down again.*

**Peter** Speeding – that's breaking the law.

**Colin** Everyone does that.

**Peter** Mother Theresa didn't... then again, she never learned to drive either.

Lying...

I can't believe you told your future wife you were five years older than you actually were when you met.

**Colin** I didn't mean to. The guys next to me were discussing the rugby and one of them said the score was 25-17 or something, and it just slipped out.

And I eventually fessed up

**Peter** Only because she was going to cancel her overseas trip to stay and marry you.

**Colin** She forgave me... She actually thought it was funny.

**Peter** Mmmm

**Colin** It was only a white lie. It didn't do any harm in the end...

*Peter smacks the desk with his palm angrily and leans back in his chair.*

**Peter** White lie?? White lie?? What the heck is a white lie?

Someone just made that up to justify lying.

Nowhere...! Nowhere in ANY of the Good Books do they talk about white lies!

It's absolute bollocks!

Damn...

*Peter reaches into his pocket and pulls out two coins and throws them into the jar.*

Truth is truth and lies are lies. They're not colour-coded!

**Colin** But we all tell porkies from time to time – we're not bloody saints!

*Peter leans forward in his seat and pushes the money jar towards Colin.*

*Colin looks at the jar confused for a minute, then pats his pockets.*

**Colin** My wallet's in the car...

*Peter sighs and puts another coin in the jar.*

**Peter** Look Colin... Life's a balance.

You do something wrong and – within reason – you try to balance it out.

How many times do you walk past the people selling raffle tickets at the table outside the supermarket and not buy one to help out?

How many times do you ignore the sausage sizzle outside the hardware store raising money to send the football team to a competition?

You can't erase the wrongs, but you can do things that help balance the other stuff. Everything you do matters.

Anyway, let's see where you're at...

*Peter suddenly sits up and looks at the screen more closely.*

**Peter** Right. Message from The Boss... He wants me to send you back.

Seems you're going to have three kids, and one of them is going to make a discovery that will be a medical breakthrough... Your wife's pregnant.

Congratulations by the way.

**Colin** You know how many kids I'm going to have?

*Peter nods.*

**Colin** Wow! What about the other two. How are they going to turn out?

*Peter taps the keyboard and moves and clicks the mouse,, then shakes his head..*

**Peter** Ah, not too well...

One's going to be a politician and the other's going to be a late-night radio talkback host.

**Colin** But how are you going to send me back?

*Peter moves the mouse again and clicks a couple of times and studies the screen, then looks up.*

**Peter** The ambulance guys are still working on you, so there's plenty of time.

**Colin** But I've been up here talking to you for ages. Won't I be brain damaged or something?

**Peter** Look at the clock Colin. It hasn't moved. This entire conversation has taken a nano-second in your time. You'll be fine. Just go out that way.

*Colin shakes his head in confusion, but gets up and heads for the exit off-stage.*

**Colin** Well, thanks I guess.

**Peter** Look Colin, you've got a second chance so make the most of it.

...And when you go out, send the next one in will you?

*As Colin walks off he looks at the "next person" sitting in the waiting area out of sight of the audience, stops for a second and jerks his thumb.*

**Colin** Your turn now...

But you're not going to believe it...!

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