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*Dramatic Publishing*

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A Comedy In One Act

# The Man Who Died and Went to Heaven

By  
JOHN O'BRIEN



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(THE MAN WHO DIED AND WENT TO HEAVEN)

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The first performance of **THE MAN WHO DIED AND WENT TO HEAVEN** was presented by the Greenroom Dramatic Society of Malden High School, Malden, Massachusetts, with the following cast:

**BILL** . . . . . Jay Goober  
**BELLHOP** . . . . . Liam Brooks  
**MANAGER** . . . . . Annika Hallen  
**WOMAN** . . . . . Sharon Swartz  
**SCRATCH** . . . . . Bob Gateau  
**WIFE** . . . . . Michelle Capra

Directed by . . . . . John O'Brien

BILL. Thank you.

BELLHOP. Please accept our apologies.

BILL. For what?

BELLHOP. For the delay.

BILL. I'll overlook it this time.

BELLHOP. The manager will be in to welcome you soon.

BILL. fine.

BELLHOP. Will that be all, sir?

BILL. Yes, thank you.

BELLHOP. You're welcome. (BILL finds his bathrobe draped on a chair next to the bed. He fishes in the pockets.)

BILL. I'd give you a tip, but I don't seem to have any money just now.

BELLHOP. That's all right, sir. The pay here is most adequate.

BILL. I'll take care of you later.

BELLHOP. That won't be necessary. We hope you enjoy your stay.

BILL. I'm sure I will.

BELLHOP. It's an unusual guest who doesn't.

BILL. Tell me something.

BELLHOP. At your service.

BILL. Don't tell anybody I asked you this, but when did I arrive?

BELLHOP. Last night, sir.

BILL. Last night?

BELLHOP. During a fog.

BILL. I don't remember it.

BELLHOP. Will that be all, sir?

BILL. Yes, thank you.

BELLHOP. Toodles. (He exits.)

BILL. Toodles. (His appetite gets the better of his bewilderment. He continues eating. There is a knock at the door.) Come in.

(The MANAGER enters DL. She wears a "Hotel Heaven" T-shirt.)

MANAGER. Good morning.

BILL. I think you have the wrong room.

MANAGER. Why do you say that?

BILL. I was expecting the manager.

MANAGER. I am the manager.

BILL. Oh.

MANAGER. Are you enjoying your stay?

BILL. Scout's honor?

MANAGER. Scout's honor.

BILL. I don't know where I am. I'm confused.

I don't remember checking in.

MANAGER. Nobody ever does.

BILL. What do you mean?

MANAGER. It's never easy to say this.

BILL. Say what?

MANAGER. You're dead.

BILL. You're crazy.

MANAGER. This is Heaven.

BILL. Very funny.

MANAGER. I am God.

BILL (wrapping sheet over his head). And I am  
Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother.

MANAGER. It's the truth.

BILL. Prove it.

MANAGER. Breakfast wasn't proof enough?

BILL. Do you think I just got off the boat?

MANAGER. How about this? (She opens a drawer  
in the bed table and takes out a photograph  
album. She hands it to him.)

BILL. Where did you get this?

MANAGER. From the table.

BILL. That's not what I mean.

MANAGER. Just some pictures I took.

BILL. "You" took?

MANAGER (opening album and turning a page for  
BILL). Do you like them?

BILL. Wait a minute. This is my mother and  
father and me.

MANAGER. I rather like that one.

BILL. But I'm in the Army.

MANAGER. You looked quite striking in uniform.

BILL. But my father died two years before I joined the Army.

MANAGER. Pity, he would have been so proud of you.

BILL. This is a fake picture.

MANAGER. Is it?

BILL. What camera did you use?

MANAGER. No camera, just my imagination. (She lays the album aside.)

BILL. I still don't believe it.

MANAGER. Look under the sheet.

BILL. Under the sheet? (He looks.)

MANAGER. What do you see?

BILL. My feet.

MANAGER. What color are your toenails?

BILL. White.

MANAGER. What color would you like them to be?

BILL. All right, I'll go along with the joke ... green.

MANAGER. Look again. (BILL does.)

BILL. All right, all right, I believe, I believe.

MANAGER. That saves time.

BILL. I didn't mean any disrespect.

MANAGER. It's understandable.

BILL. No offense?

MANAGER. No offense.

BILL. So this is really Heaven.

MANAGER. Any complaints?

BILL. No, no, of course not. The French toast is excellent.

MANAGER. Made it myself.

BILL. May I ask a question?

MANAGER. Of course.

BILL. Was that you on the phone?

MANAGER. One of my agents.

BILL. And the bellhop?

MANAGER. He's been here since the beginning.

BILL. The beginning?

MANAGER. Actually, a little before the beginning.

BILL. Before the beginning?

MANAGER. Is there anything I can get you?

BILL. I'm fine.

MANAGER. Then I'll go off on my rounds.

BILL. Your rounds?

MANAGER. There are other guests to welcome.

BILL. I hope they're happy here.

MANAGER. Most people are.

BILL. Not all?

MANAGER. You can't please everybody.

BILL. I suppose not.

MANAGER. Toodles. (She starts to exit.)

BILL. May I have my toenails back?

MANAGER. I'm getting absent-minded. (BILL peeks under the sheet.)

BILL. Thanks.

MANAGER. Don't mention it.

BILL. By the way, what happens to the people who don't like it here?

MANAGER. They go elsewhere.

BILL. Another hotel?

MANAGER. You might call it that.

BILL. A different kind of hotel?

MANAGER. Quite different.

BILL. Are you in charge of that one, too?

MANAGER. One of my old friends runs it.

BILL. One of your "old" friends?

MANAGER. One of my "former" friends.

BILL. I don't think I'd like to be one of your former friends.

MANAGER. I hope you never are.

BILL. You hope. Don't you know?

MANAGER. Scout's honor?

BILL. Scout's honor.

MANAGER. Yes.

BILL. Doesn't that take away the fun?

MANAGER. It would if I let myself think about it.

BILL. Why don't you do something about it?

MANAGER. What can I do?

BILL. Can't you do anything?



MANAGER. Anything but two things.

BILL. What two things?

MANAGER. Change the past.

BILL. And?

MANAGER. Change the fact that I know everything.

BILL. But if you can't stop yourself from knowing everything, you can't change the future, either.

MANAGER. You're the first in a long time to figure that out.

BILL. One more question.

MANAGER. Just one.

BILL. Where did you come from?

MANAGER. I was in the lobby, checking the guest list.

BILL. That's not what I mean.

MANAGER. I know.

BILL. Well?

MANAGER. Scout's honor?

BILL. Scout's honor.

MANAGER. I don't remember.

BILL. But if you don't, who does?

MANAGER. Toodles. (She exits.)

BILL. Toodles. (Too excited to finish his breakfast, he puts his tray aside and gets out of bed. He opens the window but does not look out. Preparing to do his deep-breathing exercises, he takes off his pajama top and is surprised to find a "Hotel Heaven" T-shirt underneath. As he starts his breathing exercises, there is a knock at the door.) Come in.

(A WOMAN enters. She is wearing a "Hotel Heaven" T-shirt and carries a golf club.)

WOMAN. Hi.

BILL. Hello.

WOMAN. Welcome to the club.

BILL. Thanks.

WOMAN. I heard there was someone new.

BILL. You heard?