

WHATEVER HAPPENS IN YOUR HEART - A PLAY

A PLAY for three characters: JIM, MOHAMMED, GOD.

SCENE 1

A small room, a window in one wall. No furniture except for one table and two kitchen-style wooden chairs.

The chairs are occupied; one by Jim, an ordinary working man, who has a job in a bakery. The other chair is occupied by God. He has a long white beard and is clothed in a long white gown.

As the play begins, Jim is looking round the room, mystified. He tries to move his chair but he can't. He tries to get up but can't. God sits impassively, watching him.

JIM:

“Where am I? Who are you? How did I get here?”

GOD:

“One question at a time please, Jim.”

JIM:

“How do you know my name? Have we met before?”

GOD:

“That's two questions, Jim. You must try to be more patient.”

JIM:

“Oh, must I? Well you'd better tell me what I'm doing here or I'm off.”

GOD:

“That's not possible, I'm afraid. We have to go through this interview to decide your future.”

JIM:

“Decide my future? Is this a job interview? I haven't applied for any job. I'm happy at the bakery. I like buns. There's no chance I might be offered a bun here is there?”

GOD:

“No. No buns.”

JIM:

“Look, I’ve got to go. There’s a bun waiting for me at work.”

SFX:

Sound of chair scrapping on the floor.

JIM:

“I can’t get out of this chair. What’s going on here? Who are you?”

GOD:

“I go by many names.”

JIM:

“Just one will do for now.”

GOD:

“Alright. Some people call me Jehovah.”

(Jim guffaws.)

JIM:

“Yeah, right. Of course they do.”

GOD:

“Or do you prefer Yahweh?”

JIM:

“Not really. I have never heard that name.”

GOD:

“Or God Almighty?”

JIM

“Are you trying to tell me you are God Almighty?”

GOD:

“Well... yes.”

JIM:

“This is a dream, right? I’ve dreamt you up in my sleep.”

GOD:

“No, Jim. This is really me. You may find that difficult to believe.”

JIM:

“Dead right I do.”

GOD:

“Ah, now you’ve hit the nail on the head.”

JIM

“What do you mean?”

GOD:

“You’re Dead... Right?”

(Jim laughs again, a nervous laugh, but not for long.)

JIM:

“What am I here for? Why are you seeing me?”

GOD:

“So many questions you have. I interview everyone who dies to see if they are suitable for entry into my Kingdom of Heaven.”

JIM:

“But you can’t possibly do that. There wouldn’t be enough time. There are thousands dying every day.”

GOD;

“Ah, you’re wrong there. About the time, I mean; not the thousands dying. You see time is only a concept dreamt up by man. It doesn’t apply to me. Time is infinite.”

J IM:

“So, are you telling me I have died? ”How did that happen? I have no memory of that.”

GOD:

“It’s usually better if you don’t. Nobody wants to remember their own death. Some are pretty gruesome and others cause much pain. Did you know that 100% of deaths are caused by lack of breath? No matter what else happens it’s the lack of breath that kills you.”

JIM:

“I don’t think that’s funny.”

GOD:

"I'll tell you then. You were hit by a bus."

JIM:

"Good Lord."

GOD:

"No, I wasn't very good. I didn't intervene."

JIM:

"You could have saved me?"

GOD:

"Possibly but it's not my policy and that's beside the point."

JIM:

"No it isn't. That's my life you're talking about."

GOD:

"If I saved everybody where would we be? Earth would be totally overcrowded."

JIM:

"Some say it is already."

GOD:

"Look, Jim, this is all very pleasant talking to you but its not why you are here."

JIM:

"You can't leave me not knowing more details about how I died and how I got here, wherever 'here' may be. That's not fair."

GOD

"Did no one tell you that life isn't fair? Or death for that matter. I told you about the bus, didn't I? You were waiting at the stop with your neighbour and friend, Mohammed Ali Shah, when the driver lost control and ran you down. Made a right mess on the pavement."

JIM:

"He's not my friend."

GOD:

“What did you say?”

JIM:

“He’s not my friend, he just lives next door. Well, he used to. Did he die too?”

GOD:

“Yes he did.”

JIM:

“He’s not my friend. I hardly know him and I certainly don’t speak to him.”

GOD:

“Why not?”

JIM:

“He’s a Muslim. We have nothing in common.”

GOD:

“Really? You live next door and catch the same bus; that’s two things you have in common. I’m sure there are must be more.”

JIM:

“You know what I mean.”

GOD:

“No, I’m afraid I don’t.”

JIM:

“But your followers don’t care for Muslims. Didn’t the Bible say that?”

GOD:

“I wrote the words that went into the Bible and I don’t recall that bit. Perhaps you can direct me towards the right place. Do you have a Bible, Jim?”

JIM:

“No. I’ve never read the Bible.”

(Jim catches sight of his neighbour Mohammed, through the window)

JIM:

Hey, that was my neighbour walking past your window. What the hell is he doing here? I thought you said this was to find out if I was suited to the Kingdom of Heaven.”

GOD:

“So it is.”

JIM:

“But he’s Muslim. What’s he doing here?”

GOD:

“Whoever said Muslims couldn’t enter the Kingdom of Heaven?”

JIM:

“Well... I don’t know. Someone must have.”

GOD:

“If it wasn’t me, Jim, who would it be?”

JIM:

“But they worship Allah, don’t they?”

GOD:

“Ah, yes. That’s another one of my names.”

JIM:

“So, you’re telling me that you are the leader of all the religions.”

GOD:

“You sound as if you don’t believe me.”

JIM:

“No. That is very difficult to believe.”

GOD:

“There are very few humans who believe I created the whole of the universe in six days. Somehow I think they never will, so I’m not surprised at your doubt.”

JIM:

“But they are not Christian.”

GOD:

“Who?”

JIM:

“The other religions.”

GOD:

”Are you, Jim? Are you a Christian?”

JIM:

“What do you mean? Of course I’m Christian.”

GOD:

“You’ve already told me that you don’t own a Bible or even read one and that you don’t consider your neighbour to be your friend. That doesn’t sound very Christian to me. Perhaps I should not consider you as a candidate for entry to my Kingdom. What do you think, Jim?”

JIM:

“Wait a minute. Did you just say you were Allah too?”

GOD:

“That’s right.”

JIM:

“How can you be both? They are different religions. Do you interview them when they die as well?”

GOD:

“Yes.”

JIM:

“Dressed as you are now?”

GOD:

“No. I appear in the clothes and I adopt the appearance they expect me to. I see you are a little disbelieving. You don’t think that the creator of the universe can change his appearance?”

JIM:

“What about Mohammed? Is he trying to work his way in?”

GOD:

“I don’t usually discuss individuals but, seeing as you ask, I saw Mohammed shortly before you as he passed away several minutes before you did. By the way, he has a Bible, which he reads and he considers you as a friend although you are a little distant. He seems like a good candidate for Heaven.”

JIM:

“Whereas I am not, I suppose?”

GOD

“I haven’t said that, have I? You may have a chance to redeem yourself.

JIM:

“How?”

GOD:

“We haven’t even touched on the subject of my ten commandments yet. I assume you have heard of them even though you profess to never reading the Bible, but do you follow my commandments?”

JIM:

“Well...”

GOD:

“From your hesitation I’m guessing the answer is no. You do not surprise me. “

(Sadly)

Very few of the people I see have read them. The numbers of those who live their life by them are rare.

I won’t ask you which you have broken but you should think about it.

Mind you, I’ve been thinking of changing the wording and downgrading them to suggestions. After all, how many nowadays have an ass their neighbour may covet? Almost nobody takes any notice of ‘thou shalt not commit adultery’ and even less ‘thou shalt not steal.’”

JIM:

“But the leaders of the religious groups...”

GOD:

“You must get away from thinking of the religions. They are not important. What is important is whatever happens in your heart. That is all that matters.”

JIM:

“Religion is not important?”

GOD.

“You won’t find redemption in Churches, Mosques, Synagogues, you will only find redemption from within yourself, Nobody is born with religion. It is a choice they make.”

JIM:

“Some people would disagree.”

GOD:

“Oh, it fulfils a purpose. It keeps the human race holding on to the idea that there is an afterlife that is worth striving for, something at the end of the rainbow, metaphorically. And there are people to fight who don’t hold the same views as themselves.

Have you noticed that humans like to fight even though they profess not to. Without the afterlife and without fighting what would be the point in them living at all? Ponder on that, Jim.”

JIM:

“Is there an afterlife?”

GOD:

“I’m sorry, Jim, as much as I am enjoying our discussion I have other people to see.”

JIM:

“You said time wasn’t important.”

GOD:

“Not to me but it is to them. Now, I like you Jim and I’m going to give you another chance but you have to work at it. Make

sure there is love in your heart for all your fellow beings.
Remember, that is all that matters. Now, who's next on my list. Ah,
Harry Bloom. I believe you know him."

JIM:

"No, not Harry as well. But he's Jewish isn't he? Why would he...?"

GOD:

"I think we've covered that point? Goodbye Jim."

FADE OUT

FADE IN

SCENE 2

SFX: Traffic noises;
JIM and MOHAMMED are standing at a bus stop.

JIM

"Your name is Mohammed isn't it?"

MOHAMMED

"Yes, it is. Are you Jim? I heard your wife call you that the other day."

JIM:

"The bus will be a few minutes yet. I'm just going to pop in to the bakers shop to look at the buns. I love buns. Would you like one?"

MOHAMMED:

"That would be very kind of you. I would like a bun too. Thank you."

JIM:

"Two Chelsea buns please. I think I've got the right change here."

(JIM puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out a card.)

“Hello, what’s this? It’s a card.”

MOHAMMED:

“What does it say?”

JIM:

“ It says, ‘Whatever happens in your heart is all that matters.’”

MOHAMMED:

“I had a card like that in my jacket this morning.”

JIM:

“Where do you think the they came from? What does it mean?”

SFX: (SQUEALING OF TYRES AND LOUD CRASH AS BUS SMASHES INTO BUS SHELTER.)

JIM:

“My God, Mohammed, that’s our bus, ploughing into the shelter.”

MOHAMMED:

“If we hadn’t gone for these buns we’d have been killed. God must be on our side.”

FADE OUT

