

A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN

By Jonathan Joy

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CHARACTERS

WILLIE (M): an exhaustingly impatient man

EVE (F): young woman dressed in white

MARGARET (F): a nice, older woman in her sixties

NINA (F): another young woman dressed in white

(Lights up on a sparsely decorated stage containing five pieces of furniture: a desk and four chairs. Behind the desk sits NINA, scribbling furiously on a notepad. WILLIE sits in another chair with his head in his hands. MARGARET sits content in a chair opposite WILLIE. The other chair remains empty.)

WILLIE: **(looking up at NINA)** Excuse me, ma'am.

NINA: Sir, if you just keep your seat and wait your turn, I'll be right with you.

WILLIE: I've been waiting for hours.

NINA: Be patient. We'll be with you shortly. **(Pause. Her coldness toward WILLIE turns to delight when addressing MARGARET.)**
Margaret.

MARGARET: Yes, dear.

NINA: It's time to go in.

MARGARET: Oh, good.

WILLIE: I don't believe it.

(MARGARET rises and crosses to the desk. NINA hands her a folder, a polite smile, indicates the direction in which SHE should go, and again begins scribbling in her notepad. MARGARET exits SR. Pause. NINA puts her notepad away, replaces it with a large sign reading "Closed for the day," and rises to leave.)

WILLIE: Closed? You can't be closed. I've been...

NINA: **(exiting)** Waiting for hours. I know. Someone will be right with you.

(NINA exits SL and is quickly replaced with EVE, another young woman dressed in white. WILLIE, head buried in hands once again, fails to notice his new companion.)

WILLIE: Oh, my God!

EVE: Hey, watch your mouth.

WILLIE: **(surprised)** What?

EVE: Willie Randolph, right?

WILLIE: How do you know my name?

EVE: I know all about you.

WILLIE: You do?

EVE: Nina says you've been giving her a hard time. Here, I brought you a Coke.

WILLIE: Thank you. Who are you?

EVE: Umm. It's a bit complex. Anyway, it's beside the point for now.

WILLIE: I don't get it. Where am I? What am I doing here?

EVE: Mr. Randolph, I'm afraid there's been a mistake.

WILLIE: A mistake?

EVE: I don't quite know how to put this, so I'm just going to come out and say it. You're not supposed to be here.

WILLIE: What are you talking about?

EVE: Willie, you're dead.

WILLIE: I'm dead?

EVE: Yes, quite dead, in fact. Mowed down by a tractor. Pretty convincing death.

WILLIE: That's absurd.

EVE: Doctors tried to save you but with your parts being spread out the way they were... well, it's easier said than done.

WILLIE: **(rising)** I want out of here!

EVE: Not as bad as we want you out, trust me. We weren't expecting you for another twenty-two years.

WILLIE: Just point me to the exit.

EVE: Sit down!

WILLIE: **(sitting)** Okay, I'll play along. Where exactly am I?

EVE: Well, you don't see any wailing and gnashing of teeth do you?

(SHE laughs really hard at her own joke. WILLIE doesn't.) Sorry, just a little joke. Trying to lighten the moment, I guess.

WILLIE: **(to himself)** This is a bad dream. That's all. I'm having a dream. I'll wake up any time now.

EVE: I wish it was a dream. It's real though. Trust me.

WILLIE: Wait a minute. If this is real...and I'm not supposed to be here?

EVE: Not at all.

WILLIE: Well then, where am I supposed to... ohh.

EVE: Willie...

WILLIE: Oh, no. If I'm not supposed to be here... well there's not a lot of other places I could be is there? Oh, no. NO!

EVE: You don't understand.

WILLIE: I think I understand just fine. What was it, huh?

EVE: Excuse me?

WILLIE: I never killed anybody. I didn't steal from anyone. What was it? I loved my neighbor, treated others the way I'd want to be treated and all that...

EVE: Mr. Randolph, calm down. This is a perfectly natural reaction to something entirely unnatural. I understand your frustration.

WILLIE: Oh, it can't be the "Lord's name in vain thing." Come on, how petty is that? It just can't be that.

EVE: It's not.

WILLIE: What was it? I don't understand how something like this could happen.

EVE: Shut up! **(pause)** You're not supposed to be here or there. Your number wasn't up yet. It's all a mistake.

WILLIE: Say again.

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