

AFTER AFTERLIFE

By Leon Kaye

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AFTER-AFTERLIFE

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CAST: ALEX, a teenage surfer

(Enters, HE is dressed very casually)

ALEX: Yo everyone, my name is Alex. I played Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet last year, remember? **(pause)** I know, I really messed up. Sorry. I promise if you cast me in Steel Mangoes, I'll study this time and I won't forget my lines. And I know I can be an awesome Mango. **(pause)** Steel Magnolias? What is that, a mixed drink or something? **(pause)** Oh, a flower? Well, isn't that like some kind of like girly play then? I mean like. . . **(pause)** Oh? All girls in this play? And they're made of steel? Cool. **(pause)** Oh, steel as in strong as steel. . . like Superman. I can be a steel magnolia, I know I can. Please, give me a chance. I can do the wig. I can like do all the chick stuff and I can wear high heels. I did on Halloween and when I died last month. I know I could remember the. . . **(pause)** How did I die? Well, it's kind of a long story. **(pause)** Yeah, I did die like a year ago. But I died last month too. Kind of a coincidence really. I probably wouldn't have died if I were wearing my crash helmet, but you know me, I'm always forgetting my helmet. Then I'm smashing my head which makes me forgetful, and I forget my helmet, and then I hit my head and. . . what was I talking about? **(pause)** Right. I was riding my cousin's mini-bike, and I was popping a wheelie with my feet on the handlebars. **(points to someone in the audience)** I know, like so awesome. But the bike flips on me, and I go sailing up in the air. And like when I land, I'm not hurt at all, but I'm floating and I'm looking down on myself. . . like it's a movie, and the dude on the ground looks dead -- only it's me. And then I'm like on this big, white escalator. And I'm going up, up, up -- higher than the clouds. And I come on this flat area, and I come up to this dude with keys in his hand. And he asks me what I've done in my life to deserve getting into heaven. And I told him, once, I went deep sea fishing with my uncle, and I caught a twenty-two inch striped bass. And the dude was very impressed, and he said it didn't matter if I was good or bad in my life, that anyone that catches any fish over twelve inches is worthy in his book. So I guess the moral of that story is, if you wanna get into heaven, get yourself a boat and go deep sea fishing. So he opens these pearly gates, and they are real pearls, by the way. And I walk in and I see these dudes wearing white robes. And I follow them. And one of them is talking about global warming and how he just bought property in south Florida and how he's so-o toast. **(points to someone in audience)** Yeah, I like global warming too. Who cares about the

glaciers? Summer 24-7! So anyway, I need to use the bathroom, so I ask the dudes where the john is. And one guy says, "Do you mean the Baptist, or the Divine?" And I'm like thinking I prefer indoor plumbing, so I say the Baptist. And he points to this dude wearing like a cave man outfit. So I'm thinking maybe he's the janitor. **(pause)** No, he can't be Fred Flintstone cause Fred Flintstone is a cartoon. And so I go the janitor and before I can say anything, he's pointing to me and saying I need to cleanse myself of all my iniquity. And I'm thinking, well yeah, that's why I need to go to the men's room, dude! But then like these paparazzi start taking pictures of him and he holds his hand over his face and he's yelling, "It is not yet my time." And he rushes off. **(pause)** I know, like so rude. Then there's this little nun that comes running up to me, calling me the poorest of the poor. And she's gotta be psychic or something cause I got like three dollars in my pocket, and it's monopoly money. So she tries to pick me up in her arms to take me somewhere so she can help me better, only she can't cause I'm like twice as big as she is. And she starts yelling, "Die, Die," which freaks me out cause I thought nuns were not supposed to be doing bogus stuff. But what she was doing was calling her friend, Lady Di, to come and help lift me up. And this Lady Di is pretty big -- like a power lifter **(to audience)** Yeah, the chick's been pumping iron. Only the paparazzi get wind of her, and they're rushing back. So the little nun starts swinging a broom at them, yelling "You don't wanna be messin' with a saint!" Meanwhile, Lady Di rushes off. And they all go running off into the clouds. Then I see this pretty girl, with wings, wearing a white robe. And she's got like extra conditioner in her hair cause it's like glowing -- like gold all around her head. And she asks me if I want to see the Holy of Holies. Ya know, Charlton Heston. And I hear that dude likes to shoot guns, so I say like no way. Next thing I know, before I can say anything, two fat Italian guys with pinstripe suits come at me from behind and pick me up from under my arms, and they're like saying **(Italian accent)** "So you don't love the godfather, eh? No respect. No respect." And I'm like thinking these guys are in the mafia -- the heavenly mafia. And then I figure that since I'm in heaven, they can't be killing me, right? Killing people that are already in heaven would be super-flowus. **(points to someone in audience)** Learned that word in S-A-T prep. **(pause)** Oh, yeah, I'm going to college. Big Sur University! **(raises his hand to high five, then sheepishly lowers it when there's nobody to high five with)** So these mafia guys, what's the worst they can do to me? Tickle me, maybe? So I start mocking them. I start saying **(Italian accent)** You Guido, you ever taste my momma's macaroni? Fuhgedaboutit! And they start laughing and cracking jokes while they're carrying me, and you know, they weren't such bad dudes. They were a couple of goodfellas. And they bring me to the top of this giant slide. And they tell me the boss wants me to "take a little trip. Heh-heh-heh."

(pause) Yeah, they laughed like sinister. Like the bad guys on Scooby-Doo. So I'm looking down this slide, and I'm totally stoked cause I do love slides, especially water slides like at Six Flags. So I'm digging this trip already. **(points to audience)** Yeah, right, little did I know. So I'm going down this slide. . . down, down, down. . . faster. . . only this slide don't seem to end, like the last half our of "The Aviator." And I get to the bottom and I hit this pile of straw and sawdust. And I crawl out and there's this dark gloomy place.

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