



# Squawking Heads

by  
MAX DRAYTON

**YESTERDAY, I DIED, AND TODAY I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO**

**A play by Max Drayton**

*Approx. 8 minutes.*

**CAST:**

**GEORGINA:** Any age over 50 – preferably elderly

**DAN THE MAN** 20+

**SET:**

Two chairs and spotlights.

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## **YESTERDAY, I DIED, AND TODAY I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO**

*(OPENING MUSIC.*

ENTER **GEORGINA** AND SITS ON CHAIR.

LIGHTS UP ON **GEORGINA**)

Yesterday, I died. And today I don't know what to do.

This isn't at all what I expected.

To say it was sudden, is an understatement. I was sitting watching Holby when....the lights went out. I must have fallen asleep because when I awoke there was .....this dazzling white light everywhere and this charming young man was looking into my eyes.

I said, 'What's happened?'

And he said, 'You've passed away, Georgina. Welcome to the half-way house. Are you feeling all right?'

I said, quick as a flash, 'All right for a dead person, I suppose. Dead? Am I dead?' I said.

'Yes.' He said.

'Are you sure?' I said.

He said, 'I'm very sure. Just take your time. Adjust to your surroundings and I'll be back shortly.' Then he walked away into the light and disappeared.

What surroundings I thought? I can only see white light everywhere.

However, I feel nothing at all. Not hot, not cold. Every ache that's plagued me for years has evaporated.

I'm starting to believe that nice young man.

Now, time is a very funny thing, space, more so. Here I was with unlimited space, or so it seemed, and as much time as I needed. But for what? I'd nothing to do, nothing to occupy my mind. If I'd been alive and at home, time tended to pass slowly. Here, there was no .....yardstick, that's the word. Nothing to judge the passing of time.

So...I've no idea how long it was before the nice young man came back. He had with him a nice young woman. They were both polite and took time to explain my situation.

Although dead, I was not yet in heaven.

(GIGGLES)

I thought I was more bound for the other way.

(POINTS TO THE FLOOR)

Only kidding.

But....I was here for a while, so I could acclimatise myself to my demise. Apparently, Heaven is a pretty awesome place and has to be approached in stages. Stage one, here, where I woke up.

To help pass the time, they said, I could review my whole life, in incredible detail, as they restored all my memory to full working order.

They smiled and said they'd be back when I'd finished.

Well....I really didn't know where to start. What was my earliest recollection?

I remember as a young girl climbing a tree with the boy next door. Then, before I knew it, I remembered much earlier stuff. A cot, cradle and pushchair. My mother crying and father being angry. Then, still only a few years old .... just my mother. My father left, suddenly and without warning – it seemed to me at the time.

Then the memories moved forward to my school years. I saw again every one of my childhood friends. It was delightful and magical. Too late now to look them up to see how they're doing on Facebook, or MySpace.

All too soon those days vanished from in front of me. Just like they did in the real world.

When you look back, your life seemed to move at a rapid pace. It's strange..... when your whole life can be described in a few sentences. It really doesn't boil down to much. But once you can review it at leisure, so much seems to have happened.

So...what to do next?

I used to fill my days with trivialities. I used to clean the whole house every day. But now...I don't know what to do.

I'll finally get know the answer to the oldest questions ever. Is there a God, which religion was right, which were wrong? Were none of them right, is it something totally different to what we all thought?

Will I meet once more all the people I'd like to see again? You know, I'm not sure about that. There was that horrible neighbour, who I don't want to see again – but then, she'd go to hell, anyway. I've told her that enough times.

I look forward to meeting all my pets from my life and loving them all over again. I hope they won't get jealous with each other. I'll have to give them each the same amount of attention.

I hope I won't meet both my husbands at the same time. Both mistakes, I'm afraid. Losing one husband is careless. Losing two...? Well....

I regret not marrying the first love of my life, perhaps that would've lasted and I could do without the two husbands I did have. Regrets. So many.....

I didn't have time to say goodbye to my remaining family.  
To say what they meant to me and what I hoped I meant  
to them. How long to wait before they join me?

So....yesterday, I died. And today I don't know what to do.

The light's fading. I think something's taking place.  
They're coming for me now.

Isn't this exciting?

(SLOW FADE TO BLACKOUT.

INTER-MUSIC.)

(DURING BLACKOUT, **GEORGINA** EXITS AND **DAN** ENTERS TO STAND BEHIND THE CHAIR. HE IS FULL OF NERVOUS ENERGY AND WANDERS AROUND.

LIGHTS UP ON **DAN**)

Yesterday, I died.

When I say died...I mean....I assume that's what happened.

Daft Dave insisted I jumped on the back of his stupid moped and we peeled off down the road. When I say peeled, I really mean crawled. He thinks he's Rossi from that Motocross. But it's a bloody moped!

No helmets, licence, insurance...anything. Oh.... did I say it was at night and the bloody thing doesn't have working lights?

Anyhow, sluggish as it may be, he put us through a fence. He's not here, so I guess he's made it. Prat!

**This is only apart of the play.**

**Please contact Max directly for a complete script.**

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