

**CARL AND THE BIG BAD P**

by Kris Thompson

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### Cast of Characters

MICHAEL: Polite, proper, neat and tidy after-life gatekeeper dude for the good side.

LUCY: Sharp-witted, sexy, sloppy, sassy, apathetic after-life gatekeeper chick for the bad side.

CARL: Abhorrent human male in his mid-50s, recently passed away, entering the afterlife following a life not well-lived.

### Synopsis

Carl, a not so great guy, dies and must be evaluated by Michael and Lucy to determine if he'll spend eternity behind the good door, in heaven or behind the bad door, in hell.

### Place

A spectral office that manages the afterlife transition.

### Time

Current day

ACT I  
Scene 1

Setting: A spectral office managing the afterlife transition. Everyone occupies the whole space, but it is visually split down the middle. One side is good and bright with a door labeled "GOOD", one side is dark and depressing with a door labeled "BAD". There is a third door, labeled "P", between the other two doors, which leads to Purgatory. The "P" door is covered with spiderwebs so that one cannot read the "P" sign, as it has not been opened in decades.

At Rise: Mid conversation, LUCY, dressed in a sexy sort of kick ass outfit with red and black elements, is sitting on a dirty, broken, sloppy couch reading a porno magazine with her doc martin boot clad feet up on top of sloppy piles of folders. MICHAEL, in a clean white shirt, is pacing, holding CARL'S dossier which they are discussing as CARL'S arrival is eminent.

MICHAEL

...and then he transferred most of those ill-gotten gains, the bulk of that from money laundering, to several other offshore accounts. The Caymans this time.

LUCY

That's it? Financial sins are soooooo boring.

(Closes her eyes, stretches out, yawning.)

MICHAEL

Lucy. Please pay attention! OK... (flips page) (flips page) So it looks like the next year he took up with his 26-year-old secretary-

LUCY (perks up)

Classic!

MICHAEL

-Candi.

LUCY (tickled)

You're shittin' me! Who the fuck names their kid Candi?

MICHAEL

Then he left his wife of 28 years with no money-

LUCY (hopeful)

That's more like it.

(Rubs hands together greedily and, while speaking, gets up and peeks over MICHAEL'S shoulder at the dossier.)

MICHAEL

-along with his children.

LUCY

Ugg...Children...horrible, snot-covered stinky little shits.

MICHAEL

Lucy...Must you be so crass?

LUCY (playful)

Yes, Michael-

(Plucks dossier out of Michael's hands.)

-I must. (pause) Oh...(reading) Five? Five children? That's appalling!

MICHAEL

Finally, we agree on something! Appalling that he should leave five children high and dry.

LUCY

No, I mean what kind of moron idiot human woman willingly pushes five of those disgusting, whining, needy little creatures out of her sex hole?

MICHAEL

Sex hole? No. OK. See now. That's completely inappropriate. Give that to me.

(OS Buzzer sound que indicating someone has arrived behind curtain.)

LUCY

Whatever. He's here.

(LUCY carelessly tosses the dossier to MICHAEL. CARL enters, bewildered.)

MICHAEL

Carl, welcome! I'm Michael.

(MICHAEL reaches out and shakes CARL'S hand while LUCY seductively approaches CARL.)

CARL (confused)

Yea...um...

(LUCY seductively touches CARL'S face or chest or hair.)

LUCY (suggestively)

And, more importantly, Carl....I'm Lucy.

MICHAEL (warning)

Lucy, stop.

CARL (enjoying)

Lucy, don't stop.

LUCY (suddenly dismissive)

As if. (pause) Idiot human.

CARL

Human? Um...

(Looks around for the first time.)

Wait. Where am I? What...What's going on?

MICHAEL

Yes. Of course. (clears throat) Carl Randolph Straumann, your time on earth has come to an end and-

CARL (confused)

My time on earth?

LUCY (attitude)

Ya dead, Carl.

CARL (still confused)

Dead?

LUCY

Yes, Carl. Dead. (long pause) Finito? End of the road?

MICHAEL

What Lucy is so eloquently trying to say is that you've passed on.

LUCY

Belly up? Cashed in your chips.

(Snaps her fingers in front of still bewildered CARL to see if he's awake.)

Worm food. Off to the glue factory?

CARL

Wait. That's for horses, right?

LUCY

Well...you are kind of an ass.

MICHAEL (stifling a giggle)

Lucy. Save your judgement for later.

CARL (worried)

Look. Are you saying...are you saying (pause) what I think you're saying?

LUCY (sarcastic)

Boy. He's a sharp one.

CARL (emotional)

Am I really-(pause) Did I really- (pause)

MICHAEL

Yes. Carl, you've crossed the proverbial veil.

LUCY (a little bit hillbilly)

Takin' the dirt nap. Toes turned up. Wearing the pine overcoat. (long pause) Slipped your last mickey. (changes from hillbilly to guttural and makes suggestive male masturbation motion) Jacked your last dickey.

MICHAEL

Lucy! Please! Have some class, will you?

LUCY

(Sarcastic and in southern accent.)

Oh dear! Do you think I offend his delicate sensibilities? Alright then! Let me try again...

(Clears throat and speaks very dramatically in a Shakespearian way.)

You've shuffled off your mortal coil. Passed through nature to eternity. Met your necessary end. Lost your grip on mortality's strong hand. Embraced your...dark bride.

MICHAEL (amused but impatient)

Are you finished?

LUCY (overly dramatic)

Out, out, brief candle!

CARL

Gotta be a dream.

LUCY

Wake up dude. You screwed the pooch.

MICHAEL

Technically, that's a euphemism for making a mistake.

LUCY

Well, the idiot did step into an empty elevator shaft. Pretty damn big mistake if you ask me.

CARL

I did what?

MICHAEL

OK. That's enough. Carl, it doesn't really matter how you died.

LUCY

Although it was pretty spectacular. Very splashy scene. I think I have pictures...  
(Pulls out cell phone and starts scrolling.)

MICHAEL

Lucy!

LUCY

What? I enjoyed it. Took some awesome pics for my private personal usage.  
(Suggestively winks at Carl.)

You know what I mean. (scrolling) Shit...where are they?

MICHAEL

Suffice it to say, it's much more important how you lived than how you died.

CARL

Uh oh.

LUCY

Uh oh is right! Carl. My man! You've been a bad, bad boy. Oh! Found the elevator pics. These are great. Here.

(Hands cell phone to CARL for him to see picture of his own death.)

Check that out.

CARL (shocked)

Oh my God. Is that...

LUCY

All you man. Pretty horrific, right? Wait, wait. Scroll down. One more. That one!

(Points to screen.)

See that there? Somehow your leg got caught up in the-

MICHAEL (commanding)

(loudly) Lucy.

(LUCY and CARL stop and look at MICHAEL.)

MICHAEL

Could we not?

LUCY

Whatever man.

(Grabs phone away from CARL.)

MICHAEL

Back to the matter at hand. We were about to discuss how you chose to spend your life on earth. The good you've done. The good you've left undone. The bad you've done.

LUCY

Look, Michael. It's obvious that this moron-

CARL

I'm right here...

LUCY

-has no redeeming qualities. He belongs to me.

CARL (eager)

Alright...I can dig that.



LUCY (quickly angry)

Shut your face hole you filthy mongrel!

(Seething, she circles CARL)

You think that eternity with me is going to be a joy-ride full of carnal pleasure and debauchery? You imagine that hell is paradise on a red beach beside a boiling ocean? Have you no idea who...I...am?

CARL

I uh...I assumed you're Lucifer? Like...a sexy chick version of the devil?

LUCY

A sexy chick version? Dude, you serious? Do you even know what year this is? Whatever. It's time you looked the dragon in the face.

CARL

Wait...what does that mean?

LUCY (dramatic)

(Points at the Bad Door and uses voice like the grim reaper.)

Enter this door. See the evil you've done. Witness the misery you've spawned. Feel the searing pain of those you've wronged with every selfish and petty act you've committed.

CARL

Um...No thanks. That's a hard pass for me. (long pause)

(Looks at MICHAEL.)

I don't have to, do I?

MICHAEL

'Fraid so.

(CARL reluctantly begins to exit the BAD door, looks back, and pauses.)

CARL

But-

(LUCY shoves CARL out the BAD door with her foot and slams it closed.)

LUCY

God. What a complete waste of space. (pause) I love it! (whining) Can't we just skip this part? His trip is going to take eons. You know he belongs to me, right?

MICHAEL

Probably. But let's wait and see how it all shakes out.

(MICHAEL starts organizing files while LUCY lounges on the sloppy couch scrolling through her cellphone, occasionally laughing. MICHAEL'S cell phone rings, he pulls it out of his pocket and looks at it.)

MICHAEL (Cont.)

Oh shit.

LUCY (unconcerned)

What?

MICHAEL

It's God.

LUCY (panicked)

Oh shit. What do they want?

(LUCY jumps off couch and hovers over phone, next to MICHAEL, as he answers.)

MICHAEL (nervous)

Hello God. Michael here. (pause) Yes of course I know that you know who I am. You're the almighty and omnipresent and all that. (pause) Oh, yes...Lucy must have had her volume turned down. (pause) No, I can't imagine she missed your call because she was looking at cat videos. I'm pretty sure she hates cat videos. (long pause) Oh that kind of cat video. Yes, I heard about that. Terrible business. (pause) Yes, I'm quite certain Lucy knows you have access to our browsing history. (long pause) Yes...I'll put her on.

(MICHAEL tries to hand LUCY the phone, she tries to refuse, but eventually takes the phone.)

LUCY (nervous)

Hey God. Um...How they hangin'? I mean...what up? I mean...What can I do you for? Lucifer at your service, big guy...'er gal...er God. (long pause) Oh. I see. (pause) Overcrowding. Lack of resources. Lack of mental health care. Staff retention. (long pause) You got it. And might I say it was very nice chatting with...Hello? God? (to MICHAEL) They hung up.

MICHAEL

What? What'd they say?

(Sound Que – Dramatic Dun Dun Dun)

LUCY

HELL is full.

MICHAEL

Oh. My. God.

LUCY

Exactly. Mikey, we gotta figure some way to put this guy into heaven.

(CARL enters from the bad door, sweating and shaky, looking visibly ill.)

LUCY

Bucket's in the corner.

(CARL runs for bucket, picks it up, and pukes in it, and puts it down.)

CARL

That's better. (burp) That was rough. (gag). OK. I'm alright. (gag)

MICHAEL

So, what do you think of this aspect of your life, Carl?

CARL

It wasn't that bad. You know, (burp, gag) comparatively.

LUCY

Compared to...who? Hitler?

CARL (incredulous)

Hitler???

LUCY

(to MICHAEL) Too much?

MICHAEL

Smidge.

LUCY

Casanova?

CARL  
Wait. What was wrong with Casanova?

LUCY  
Serial rapist.

CARL  
I never raped anybody!

LUCY  
Lord Byron?

CARL  
Wait. What?

MICHAEL  
Bit of a perv...

LUCY (searching her memory)  
Hmm...Picasso then!

CARL (shocked)  
Picasso?

LUCY  
Misogynistic dick!

MICHAEL  
Truth.

CARL  
Hey. I never murdered anybody or raped anybody or anything like that. I mean, basically I wasn't that bad of a guy.

MICHAEL  
Not a murderer. Not a rapist. And not that bad of a guy. Question is...is this enough to get someone into heaven.

LUCY (skeptical)  
Dude. I don't know. He's pretty skeezy.

CARL

Whoa...I mean, I've done some not great stuff, but I've done some good stuff too.

MICHAEL

Well, ultimately, that's what we're here to determine. Carl, over here we have another door.

CARL

No. No. Not another door.

LUCY

Pussy.

MICHAEL

This should be a much more pleasant experience than the other door. This door holds memories of all the good you've done in your lifetime.

(CARL reluctantly begins to exit the GOOD door, looks back, and pauses.)

CARL

Are you sure-

(LUCY shoves CARL out the GOOD door with her foot and slams it closed.)

MICHAEL

Was that necessary?

LUCY

No. But it was fun!

MICHAEL

So, what do you think?

LUCY

No fucking chance this buffoon-

(CARL enters from good door.)

MICHAEL

Back so soon? Well that's discouraging.

LUCY

Dude! You were gone like seven seconds! I'm pretty sure you just beat Pope John XII's record for the least amount of good done in a lifetime! Normally I would say "Well done" but we're in a bit of a jam right now since HELL is full!

CARL

Hey, I think you guys missed a couple of things. What about that big donation I gave to save the gorillas or whales or something?

LUCY (sarcastic)

Your passion for the nearly extinct gorilla-whale is truly inspiring.

CARL

It didn't show up. I went through the good door. It wasn't there. Can you double check? Please? Please just check. It was like eight years ago.

MICHAEL

(Picks up CARL'S dossier and flips through the pages.)

Yes. Here it is. Greenpeace. Five thousand dollars. Impressive! (pause) Boo. Tax write-off. Self-serving ulterior motivating acts don't count as good works.

CARL

Oh. (long pause). Well wait...what about the homeless guy I have ten bucks to in college?

LUCY

Wow. Reaching to the way back for good deeds. Did you still have your soul in college, Carl?

MICHAEL

(Flips through pages.)

Here it is. Nope. Trying to impress a girl.

LUCY

Lame.

CARL

OK here's one. I distinctly recall an old lady in a wheelchair. I helped her cross the street. That's gotta count. Right?

MICHAEL

(Flips through pages.)

(incredulous) You moved her from your bus stop so you wouldn't have to wait for them to load her on the bus you were waiting for.

LUCY

Dude! That's hilarious! I love this guy.

CARL

OK, hold on. I remember there was this woman, down on her luck, don't remember her name. Blond, I think. Or brunette. (pause, thinking) Could have been a red head. Probably a blond. Anyway, I gave her sixty bucks.

MICHAEL

(Flips through pages.)

She was a prostitute! You were paying her for sex.

CARL

Yea, but it only cost forty-five and I gave her sixty.

MICHAEL

She didn't have change and you made her give your friend a (is a bit uncomfortable saying these words) blow job to make it even.

LUCY

Gross.

MICHAEL

Very gross to take advantage of a woman obviously down on her luck.

LUCY

No. Gross that he has a friend.

MICHAEL

Carl, take a seat. Lucy and I need to have a chat.

(LUCY & MICHAEL take dossier over to the side and begin to confer. During the following dialogue CARL sits, picks up a porno magazine, starts to look at it, gets comfortable, and continues to flip the pages, making inappropriate happy noises.)

MICHAEL

I don't see how in the world we can put this man in heaven.

LUCY

Well, angel face, I don't see what choice we have. I told you what the Supreme Being said. Hell is full!

MICHAEL

And what, exactly, does that mean? Surely there's room for one more? If they're a bit crowded and uncomfortable, who cares? It is Hell. Hell should be uncomfortable.

LUCY (sassy)

I forgot you've never been. Want to take a field trip? I'll show you 'round the place. Give you the insider's tour. Show you where the locals go.

MICHAEL

No thanks. Hell's absolutely bottom on my list. Right after Vegas and Amsterdam.

LUCY

Boy. You really don't like to have fun, do you.

MICHAEL

Lucy! Can we be serious for a moment? If we send Carl to Hell-

CARL (interrupting)

(Unfolds centerfold.)

Oh yea! Come to Papa, baby girl!

(MICHAEL and LUCY look over with distain at CARL who continues to giddily peruse the porno magazine during the following dialogue.)

MICHAEL

-which is where I believe we both agree he should be, -

CARL

I got your Daddy-stick right here.

LUCY

No arguments from me.



MICHAEL

OK then! What's the worst that could happen?

(During the following dialogue, CARL decides he needs to take his examination of the porn to the next level. He looks around to see if he could get away with doing that right there on the couch but determines he needs privacy and decides to look for the bathroom.)

LUCY

The worst? (pause) Well, the gateway to Hell would open, never to be closed again-

CARL (interrupting)

Men's room?

LUCY (ignoring CARL)

-flooding earth with the damned-

CARL (interrupting)

I need to, um...(pause) pee?

(Ignored by LUCY and MICHAEL, and during the following dialogue, CARL rolls up the porno mag and walks to the three doors, looking for the bathroom. He looks at the GOOD and BAD doors, reacting physically to each...perhaps putting his ear to the GOOD door and repelling away from the BAD door.)

LUCY

-corrupting all souls until the end of days.

MICHAEL

(to LUCY) Oh. Well that's not good.

LUCY

Why can't we just stick him in Heaven. God knows you've got plenty of room up there.

(During the following dialogue, CARL curiously faces the middle "P" door which is covered with spiderwebs from decades of non-use.)

MICHAEL

We can't just "stick him" in Heaven. Despite my recommendation, a minimum of three standards must be met: Charity, patience, kindness, faith, modesty, or chastity.

CARL

(Brushes away the spiderwebs, revealing the “P” sign on the door.)  
Will you look at that! (laughs) P. That’s funny. The P room. The peeeee room.

MICHAEL

I think we’ve already established that charity, kindness, and chastity are not his strong suite. That leaves patience, faith, and modesty.

CARL

(grabbing his crotch, laughing) I got your big bad P right here!  
(Brushes spiderwebs from the door handle.)

LUCY

(in response to CARL’S exclamation) I think we can safely rule out modesty.

MICHAEL

So that leaves...

(CARL opens the P door releasing the OS sound of thousands of moaning, whispering people which draws the immediate attention of LUCY and MICHAEL who run over to the P door.)

CARL

(mesmerized) Good God! What is this?

(LUCY and MICHAEL look at each other. Both mirror a shrug at each other. LUCY, with her foot, shoves CARL through the open door and they both answer CARL as he falls into the abyss.)

LUCY & MICHAEL

Purgatory!

(MICHAEL slams the P door shut.)

LUCY

We forgot all about Purgatory!

MICHAEL

I don’t really think Carl is the ideal candidate but...what with Hell being full and all.

LUCY

Purgatory: Where pricks pause for purification.

MICHAEL

He's gonna be in there like five thousand years!

LUCY

Purgatory: Playground for the paradise unworthy.

MICHAEL

Maybe ten thousand.

LUCY

I've got it! Purgatory: The Perfect solution for Pricks when Hell is Packed.

MICHAEL (stifling a giggle)

It's a tad wordy.

LUCY

I'm getting t-shirts made.

(Slow to FADE as MICHAEL and LUCY quibble.)

MICHAEL

Of course you are.

LUCY

Want one?

MICHAEL (reluctantly)

I'll take an extra-large.

LUCY

I knew you liked it.

BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY