

Regurgitating Bob

OR

No Bobs Go To Heaven

By: Mary M. James

## Characters

*Big Bob, is the voice of reason. BIG BOB is the most karmicly advanced. BB acts as the guide through limbo and is quick to share advice. Unfortunately, through all the wisdom, BB is still in limbo.*

*Little Bob, is BB's antithesis. LITTLE BOB is a nervous, paranoid, angry disaster. LB is waiting impatiently for life number 5 in hopes of "getting it right". LB does not expect much from life or others.*

*Old Bob, has been through life and limbo the most. An old, reflective soul, OB waits for the next life in hopes that it will be the last.*

*New Bob, is brand new; never been in limbo before. NEW BOB has all the shiny sweetness of a naïve girl in a brothel.*

## Note:

It is very important that age, gender, race, religion, or any other "identifier" be ignored in the casting of this piece. All characters should be dressed in white t-shirts and blue jeans. No jewelry. No shoes. Tattoos are fine and add to the juxtaposition. Actors must be very careful to never use "he", "she", "his", "her" or other gender identifying pronouns when referring to the other characters in their current state of limbo. I spent a lot of time trying to make the script sound natural while writing around them, don't mess it up.

Setting: A sparse stage; four chairs and a coffee table. The lighting should be stark. There should be magazines on the coffee table, but only if they hold little intellectual merit. The room should feel sterile. Neil Diamond's *Forever In Blue Jeans* should play as the lights come up.

*As if being thrown with a great force, NEW BOB enters screaming.*

NEW BOB: *(Looks around)* What the... Where am I?

BIG BOB: It's always disorienting at first, isn't it friends?

NEW BOB: What is? Where am I?!

BIG BOB: Don't panic, friend. You're just back in the waiting room.

NEW BOB: I don't... What waiting room? Last thing I remember was grabbing my latte, heading outside, then I stepped off the curb and everything went black...

BIG BOB: *(Beat.)* You really don't know where you are, do you, Bob?

NEW BOB: No! How do you know my name?

BIG BOB: *(Laughing)* Oh, Bob!

OLD BOB: A new one? I didn't think they made new ones anymore!

BIG BOB: I guess they do. *(To OLD BOB)* Gives you hope, huh?

LITTLE BOB: Fucking great.

BIG BOB: Language. *(To NEW BOB)* Welcome, my friend!

NEW BOB: Welcome where? And, seriously, how do you know my name?

BIG BOB: Limbo, Bob, limbo; our eternal place of waiting. The pit stop between lives. Our ephemeral reflection pool. Here, we're all "Bob".

NEW BOB: I... I don't understand. What are you talking about?

LITTLE BOB: You're dead, asshat.

BIG BOB: Language!

NEW BOB: I'm... Oh, God!

LITTLE BOB: Don't bother, she ain't listening here.

OLD BOB: He's always listening.

NEW BOB: I'm dead. Oh, God, I'm dead! Oh my God... I'm really dead... Shit! My mom is going to find my porn! I have so much homemade porn...

BIG BOB: Oh, friend, don't worry. I'm sure she has plenty of her own secrets. Even the most chaste of people have hidden depravity.

NEW BOB: Some of it is very gay porn.

LITTLE BOB: (Interested) Good for you!

BIG BOB: No worries. Nothing wrong with a little homo free skate.

NEW BOB: My girlfriend, my family and friends, everyone will be devastated!

LITTLE BOB: Homemade homo porn ain't that serious.

NEW BOB: I mean they'll be devastated about my death!

LITTLE BOB: Sure. At first.

NEW BOB: Excuse me?

BIG BOB: What our extremely inarticulate friend is trying to say here is that time heals all wounds.

LITTLE BOB: What I'm trying to say here is that they'll move on. They do. It's just how people are.

BIG BOB: Well, yes. Eventually your life will become a bittersweet memory that brings tears and smiles. Your loved ones will think of you fondly as you pull at their heartstrings. Your enemies will forgive you. But their lives will go on.

LITTLE BOB: What our extremely articulate friend is trying to say here is that it ain't 1134. No one's throwing themselves on a funeral pyre for you, kid.

OLD BOB: I've done that... twice.

LITTLE BOB: Of course you have, you old fuck.

BIG BOB: Language.

LITTLE BOB: You've done everything. And we constantly get to hear about it. Constantly. Did you know that Bob here rode bareback, naked through the fields on horses descended from the herd of Alexander The Great? It was a spiritual journey.

OLD BOB: I must share my wisdom. That might be the key. Perhaps, then I'll...

LITTLE BOB: You'll do nothing. You'll be right back here like the rest of us.

OLD BOB: There must be something I'm missing. In all my lives, I've missed something.

LITTLE BOB: Yeah, you're missing the fucking point. You aren't going anywhere.

NEW BOB: (To OLD BOB) How old are you?

OLD BOB: Old enough to be the last one left. All my friends have gone.

NEW BOB: Friends?

OLD BOB: Yes, all those I've met throughout my lives. They're all gone. I can't remember the last time I was alive that I didn't feel completely alone. I'm the last of my kind.

NEW BOB: Where would they have gone?

OLD BOB: The eternal rest. The place you transcend to once you've achieved wholeness and peace.

LITTLE BOB: Bullshit.

BIG BOB: Your language is one reason you'll never get there.

LITTLE BOB: (Smiling) But it's not the only reason!

NEW BOB: So... This isn't it? This isn't heaven?

BIG BOB: No, friend, like I said before, this is limbo. Purgatory if you will. It's the place where we wait between lives.

NEW BOB: So, like, reincarnation?

LITTLE BOB: They're dumb when they're new.

BIG BOB: Yes, that's the idea.

OLD BOB: A very cumbersome idea.

LITTLE BOB: More like punishment.

NEW BOB: (To OLD BOB) How many times have you been alive?

OLD BOB: Too many to count... Let's see... I was a hunter-gatherer, cliffside cave dweller, a warrior on two separate continents, a virgin sacrifice more times than I'd like to recount, a roman slave, a celtic princess, a knight twice, several poets and playwrights, a pioneer of modern medicine, a hippie, stock car driver, and most recently a YouTube celebrity... to name a few.

NEW BOB: (To BIG BOB) And you?

BIG BOB: (Flattered) Oh, well, I've only been 'round a dozen or so times. I usually end up as a pastor, philosopher, or academic. I was once an actor with Shakespeare, you know.

LITTLE BOB: Hand jobs for crack, all four times.

(A bell dings)

LITTLE BOB: Yes! I'm out! (Exits)

NEW BOB: Wait! Where are you going? What just happened?

BIG BOB: Bob was just called up.

OLD BOB: Somewhere, the miracle of life is happening.

BIG BOB: Of course, if it's Bob's turn, it's probably happening with a broken condom in the back of a car.  
(THEY both chuckle)

NEW BOB: So, I'm going to get another chance!

BIG BOB: Yes, you'll continue to get chances until you get it right.

NEW BOB: But... how do you get it right?

OLD BOB: Good question. The best answer I can surmise is to be a good person. Put out more positive into the world than negative.

NEW BOB: Sounds easy enough. I was a good person in my last life.

BIG BOB: And yet, you're here. The best thing to do is really analyze your life. See where you were lacking. Unfortunately, you won't remember anything until you're back in this room. Each time is a clean slate.

NEW BOB: But, how do you know what to do if you can't remember your past mistakes?!

OLD BOB: Ah! Exactly! Why do you think human history is so cyclical? No one ever learns.

(LITTLE BOB comes crashing through into the room)

LITTLE BOB: What the... Sonofabitch

BIG BOB: How are you back so soon?

LITTLE BOB: Abortion.

BIG BOB: Serves you right.

NEW BOB: That's horrible!

LITTLE BOB: That's life.

NEW BOB: Aren't women getting pregnant, like, every 15 seconds worldwide? Shouldn't we be shuffling out of here quicker?

BIG BOB: Interesting observation! I have a theory!      LITTLE BOB: No! Don't bring that up!

LITTLE BOB: Good job, asshole.

BIG BOB: Although we can't know for sure, I believe our little pocket of purgatory is just one of many. The number of waiting rooms could be infinite! There could be Nancys and Chris and Laurens and Matts out there!

LITTLE BOB: How very white supremacist of you. I bet there's an entire room of Jameel's.

BIG BOB: You know what I meant.

LITTLE BOB: Yeah, you're a racist. I bet you've been a privileged white guy every time.

BIG BOB: I am not a racist! Twice I was born in Eastern Europe and you know that blood is mingled with the Oriental, Arabic and possibly even African bloodlines. I am the most enlightened, karmically balanced one of us here, you twit

LITTLE BOB: Key word: here. If you were as "enlightened" as you claim to be, you'd have moved on ages ago. That's how it works, isn't it? You get your shit together, become some beacon of peace and light and balance, and then you may so attain everlasting rest? But you keep coming back here, don't you? So for all your karmic harmony shit, you're just a big old fuck up like the rest of us.

(A bell dings)

LITTLE BOB: That's my cue. (Exits)

BIG BOB: I... (Sits, visibly shaken. Beat.)

NEW BOB: (To OLD BOB) So, I guess it's more of a "who's right for the job" and not a "who's next in line" kinda thing?

OLD BOB: Huh? Oh, you mean Bob. Yes, best for the job, that's right.

NEW BOB: (To BIG BOB) I'm sorry about what Bob said. It was out of line. Obviously there are some serious issues going on there...

BIG BOB: No, no, don't apologize. As jaded as Bob is, there is always some truth to the madness there.

NEW BOB: But it was mean.

OLD BOB: It was truth; sorry old friend. That's the thing, New One, we all have flaws, and, until we can recognize them, we're doomed to keep repeating our mistakes. Look at me. I've been here for centuries. I've been men, I've been women; Russian, Chinese, Greek, Peruvian, American... I have lived in palaces and duplexes; and each time, I've failed. Somehow I've managed to find myself back here.

NEW BOB: Well, there has to be something lacking in all your lives. Have you been kind?

OLD BOB: Yes.

NEW BOB: Gracious?

OLD BOB: Hopefully.

NEW BOB: Giving?

OLD BOB: As much as I can.

BIG BOB: It's not just about that. Being kind and generous is not all there is to life. You must be adventurous and cautious, pragmatic and a dreamer, sensitive and critical, solitary and loving... You must find balance.

OLD BOB: Perhaps. Perhaps you have touched on it, my friend. Throughout my lives, despite what great or small things I've done, I've always been a coward.

BIG BOB: Bob, no...

OLD BOB: No, it's true. I have had great love. I have had the kind of love that we write about in our history books; fiery, passionate love that could last through eternity, and I've thrown it away. I've had friendships where others have died so that I may live. And I'd never meet their final gaze. I've hurt others by closing myself off. I've done despicable things in an attempt to build walls around myself. That's it. That is my greatest flaw. Each time I enter this confusing mess of humanity, I am too afraid to let others in. I've been solitary without being loving.

(A bell dings)

OLD BOB: Oh... It's my turn. (To BIG BOB) Perhaps? Perhaps this time?

BIG BOB: Hold onto it. Don't let your revelation go.

OLD BOB: (To NEW BOB) I wish you far less trips than myself. (To BIG BOB) Until we meet again, my friend.

BIG BOB: Let's hope for a pleasant change of scenery next time.

(OLD BOB exits)

(LITTLE BOB comes hurtling into the room)

LITTLE BOB: Ugh. (Looks around) I figured as much. Fucking hurt that time.

NEW BOB: Another abortion?

LITTLE BOB: Car crash. Family of five and the wife didn't know she was pregnant.

BIG BOB: All of them gone?

LITTLE BOB: Yep. Three kids. Lucky bastards.



NEW BOB: What is wrong with you?! I have listened to your foul mouth and disgruntled comments and not said anything, but watching you smile over the death of children crosses a line. If you say one more thing, I'll... I'll punch you in the face.

LITTLE BOB: Calm down there, Rocky.

BIG BOB: (Chuckling) Oh, New One, you don't understand.

LITTLE BOB: You're still too connected to the world, kid.

NEW BOB: You mean I still have some type of humanity? Yeah!

LITTLE BOB: No, I mean you're thinking too in the box.

NEW BOB: I'm thinking like a compassionate human!

LITTLE BOB: It's a freaking Get Out Of Jail Free card you idiot. Don't you get it?

NEW BOB: Get what? What do you mean?

LITTLE BOB: It's the guaranteed way to find peace. Sure, you can have some supreme moment of clarity or fucking enlightenment as an adult and pass on to eternal rest, but probably not. Children though, the innocence of going as a child takes you straight there. As long as you're born first. It's like Super Heaven or some bullshit. It means that you did something so supremely right, that you never have to have anything terrible happen to you ever again.

NEW BOB: How do you know?

LITTLE BOB: Snippets throughout my lives. Big Bob over there isn't always right, some of us retain a little bit of what we learned. Close your eyes and think about it. You know I'm right.

NEW BOB: That's just so painful...

LITTLE BOB: You can't appreciate the peace without the pain.

(A bell dings)

NEW BOB: That... That's me.

LITTLE BOB: Round two.

BIG BOB: Good luck.

(NEW BOB smiles at both of them. Exits)

LITTLE BOB: Just us then.

BIG BOB: Sure is. (Beat) So, what do you think? The newbie made it to late twenties on the first go round. A not too bright hipster who got hit by a bus while carrying a seasonal coffee drink, that's all that

one amounted to in life number one. Perhaps next time a neurotic housewife addicted to anti-anxiety meds?

LITTLE BOB: Hmm, I'm gonna say middle aged, diabetic accountant who strokes out when he's in the middle of humping the hot babysitter. Forty-five tops.

BIG BOB: (Laughing) You're never going to get out of here.

LITTLE BOB: At least I have some good company.

(A bell dings. THEY look at each other.)

(Blackout)