

Assâad Jomâa

Theatrical Project in Development

Allah Is in the House! (But He Forgot His Ticket)

A Philosophico-Mystical Vaudeville in 3 Acts

Duration: *Ad vitam aeternam* (Provide vinyl-upholstered seats and a fire extinguisher for sensitive souls).

Salty-Sweet Preview (or "Half-Fig, Half-Raisin" Depending on Geolocation)

ACT I: GOD'S ENTRANCE (DELAYED)

(The house goes dark. A spotlight illuminates an empty chair. Silence. Then a voiceover, monotone:)

GOD (V.O., clearly distracted):

"Uh... sorry I'm late. Paradise is kinda like the Paris Metro—they promise eternity, but there's always construction."

(Hallaj enters by mistake, thinks God's talking to him, replies:)

HALLAJ: *"No worries. I'm used to waiting. Been doing it for 1,200 years."*

(The audience laughs nervously. A guardian angel in the back sighs and checks their watch.)

ACT II: GOD'S STAND-UP ROUTINE

(God finally takes the stage, mic in hand, cabaret-comic style.)

GOD:

**"So, I'm Allah, but you can call me 'Hello' for short.*

- Created the universe in 6 days... been on burnout leave ever since.

- Prayers? Basically tweets—90% are complaints.
- Hell? Pure marketing. Real hell is the comments under my posts."*

(Moha the Fool tosses rose petals. They burst into flames midair. Bewildered applause.)

ACT III: LIVE EXCOMMUNICATION

(An imam storms in, waving a roll of halal-certified duct tape.)

IMAM: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the—shit, wrong script."

(Hallaj steps forward, hammer in hand.)

HALLAJ: "What's the plan? Nail the set design to the cross?"

(God, from the backstage bar:)

GOD: "Easy on the furniture, guys. It's IKEA. Valfräljig ain't cheap."

(The curtain falls. Or rather, tears in two, like the Temple veil.)

EPILOGUE (BACKSTAGE)

(God removes His fake beard. It was Moha the Fool all along.)

MOHA: "So? Convincing?"

HALLAJ: "Even the angels applauded. Well... the ones not on strike."

(One spectator remains seated, shell-shocked. He whispers:)

SPECTATOR: "Holy shit... what if it's true?"

(The café cat struts across the stage. Blackout.)

STAGING NOTES (FOR THE BRAVE)

- **God:** Played by an AI (GPS voice preset).
- **Hell:** Live Twitter feed projected (@RealGod, 0 followers).
- **Audience:** Hand out "Paradise Tickets" (valid for reincarnation as a mosquito).

FINAL WORDS (BEFORE OFFICIAL EXCOMMUNICATION):

"If asked, 'Is this art or blasphemy?', just say: 'Yes!'"

(Welp, time to pack up. See you in Hell? They've got free AC.)

P.S. Retired life can be a tad tedious... Hence this. *Duly noted.*