

Two men are by a desk. MARCO is sitting down on one side of the desk. He is wearing a plain t-shirt and jeans. His hair is a bit ruffled. He looks around, curious. PETER is standing on the other side of the desk, looking through a series of notes. There are some scattered papers on his desk and a phone.

PETER: Do you know why you're here, Marco?

MARCO: Uh, no I don't really... Where am I?

PETER: You're in Heaven, Marco.

MARCO: I'm DEAD?!

PETER: Car accident. You should start remembering in a bit.

MARCO: Oh, God...

PETER: Not quite. He is busy with more pressing matters like war, plagues, Jake Paul, Diet Dr. Pepper... No, I'm St. Peter.

MARCO: Are you here to guide me to Heaven?

PETER: No, not at all. Listen, when people die, those who have committed sins of great significance go straight to Hell, and those who didn't go straight to Heaven. It's a rather cut-and-dry system that I and other angels have been developing for millennia. But with you, Marco, we have a small issue. You were a Priest in your life.

MARCO: And what exactly—

PETER: Shush! (*PETER points a remote at MARCO'S lips, which seal shut. Despite his biggest efforts, he cannot open his mouth*) No, Father, you are here because we have an ethical dilemma with you. While you were certifiably a Priest in your life, you became a priest by cheating your way through your required coursework. You were not a true man of the cloth; you only became a priest for... what is it you'd say? For the bit? You became a priest with the sole goal of breaking the rules expected of a priest. You

dedicated your life and your Priesthood not to serve our Lord, but to be the most blasphemous priest possible!

MARCO starts trying to defend himself. All he can get out is mumbles because he cannot open his mouth. He starts gesturing wildly to try and appeal to PETER.

PETER (*ignoring him*): So here is where we find ourselves. (*PETER aims a remote control at MARCO and starts clicking the "down volume" button, making MARCO'S mumbles progressively softer, but the mumbles continue while Peter speaks*) You should be coming into Heaven, on account of being a Priest, but everything you did with your Priesthood indicates that you should go straight to the underground. You have no business spending eternity here. Never have any of the other angels encountered an individual with as little regard for the church as you, and we got Robin Williams not too long ago. What?! (*MARCO tries to speak, then gestures aggressively at his mouth. PETER presses a button on the remote.*)

MARCO: (*Exaggeratingly opens his mouth and takes a big breath*) Honestly, I think your Heaven and Hell laws should've been better written if you had millennia to edit and revise them. I find it hard to believe that I'm the first individual to bring you an ethical dilemma. Wasn't Hitler a vegetarian?

PETER: Hitler wasn't a priest.

MARCO: Alright, but there have to have been other priests before me who've been worse than I was. I didn't really do anything wrong.

PETER: (*Starts reading his "charges" from a paper on his desk*) "Father Marco faces several charges of illegitimate Baptisms, several charges of abusing and misusing Holy Water, several accounts of religious enticement, several accounts of counterfeiting the Body of Christ, and one account of conducting an unwanted Matrimony." Honestly, your behavior is appalling. Other priests up here have gotten word of your actions and started calling you the Anti-Priest.

MARCO: I gotta say, none of those sound as bad as some of the other things some priests have done. Do the pedophiles get this same "sit down"?

PETER: Excuse you! You clearly don't understand the severity of the situation—

MARCO: You're avoiding the question.

PETER: —nor do you show any interest in understanding—

MARCO: I never even joined a Church! I just got the title!

PETER: Go to hell!

MARCO: Ooh, look at him, he got feisty.

PETER: You are the antithesis of all things sacred and do not deserve our time. Get out of my office!

MARCO: Not until you answer my question.

PETER: I don't answer to you.

MARCO: So you won't confirm whether or not you're giving the pedo priests this same treatment?

PETER: Well of course we do! But this is a completely different situation!

MARCO: Because they follow the rules you want them to and ignore the rules you don't care as much about?

PETER: Any rule broken under the promise of serving the church—

MARCO: Answer me this: if I do go down to hell, will I see all the other priests who've broken your rules? Or do they just get a good slap on the wrist before being let through?

PETER: I SAID GO!

MARCO: Alright, alright. *(MARCO starts to leave, but turns back from almost offstage)*
If this is the kind of Heaven you're running, I'm glad not to be part of it.

MARCO exits. PETER stays standing there for a moment. The phone starts ringing.

PETER: What Gabriel? No, don't send in the next one. I'm taking the afternoon off... Well they have eternity, they can wait.

END SCENE