

*Please, take your seats,
the show's about to begin!*

(Hey, you back there! SHUT UP!!!)

Dohi Presents

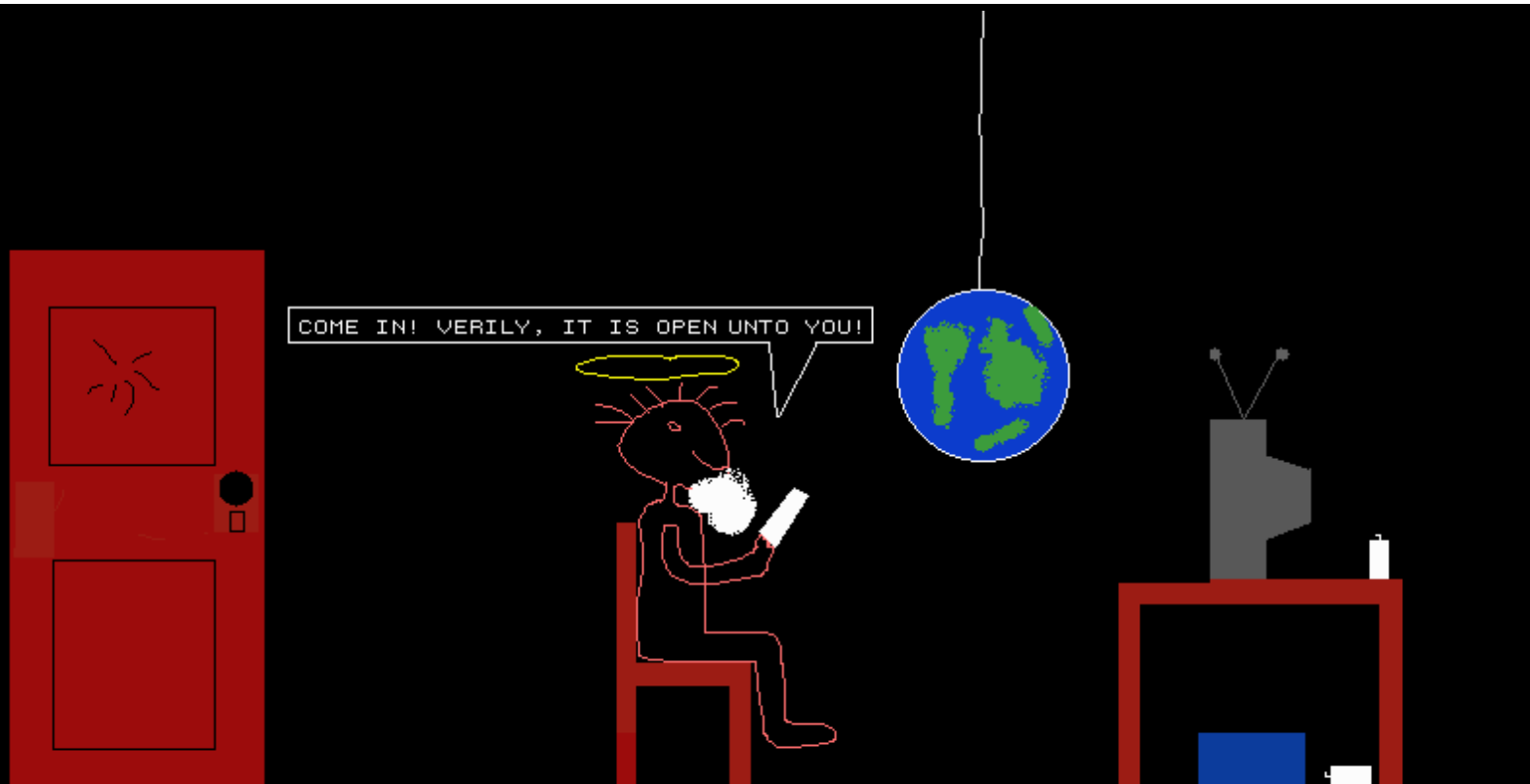
A

Hungarian Stephen King H.Q.

Exclusive

Stephen King

An evening at God's

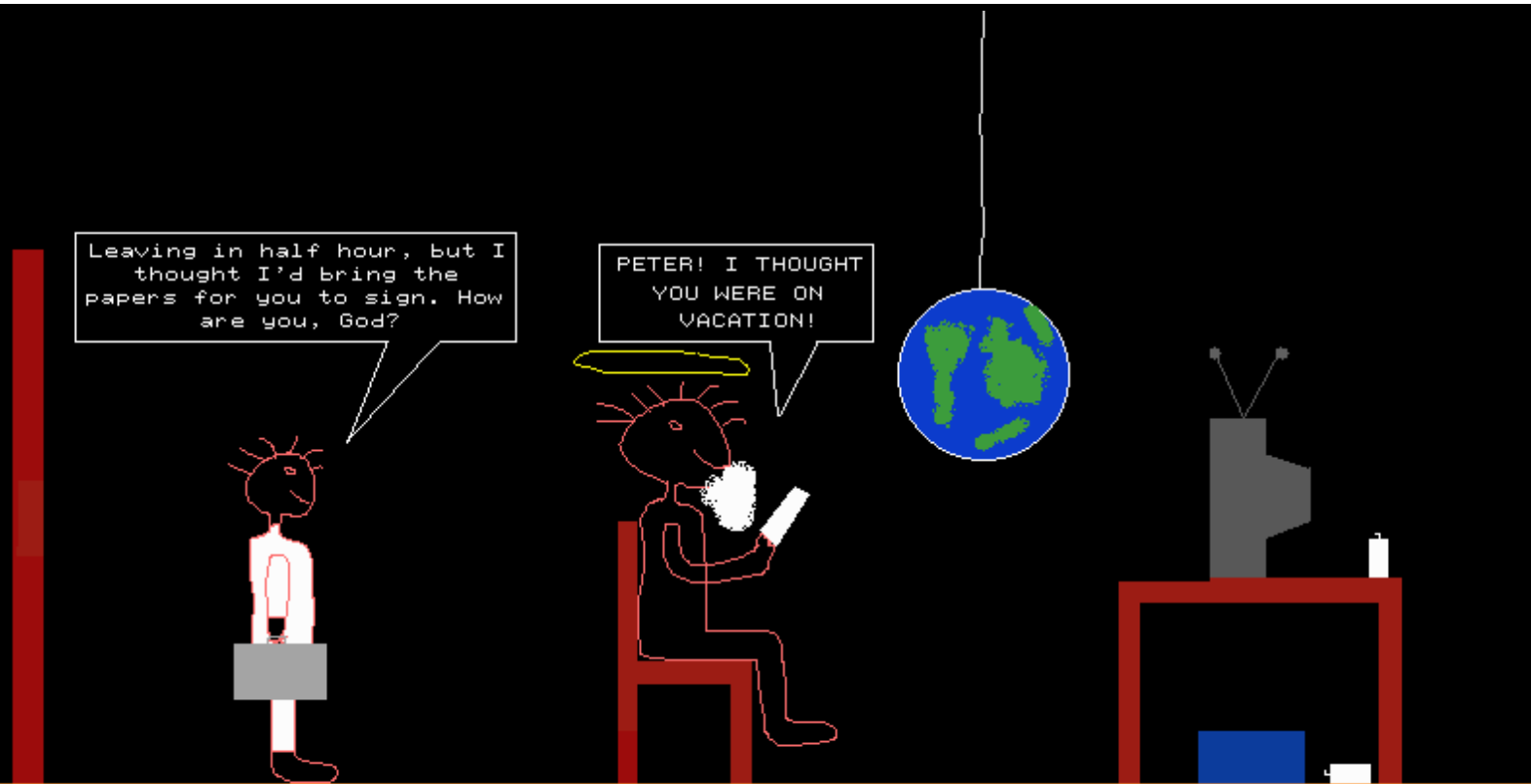


COME IN! VERILY, IT IS OPEN UNTO YOU!

DARK STAGE. Then a spotlight hits a papier-mache globe, spinning all by itself in the middle of darkness. Little by little, the stage lights COME UP, and we see a bare-stage representation of a living room: an easy chair with a table beside it (there's an open beer on the table), and a console TV across the room. There's a picnic cooler--full of beer under the table. Also, a great many empties. God is feeling pretty good. At stage left, there's a door.

GOD--a big guy with a white beard--is sitting in the chair, alternately reading a book (When Bad Things Happen to Good People) and watching the tube. He has to crane whenever he wants to look at the set, because the floating globe (actually hung on a length of string, I think) is in his line of vision. There's a sitcom on TV. Every now and then GOD chuckles along with the laugh-track.

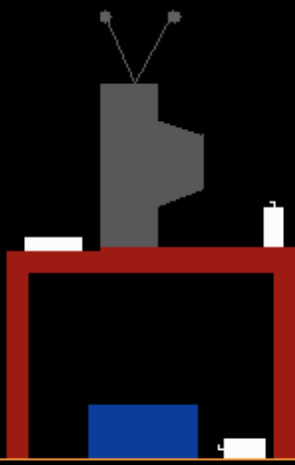
There is a knock at the door.

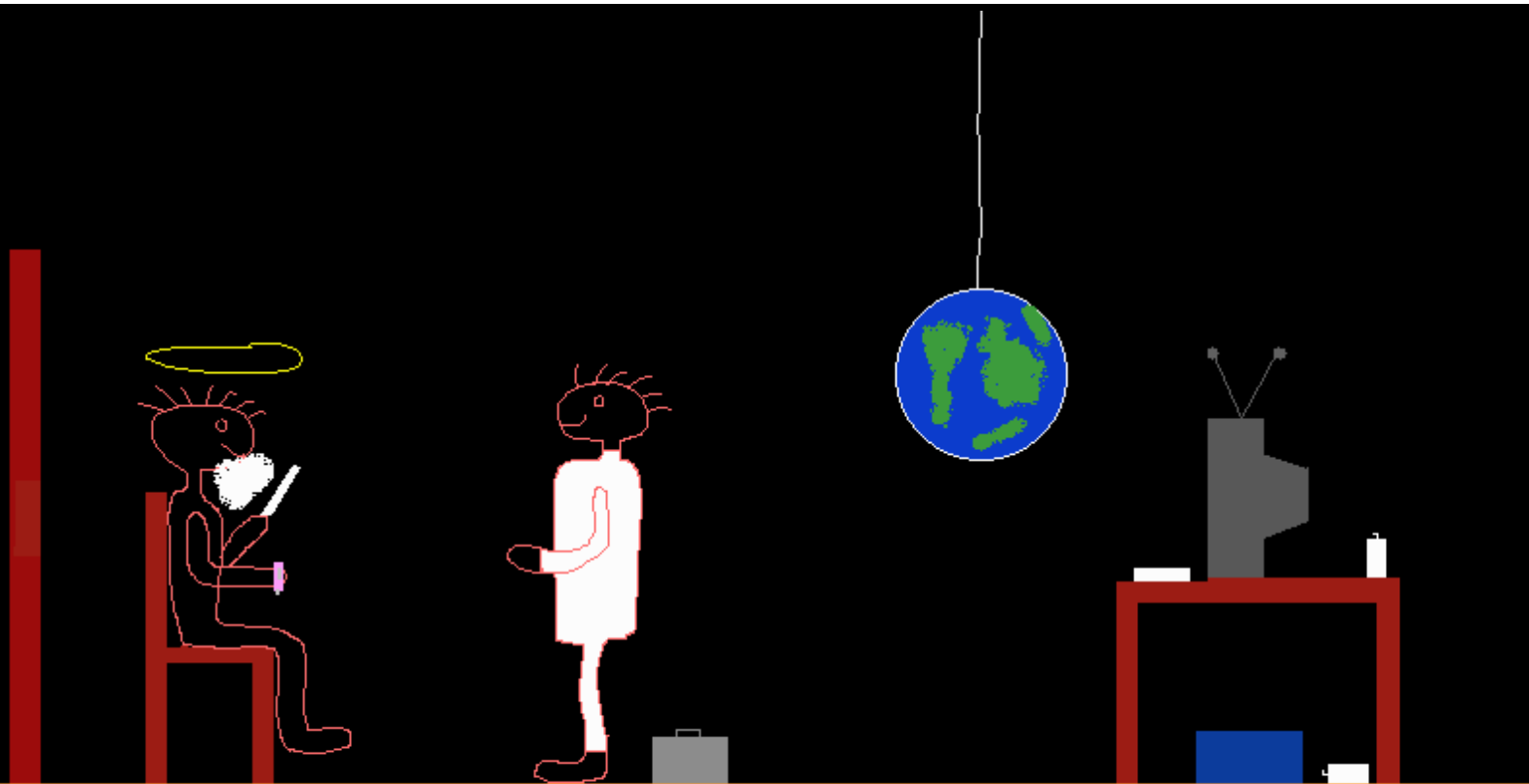


The door opens. In comes ST. PETER, dressed in a snazzy white robe. He's also carrying a briefcase.

Yes, finally.
Thank God.
Excuse the pun.

BETTER. I SHOULD KNOW BETTER
THAN TO EAT THOSE CHILI
PEPPERS. THEY BURN ME AT BOTH
ENDS. ARE THOSE THE LETTERS OF
TRANSMISSION FROM HELL?

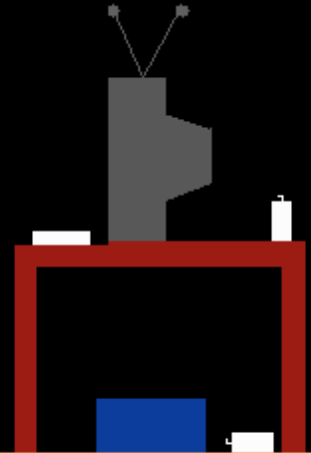




He removes some papers from his briefcase. GOD scans them, then holds out his hand impatiently. ST. PETER has been looking at the floating globe. He looks back, sees GOD is waiting, and puts a pen in his outstretched hand. GOD scribbles his signature. As he does, ST. PETER goes back to gazing at the globe.

YES, THE HOUSEKEEPER IS
THE MOST FORGETFUL BITCH
IN THE UNIVERSE.

So Earth's still
there, huh? After all
these years.



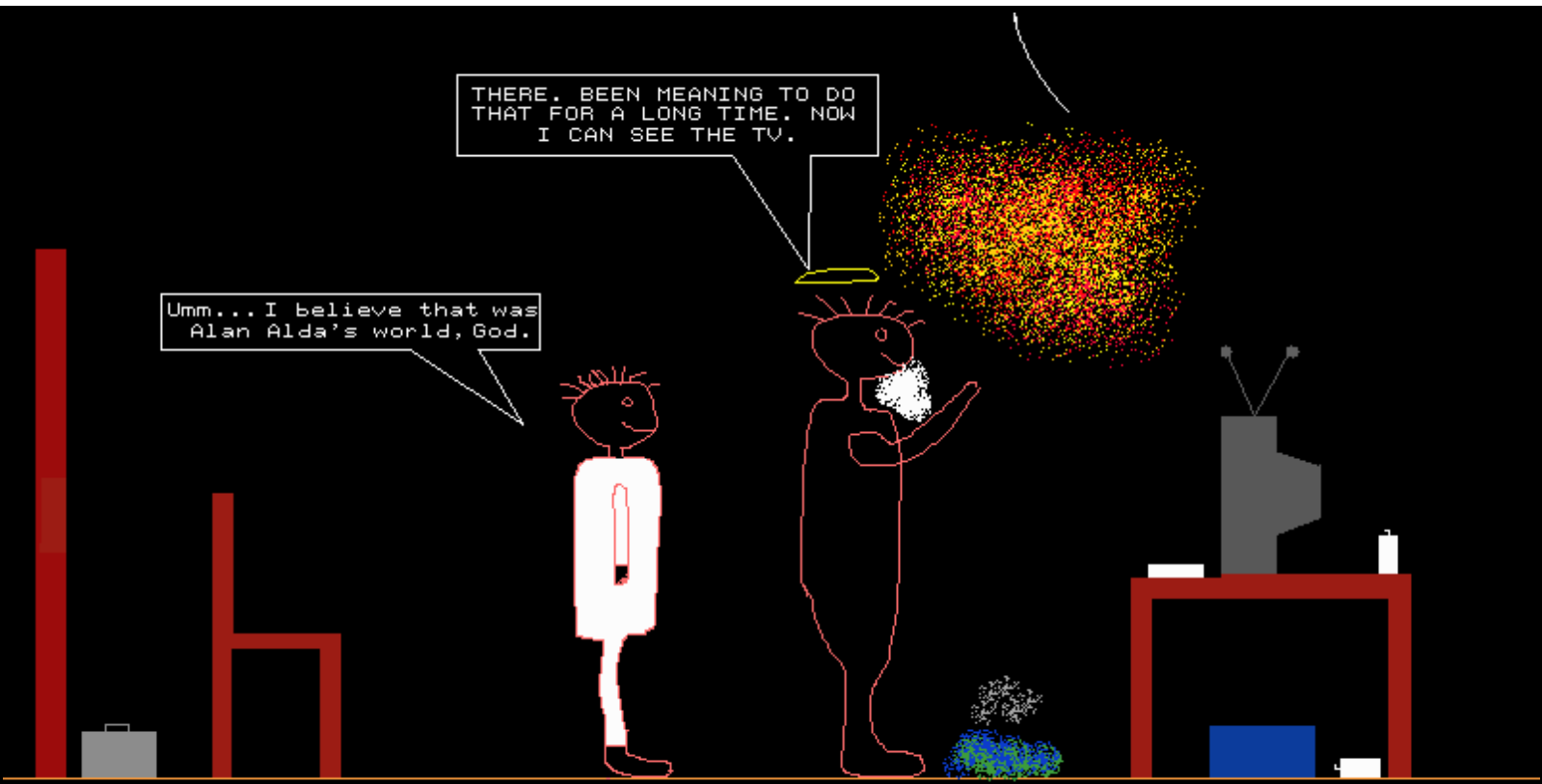
GOD hands the papers back and looks up at it. His gaze is rather irritated.



An EXPLOSION OF LAUGHTER from the TV. GOD cranes to see. Too late.

THERE. BEEN MEANING TO DO THAT FOR A LONG TIME. NOW I CAN SEE THE TV.

Umm... I believe that was Alan Alda's world, God.

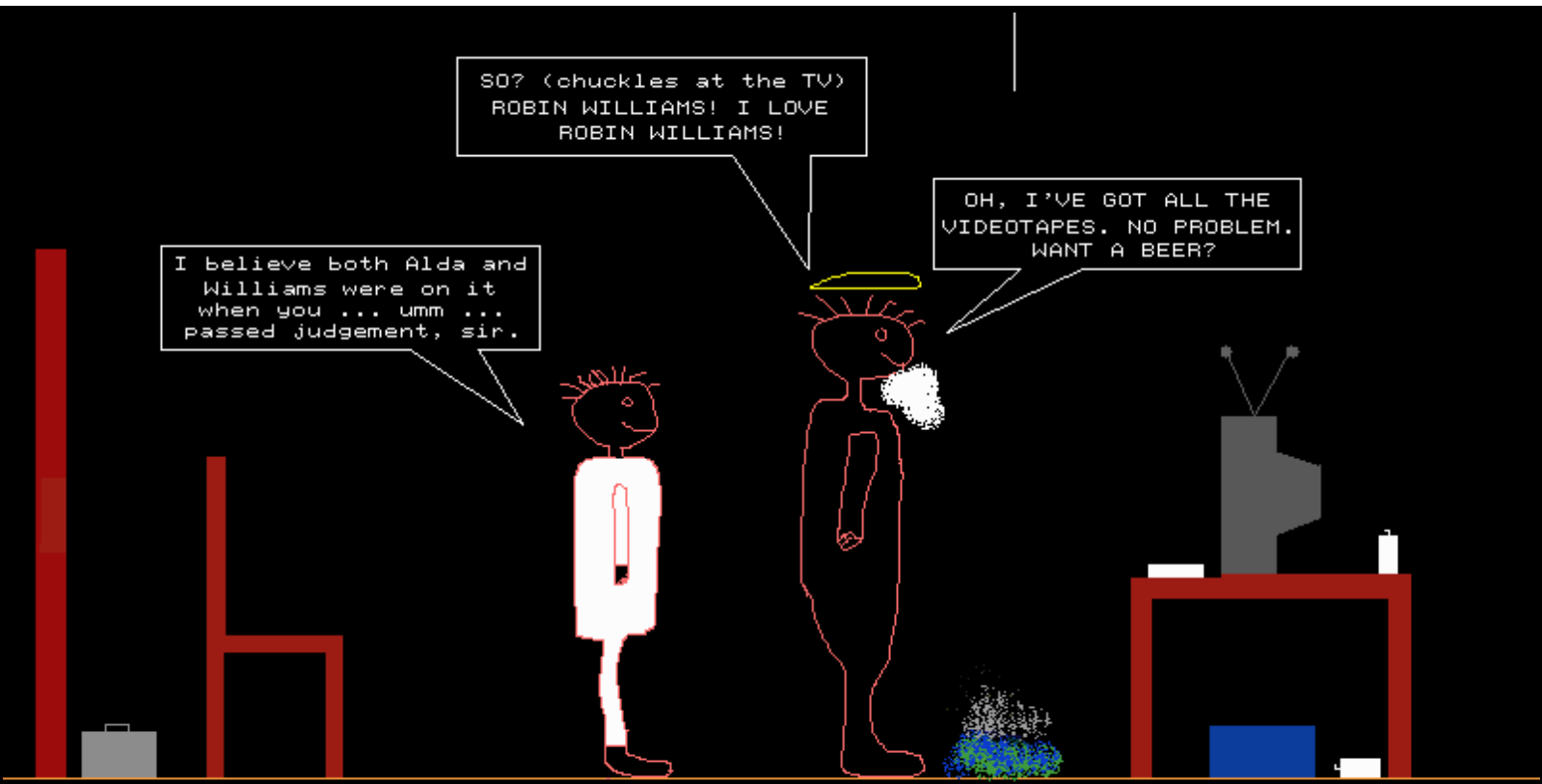


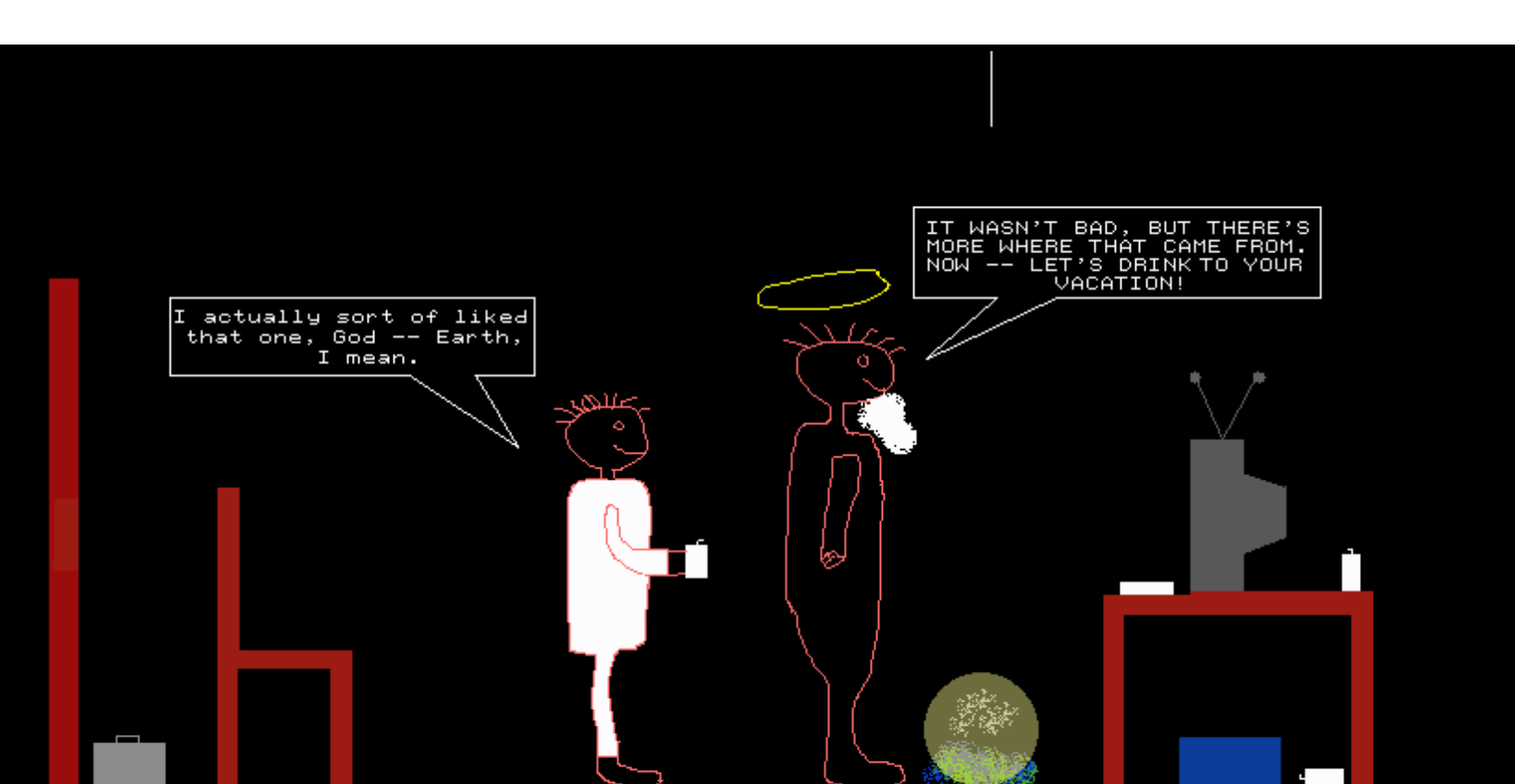
He leans forward and crushes the floating globe to powder.
ST. PETER looks sadly at the crushed remains of the earth.

SO? (chuckles at the TV)
ROBIN WILLIAMS! I LOVE
ROBIN WILLIAMS!

I believe both Alida and
Williams were on it
when you ... umm ...
passed judgement, sir.

OH, I'VE GOT ALL THE
VIDEOTAPES. NO PROBLEM.
WANT A BEER?

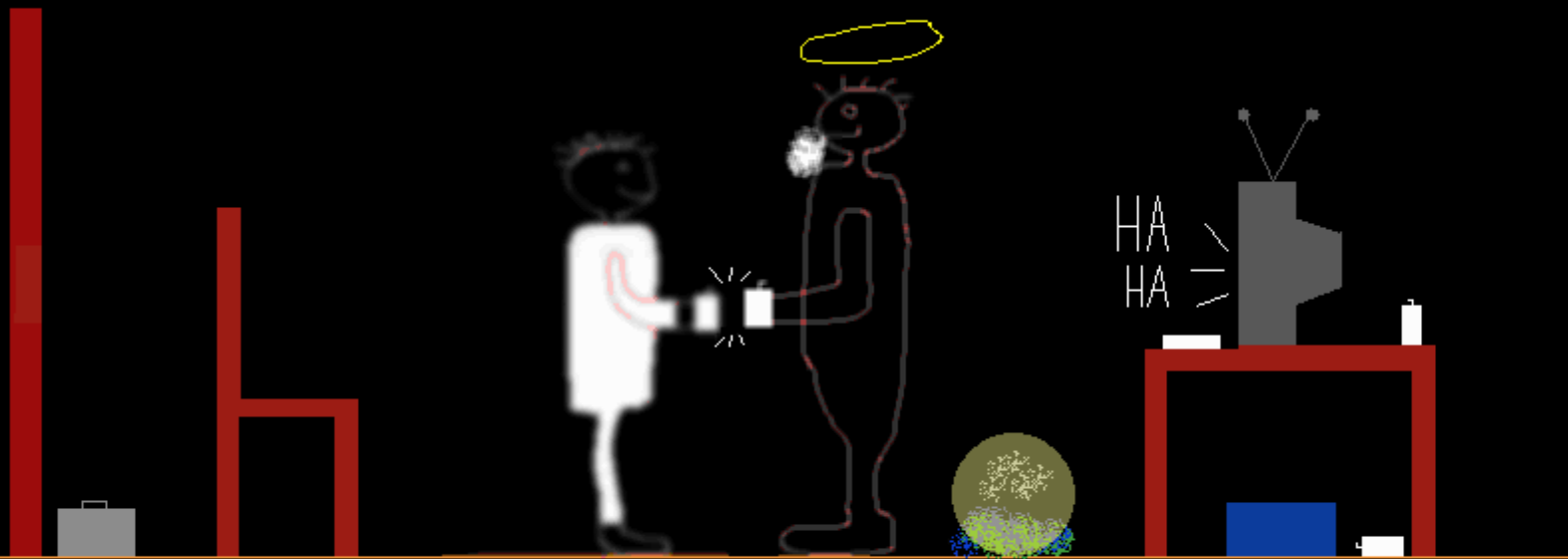




I actually sort of liked that one, God -- Earth, I mean.

IT WASN'T BAD, BUT THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM. NOW -- LET'S DRINK TO YOUR VACATION!

As ST. PETER takes one, the stage-lights begin to dim. A spotlight comes up on the remains on the globe.

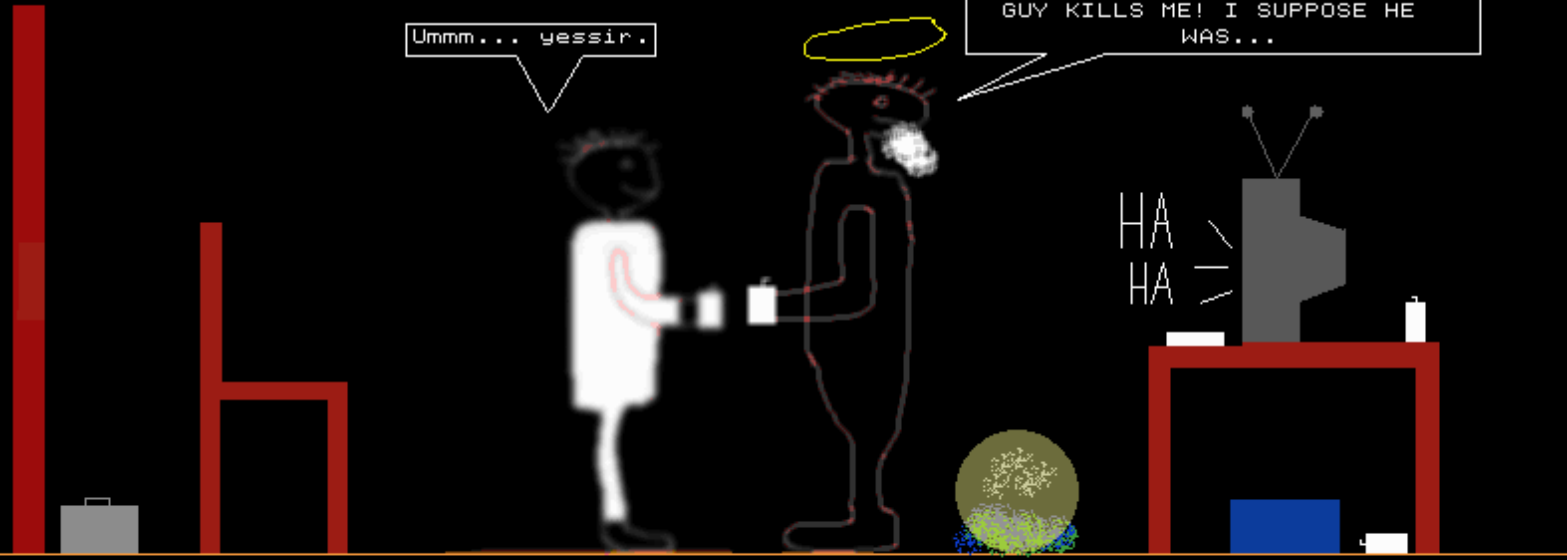


They are just shadows in the dimness now, although it's a little easier to see GOD, because there's a faint nimbus of light around his head. They clink bottles. A roar of laughter from the TV.

Ummm... yessir.

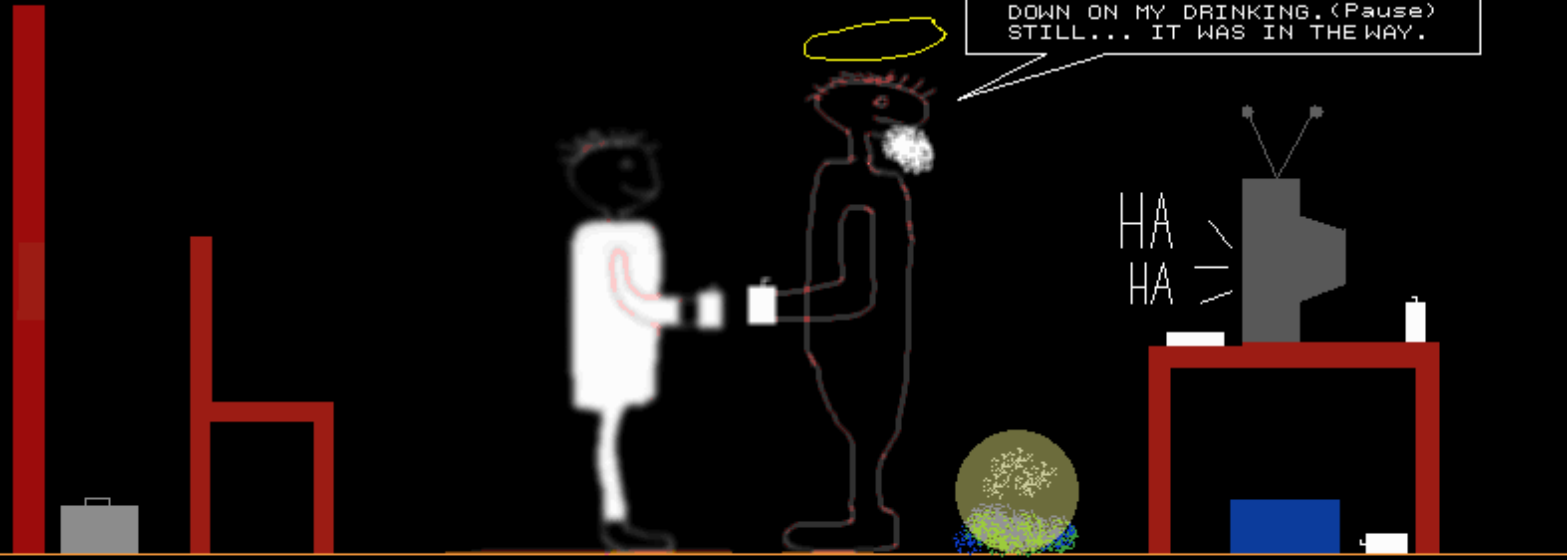
LOOK! IT'S RICHARD PRYOR! THAT GUY KILLS ME! I SUPPOSE HE WAS...

HA
HA



SHIT. (Pause) MAYBE I BETTER CUT
DOWN ON MY DRINKING. (Pause)
STILL... IT WAS IN THE WAY.

HA
HA

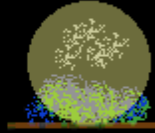


Yessir.

MY SON GOT BACK,
DIDN'T HE?

Yessir, some time
ago.

GOOD. EVERYTHING'S
HUNKY-DORY, THEN.



Fade to black, except for the spotlight on the ruins of the floating globe.

THE SPOTLIGHT GOES OUT.

(Author's note: GOD'S VOICE should be as loud as possible.)

CREDITS:

Story - Stephen King

Idea, silly drawings, etc. - Dohi

(I'm sorry, but I couldn't help myself!)

The End

(c) 1999
Dohi