

*(A waiting room, furnished with a desk and a dozen or so chairs. The **ANGEL**, dressed in white, sits at the desk. In front of him are a list, an open file and six folders. The **SERGEANT** enters. The **ANGEL** looks up and greets him with a welcoming smile)*

ANGEL Welcome to judgement day, Sergeant.

SERGEANT It's true, then?

ANGEL We did tell everyone.

SERGEANT I thought it was all a story.

ANGEL You really should have listened.

*(He ticks the **SERGEANT** off in the file and gives him one of the folders)*

SERGEANT What's this?

ANGEL Your life.

SERGEANT A souvenir, like?

ANGEL A reminder. There's so much humans misremember. You might want to have a browse while you're waiting for the others.

SERGEANT Hang on, isn't this going to be private?

ANGEL Nothing can be hidden now.

SERGEANT Not even... *(The **ANGEL** shakes his head)* My wife will kill me.

ANGEL You're already dead.

SERGEANT I keep forgetting.

*(The **SERGEANT** sits down and starts reading his file. The **GOVERNOR** enters)*

ANGEL Welcome to judgement day, Excellency.

*(He offers the **GOVERNOR** his folder)*

GOVERNOR You know me - good. *(He glares at the **SERGEANT**, who hurriedly stands to attention. The **GOVERNOR** nods)*

approvingly) You may carry on. (*The **SERGEANT** goes back to his folder. The **GOVERNOR** turns his attention back to the **ANGEL***) The VIP lounge is...?

ANGEL There is no VIP lounge.

GOVERNOR Oh. You might want to consider that. Also some sort of fast track procedure. This is all a waste of time for people like me. Nobody can say there was any trouble while I was in charge.

ANGEL Perhaps if you read your folder...

GOVERNOR I'm a busy man.

SERGEANT You're kidding!

GOVERNOR What was that?

SERGEANT This has to a wind-up.

ANGEL We don't do wind-ups, I'm afraid.

SERGEANT But...

ANGEL We rather thought it might come as a shock.

SERGEANT I was only obeying orders. (*To the **GOVERNOR***) You'll tell them that.

GOVERNOR What are you talking about?

SERGEANT You'd best sit down. Honest, you had.

*(The **GOVERNOR** does so with ill grace)*

GOVERNOR What's this all about then?

SERGEANT You know the bloke who said he was the Son of God?

GOVERNOR No.

SERGEANT Well, you'd best remember quick. He really was the Son of God.

GOVERNOR So?

SERGEANT You had him crucified.

GOVERNOR Me?

SERGEANT You gave the order.

GOVERNOR Why didn't you tell me who he was?

SERGEANT He told you himself.

GOVERNOR Every crank does that.

SERGEANT We got the one who was telling the truth.

GOVERNOR Oh!

(His fingers tap away unconsciously as he works out the implications)

SERGEANT What are we going to do?

GOVERNOR Do?

SERGEANT Yeah, do.

GOVERNOR Perhaps we should compare notes.

*(The **SERGEANT** shifts chairs to sit beside him. They pour over their folders. The **CITIZEN** enters)*

ANGEL Welcome to judgement day, citizen.

(He ticks him off, finds the right folder and hands it over)

CITIZEN I don't know why you're bothering with me.

SERGEANT That lot will remind you big time.

CITIZEN This? What is it?

ANGEL Your life.

CITIZEN I've nothing to be ashamed of. We're decent people and we've brought the kids up the same. That's something nowadays.

*(The **CITIZEN** sits down)*

GOVERNOR This does seem factual.

SERGEANT Yeah, but what are we going do?

GOVERNOR Defend ourselves, of course. *(He goes to the desk)* I want a lawyer.

ANGEL What better lawyer than yourself, Excellency?

*(The **CITIZEN** comes up to the desk waving his folder)*

CITIZEN There's been a mistake.

GOVERNOR If I don't have a lawyer, I'll refuse to recognise this court.

ANGEL The court will still recognise you. *(To the **CITIZEN**)* I'm sorry, you were saying?

GOVERNOR What are you going to do?

ANGEL Nothing.

GOVERNOR I'll appeal.

ANGEL There's no higher court.

*(The **GOVERNOR** stomps off in a huff)*

CITIZEN This is all wrong. I'd never condemn the Son of God. I go to church.

ANGEL Let me see. *(He finds the page)* There you are. His Excellency over there offered you a choice. He'd free either Jesus or Barrabas, who, I believe, was... Lets see. *(He consults the file)* Oh, dear. Murder, rape, theft and extortion. You shouted, 'free Barrabas'.

CITIZEN Not loudly.

ANGEL A shout is a shout.

CITIZEN Everyone else was shouting for Barrabas.

GOVERNOR *(Checking his folder)* The figures are here. 113 for Barrabas. 39 for Jesus.

SERGEANT Barrabas was guilty as hell.

CITIZEN Jesus might have been. I didn't know.

SERGEANT But he wasn't.

CITIZEN Then why did you crucify him?

*(The **APOSTLE** has entered)*

ANGEL Welcome to judgement day, apostle.