



HEAVEN'S GATE

“Gentlemen my name is Mortimer, welcome to Heaven’s gate, I am the registrar. This is the post-mortem standard procedure. I must record the circumstances of your demise. Everyone who dies must fill out these forms. Billy, what’s your version of the event?”

BILLY: "Tommy and I were breaking in my new Harley 500C that mom and dad bought me when I turned 18. We visited Patty Rule and her girlfriends as they were preparing for their Sunday night sleepover. We roared down Shaw avenue, and found the girls sitting on the porch, dressed in pajamas. Most of them I didn't find hot, but three of them were super hot. After some giggles and time enough to check their tits, Tommy and I zoomed back down Shaw Avenue towards the Lyle Boulevard.

As we approached the boulevard intersection with Center Street, I gunned the bike, made the light, and hit some bozo steel worker who got in the way."

TOMMY: That's pretty much what happened, but I did tell Billy to slow down. He loved to run red lights.

STEEL WORKER: I was crossing the light thinking about dinner tonight with my family. Suddenly I heard a roar, and found myself flying across the boulevard. I landed on a car. Ouch Ow Ohh! I called out Tilly, my wife's name. And here I am.

BILLY: I didn't run the red light! You were crossing against the red light. Besides, what has your family contributed to this town? We built the library and the hospital. What has your family ever done?

STEEL WORKER: I'm already in hell.

BILLY: You can't scare me with hell.

TOMMY: I suddenly thought of what hell my mother and father are in right now.

Mortimer gets a phone call from God.

MORTIMER: Suicide? Brooklyn? I'll get right on it, sir. Oh Billy? Billy Cox, yeah, he's here right now.
Ok I'll tell him.

TOMMY: Billy, you don't really mean that!

BILLY: Of course I do. Some schmuck gets in the way, and I can't avoid hitting him.
Now we're all dead!

STEEL WORKER: My wife has two mouths to feed. How is she going to do that without me?

BILLY: That's not my fault. Now I'm without my inheritance.

STEEL WORKER: And I'm out two daughters, my wife and any grandchildren.

TOMMY: Guys, now is not the time to say things that may not be true.

MORTIMER: Everyone calm down. Let's be sensible. If you don't do the paperwork properly you all go to hell.

MORTIMER: Billy, your family gave ten million to the Grace Calvary church, so you get to go to heaven. Tommy, your family hasn't contributed to any churches, so your family will just have to do a lot of crying. And you, maybe if your daughter becomes a nun that will get you off the hook. So fill out the paper work, and I'll be back in a half an hour. We have to expedite this because plane just fell out of the sky in France.

Mortimer directs Billy to the door.

STEEL WORKER: The rich get rich and poor get poorer, even here.