

St. Peter
by
Robert Campbell

www.quicknickel.com
robert@robertcampbell.net
818-752-4391

MICHAEL MAN
Why don't you just let me go?
I'll run away. I'll go
someplace no one will ever --Michael...
find me--

MICHAEL MAN
I'll go someplace-- --Michael!

MAN
Stop. Think of me as St. Peter.
You're already dead, and this is
just a conversation we're having to
decide if you're going up or down.

MICHAEL
I've got money. I could give it to
you, and you could say you killed
me, and buried me in the woods.

MAN
And then what? You'll go away for
a few years, but then you'll miss
your kids. You'll think, "Hey,
after all this time no one'll
recognize me." So you'll sneak
back -- you'll probably have some
clever disguise like a beard and
glasses.
(beat)
But here's the thing, Michael:
you're not that clever.