

## Knocking on Heaven's Door

(R= receptionist. G=girl)

R. Hello. Welcome to Heaven!

G. Oh, you're not St. Peter!

R. I'm his receptionist. Name please.

G. Don't you recognise me?

R. Sorry, Where from?

G. Love Island. Naked Attraction?

R. Oh my goodness. I think you're in the wrong department. Did you see the turn for Purgatory on your way up?

G. Nah. A nice chap with a dog collar told me to come here. 'E said it weren't my fault wot the producers made me do.

R. I see. And was yours a natural passing or.. accidental?

G. It was an 'orrible accident. We was up in the 'elicopter, about to land on the island and I jumps out, misses the beach and smashes into the cliff face. Frightened the life out of me.

R. Literally. May I ask why you think this is the place for you?

G. Well. I was Mary in the school Nativity. And I've got a gold cross, look.

R. (*sarcastically*) And what will you bring to Heaven?

G. I ain't brought nuffin'.

R. No, what *attributes* do you possess?

G. I aven't been in a tribute band but I can sing.

R. Well that's something. The celestial choir is rather depleted.

G. Yea, pleated skirt? Is that what they wear up here? I can do that - bit frumpy though.

R. (*sighs*) Right. Family history?

G. There's me and Mum, me stepdad, our Darren, the baby, Nan and Grandad and my dad's got four more now. It's a madhouse at Christmas!

R. (*writing*) Dysfunctional, chaotic - now known as 'blended'.

G. Do you 'av Just Eat here? I love a Nando's!

R. Not here. Most of your time here will be spent in contemplation, meditation, salutation.

G. Sounds boring. But I can get me nails done, yeh?

R. My dear, the only nails here are in a display cabinet, next to the Cross.

G. What do we do for fun?

R. You won't need fun. It's pure rapture here, dear child, rapture.

Let's do a sins check. Original's fine, that was Adam and Eve's fault, venial (they're the small ones) - perhaps, mortal (the heavy stuff) - a definite no!

G. You wot?

R. (*tutting*) Oh don't worry, it'll be on your file.

Tell me of your good deeds during your life?

G. I can't think of any.

R. There must be something that's brought you here?

G. I don't have time for good deeds! Mum hasn't been well since she had the baby, me stepdad can't help 'cos of his back- he's off work, so I 'av to do all the chores before I go to work at Asda, pick up me sister from school, help with her homework, cook the tea, make sure Nan and Grandad are okay, bath the baby and put him to bed, put a wash on and then I crash into bed.

R. Ah. I think I can see why you've been chosen. Make your way through to the waiting room. St. Peter will see you soon. I'll go and find something to cover that bikini.

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