

Joh Part One: In Which Teg Dies.

Teg Well, folks, we've got a really great sketch for you tonight. Remember how we've been promising for so long to have a live orgy on the air? Well, we're still not quite ready to do that, but as a warm up we *do* have...

Erik (No British accent) Stop! That's enough! I won't permit one more filthy word to come out of your obscene mouth. You have corrupted our nation's youth enough as it is!

Thane Hey, wait a minute... aren't you the FCC colonel? We cut you two semesters ago for being too derivative!

Erik I am a representative of the Society for the Elimination of Corruptive and Satanic Satire!

Teg You represent sex?

Erik That's Secss to you, vandal, and besides, we spell it differently! And how dare you say that awful word in my presence and with a live mike in the room?

Thane Mike, you're gonna have to leave.

Joh (just as a suggestion) Or die!

(cameo)

O.K., bye all!

Erik That's better. Now, where was I?

Teg You were about to leave and let us do our show?

Erik Hardly that, you rascal. I shall use every available means to persuade you to clean up your act.

Joh This is radio: we do episodes. We only do acts in live performance.

Erik (growing indignant) And who are you to speak, you whose wrists are left indecently exposed by your sleeves?

Teg Uh, I hate to interrupt such an original pick-up line, but we do have a

show to do here.

Erik (even more indignant) I have been patient with you so far, but no more!
After all, it is not I who condemn you, but you who condemn yourself!!

Teg What did he say about condoms?

Thane Holy cow, that looks like a Jerry Falwell .666 caliber special he's holding. Teg, stand up! Everybody else, duck!

Erik Return whence you came, hellspawn!
"fft" sounds and "ouch"es from Teg

Thane What a great silencer! I could barely hear those shots!

Teg Help.... help....

Thane Now, does it come off for easy concealment?

Erik Actually this kind is permanent but they make...

Teg (rudely interrupting) Rosebud! Ahhhhh.... (thump, as of a body hitting a floor)

Joh Look, Teg's bleeding.

Thane (to Joh) Just a minute. (to Erik) Now where can I get one like...

Joh Oh, never mind, he's dead.

Joh Part Two: In Which Teg Comes To Terms With Death, and Is Disappointed.

Teg Wow! I'm floating above all my friends in the radio station. You know, if it weren't for that bullet-riddled body on the floor, this would be pretty neat.

Devil 5 Were you Matthew Smith?

Teg I *am* Teg Smith.

Devil 4 You *were*, you mean. You're dead now, Matthew.

Teg I don't feel dead, and if you want to keep your pointy teeth, it's Teg.

Devil 3 Since the afterlife is a biblical thing, we all have to use biblical names. You're either Matthew or you're not dead, and I assure you, you *are* dead. You're in our Hypercard file, anyway.

Teg But isn't everything supposed to be perfect in the afterlife? I mean, I like my other name. "Teg" doesn't sound like someone sneezing.

5 For most people, the afterlife is perfect because they're in Heaven. In Heaven you could be Teg or Fritz or anything you like. But you're not in Heaven.

Teg Where am I, then?

4 Think, idiot! If you have a choice of chocolate or strawberry ice cream, and you don't have strawberry, what are you eating?

Teg Trouble. I am in trouble.

3 Damn straight, you are!

Joh Part Three: In Which Teg Is Haunted By a Woman from His Past.

3 Teg, there's someone here we want you to meet.

Mom Welcome home, Matthew!

Teg No! Not her! *Anyone* but her!

Mom Come give your mother a kiss...

Teg Eieeee!

5 Are you concerned that your mother is here because you infer from this that she's dead?

Teg I hadn't thought of that. Mom? Did they get you, too?

Mom Do you think I'd be so crass as to die from Secss on the radio? That, dear, is something only you could do.

Teg But you're dead, though, right?

Mom Oh, no, dear. I'm on indefinite loan from the world of the living. I thought I'd come down and see if you're all right. I wanted to arrange for you to get a job with some kind of future in it down here, and maybe teach you to dress more tastefully. I was hoping that dying had taught you to be more responsible.

4 Wasn't it thoughtful of us to ask her to come and make your stay more pleasant?

Teg Pleasant for whom?

3 For us, of course. You don't think we're going to be soft on you or anything, do you?

Mom Now I was just telling these gentlemen how you've been wasting your natural accountant's talents drawing those silly pictures all the time and....

Teg No, no, oh please, no

Joh Part Four: In Which Teg Is Haunted By a Woman from His Present.

5 There's someone else here I'd like you to meet. She's also alive, and I don't think she knows we've brought her here for you.

(Sound of a bagpipe being stepped on)

Nan C. Aren't they supposed to sound like that? Bentley? Bennt-ley...

Where's Bentley? Oh, there you are, Teg!

Teg Oh no! It's... it's... Uh! I can't say it. She'd report me to a dean or sue me even down here.

Nan C. All right, band, since Teg is the last to show up for today's practice, and he was 175 years late, we'll *all* have to stay late and practice that much longer.

5, 4, 3 (shout in military unison) Ma'am, yes Ma'am! Ma'am, the band thanks you for providing an opportunity to hone its skills, Ma'am!

5 Feet!

5, 4, 3 Together!

5 Tails!

5, 4, 3 Straight!

(shouting fades, blah, blah...)

Teg Well, I finally ditched Nan C. and those three demons... Now where am I? Hey, over there's a portly looking individual with an umbrella. Maybe he can tell me how to get out of here. Excuse me, sir.

2 Eh?

Teg I said "excuse me." Who are you?

2 You are Number Six.

Teg Nooooo! Help me! Wahhhhh! (just generally fall apart)

4 Oh, there you are. We were just seeing if we could bounce echoes off the gates of Heaven from here. Come join us, would you?

Teg I'd rather die.

3 That's no longer an option. Come along.

Joh Part Five: In Which Teg Is Haunted By a Woman from His Future.

4 Teg's dead, so he has no future.

5 That's why this part is so short.

Joh Part Six: In Which We Bring Everything To a Sufficiently Tidy End That We Can Do the Next Sketch.

5 I've had it! We've tried to find something from your life that would allow us to torment you in an original manner, but your experience here has been

nothing but one tawdry derivation after another of other peoples' work! If you stay here, all our other subjects will die of boredom, especially if you keep doing parallels with Dickens!

Teg Everybody here is already dead.

4 You and your earthly logic get out, and don't come back until you've become original, or creative, or a tax lawyer or something!

Teg Ahhhhh.... (thump, as of a body hitting a floor)

Teg Guys! I'm alive! You saved me!

Thane We didn't do anything. Once you collapsed, we just wrote you off and played music.

Teg I've actually been to Hell and back!

Joh See anybody you know?

Teg Yeah, Steve was there. He said he failed to visit Betsy when he was in Wooster over Christmas break and had been there ever since.

Thane Ohh! That'll do it.

The End