

## The Last Judgement

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### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Angel

Jesus Christ

Tutivillus

1<sup>st</sup> Demon

2<sup>nd</sup> Demon

1<sup>st</sup> Evil Soul

2<sup>nd</sup> Evil Soul

1<sup>st</sup> Good Soul

2<sup>nd</sup> Good Soul

Not The Blessed Virgin

Feminist

Donald Trump

*Fire. Brimstone. Hordes of screaming souls. These are the End Times, the Final Days; the proverbial It. An ANGEL appears.*

### ANGEL

Now we've reached the end, dear chums  
-- The End, indeed, in every sense --  
The Seals all bust, the Plagues have come  
(The atmosphere is... pretty tense).

Today is forecast horsemen four  
The seas and rivers turn to blood  
We're waiting, also, for a Whore;  
And God will judge the bad and good.

No doubt you think you know it fine,  
This story passed down through the ages.  
Our version's kept the basic line,  
But undergone some timely changes.

Although the sinners of today may not be *quite* what you expect;  
We can but hope our humble play 'll modernity reflect.

*Two EVIL SOULS sit playing cards, or drinking, or something --  
propless. This is their last day on Earth.*

**1<sup>st</sup> EVIL SOUL**

Full dark was our deed; at Christ's coming, our care;  
This day we drink mead, for we nothing may spare.

*A TRUMPET sounds from the heavens.*

**2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL**

Did you hear something?

*The TRUMPET sounds again. They both leap up and huddle  
together in fear.*

**2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL (CONT'D)**

*(Very melodramatic)*

Alas, I heard that horn that calls us to our doom,  
All that were ever born, thither behoves them come.  
Neither land nor sea may from this doom us hide  
For fear fain would I flee, but may as well abide;  
Alas, I stand in awe, to see that Justice beckon,  
Where no man may on law or legal quibble reckon,

Advocates ten or twelve may not help him in his need,  
But each man for himself shall answer for his deed.

**1<sup>st</sup> EVIL SOUL**

Alas, that I was born!  
I see my Lord's flesh torn  
Before me with wounds five;  
How may I on him look,  
That falsely him forsook,  
Most sinful wretch alive?

**2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL**

We never gave to God in service;  
His commandments we would not keep;

**2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL (CONT'D)**

But often we made sacrifice  
To Satan, when we stole from sleep.

*The TRUMPET sounds. Again, they all panic.*

Alas! That clarion calls our care --  
All we whose deeds the Good despise --  
Our sins the Lord shall soon lay bare;  
Some catalogue will they comprise!

*1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOULS take it in turn confessing their sins, in the manner of two convicts in an American movie -- "What're you in for?". They nod at each other's confessions in a knowing, almost sympathetic way. Until 2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL throws a spanner in the works..*

**1<sup>st</sup> EVIL SOUL**

Great idleness my soul did guide.

**2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL**

I only ever thought of me.

**1<sup>st</sup> EVIL SOUL**

Time and time again I lied.

**2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL**

I caved each day to gluttony.

**1<sup>st</sup> EVIL SOUL**

I coveted my neighbour's wife.

**2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL**

And from the needy did I thieve.

**1<sup>st</sup> EVIL SOUL**

I cruelly took another's life.

**2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL**

And I, alas, I voted Leave --

*1<sup>st</sup> EVIL SOUL looks suddenly horrified and edges noticeably away from 2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL. They continue their confessions apart.*

**1<sup>st</sup> EVIL SOUL**

Mandy, coke, and ketamine I shovelled down in droves,  
My Sabbath spent hungover, O! the lads and I were oafs!  
I could have spend my Sundays reading of the fish and loaves,  
Instead of streaming porn -- there is no respite for my woes.

**2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL**

I thought that I had done no ill; I thought I had no stain;  
I don't profess to saintliness, but nor was I a Cain.  
I thought, in truth, that on the whole, my passions I'd  
restrained --  
Except filming my neighbour, naked, through her windowpane.

*Their reflections are interrupted by the appearance of an ANGEL with a sword, and a list of names. He looks somewhat bored, a little annoyed. Seven billion sinners is a lot to get through in one day; it strikes him that no one really bothered to think through the logistics of it all before the decision was made. The EVIL SOULS look terrified.*

**ANGEL**

Right, all of you -- line up -- quick, quick!  
Present your passports, will ye, please.

*They look mortified; they weren't prepared for this; they start frantically patting all their pockets. The ANGEL quickly stops them.*

**ANGEL (CONT'D)**

I'm kidding. (Aside, momentarily) Christ, aren't mortals thick?  
Back to EVIL SOULS) Where you're going, you won't need IDs.  
To God's right hand, the good shall go,

**ANGEL (CONT'D)**

Yea, Heaven's stairway may ye climb;  
Ye wicked souls, wend ye below,  
On His left hand: It's Judgement Time.

*A great, awe-inspired hush as JESUS appears, wearing sunglasses.*

**JESUS**

Ladies and gentlemen -- the Ending's impending.  
Therefore, I'm back! (*Applause & cheers from crowd.*) I'm once  
more descending.  
Yes, it's all true, folks. (*To choir behind*) -- can I get a  
little more choir?  
Be ye sinner or saint -- I am your Messiah!

**NOT THE BLESSED VIRGIN**

*(Mimicking Monty Python. Loudly and raucously, Cockney accent.)*  
He's not the Messiah! He's --

**JESUS**

No, actually, I kind of am, this time. Sorry.

*A somewhat awkward pause.*

**JESUS (CONT'D)**

My Father in Heaven the End wills it be,  
So I'm back to throne myself in majesty.  
That old crown of thorns we're exchanging for gold  
And a heavenly bod, for that torn one of old.  
I'm a sight to behold.

For five thousand years, now, the Earth's been in flower,  
And it'll be ending in... (*Checks watch. Slight eyebrow raise.*)  
'Bout half an hour.

Now comes the moment of truth, I'm afraid.  
The good we must sort from the ones who have strayed.

*(To EVIL SOULS.)* If you'd have just... prayed?

**TRUMPET** sounds. JESUS gestures flamboyantly at ANGEL, who chases the EVIL SOULS offstage, wielding his sword.

**JESUS (CONT'D)**

*(Aside. He shrugs.)*

Dears, I've the right to be a little showy --  
My Dad created David Bowie,  
And He, the Lord of Sky and Sea  
Invented Freddie Mercury.  
And, since we are a Trinity,  
Well, therefore, that was also me...?  
You see?

*Very calmly, absolutely in control of the proceedings, JESUS follows them offstage. Enter two DEMONS, wearing red. They carry books containing ridiculously long lists of names - names of the damned. They are comparing sinners, and also trying to outdo each other ("I corrupted more than youuu!")*

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

Get ready the gear,  
To welcome war here,  
For spring's in the air  
And Doomsday is come.

**TRUMPET.**

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

Bloody hell, what a noise; why, let us go hence!  
Before on us falls the great sentence.  
Here stand the thralls, we offer no defence,  
For all these damned souls, without repentance,  
As is just.

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

Although we be crooks,  
Examine our books  
Here is a bag full of looks,  
Of pride and of lust,

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON (CONT'D)**

Of wranglers and twisters, a bag full of briefs,  
Of carpers and criers, cutpurses and thieves,  
Of lubbers and liars, that no man believes,

Of a rout of rioters that robbed goods receives;  
These know I.

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

Really, is that all you've got? What a shame.  
A *hundred* more souls were damned in *my* name.  
Contrasted with *mine*, your sinners be lame --  
O honey, O sweetie, do please up your game.

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

(At "all harlots", 1<sup>st</sup> DEMON *pulls a FEMINIST onstage*)  
I grant you, your lot might beat mine in a fight  
Your thieves and your murderers might cause more fright,  
But mine are all women, all harlots in tights,  
And most sinful of all, they demand *equal rights!*

*Dramatic inhale from 2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON. HUUUHHH! A slight pause  
before the next torrent.*

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

Pray, do not speak of the feminine gender!  
Your culprits are worse, I concede -- I surrender!  
They are sharp as a spear though they seem but slender;  
They have ever sour cheer: and never be tender.

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

(*Reading from his list of sinners. The DEMONS scoff and tut  
at each example of a Terrible Woman*)  
Here are some reasons these women be damned:  
This one thinks she's got more wit than a man!  
(*Pushes the FEMINIST offstage, back into audience.*)  
This one in politics wanted a say --

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

They'd simply have stoned her to death, in my day.

*A few seconds of silence; reflective nodding from both DEMONS.*

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

*(Shakes head.)*

These reprobates sure have some stories to tell.

[But] we should probably hurry and send them to Hell --  
If we're late then Beelzebub's going to yell,

*Trumpet. All jump again.*

I haven't seen him so mad since from Heaven he fell!

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

You're right, fellow demon; get ready to work.

We better get going - no time now to shirk!

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

*(Nodding. Nostalgic for their old recreational lurking sessions.)*

Past is the time for a leisurely lurk --

Best gather these souls lest the boss go berserk.

*Enter TUTIVILLUS. He swans in and takes centre stage, with the other two demons behind him, one on each side, like unwitting backing singers. The other DEMONS begin sceptical - who the Hell does he think he is?*

**TUTIVILLUS**

I'm one hell of a guy; yea, quite without peers --

Your life just got better because I am here.

Who am I? ye ask, all you fortunate ones:

I am one of your order and one of your sons;

I do the work that each of you shuns.

*He strolls forward, commanding the space. The DEMONS behind remain sceptical but signs of interest slowly begin to appear as his speech progresses.*



**TUTIVILLUS (CONT' D)**

I'm the taxman in chief,  
Blunt roller in brief,  
Master troll in belief,  
At such none excel me.

I've sent to your hand of souls, I dare say,  
More than ten thousand in an hour of a day;  
Some at taverns I found, some at a rave,  
Some cursed to be bound, some bosses, some knaves;  
So many  
Thus brought I to hell.  
Thus worked I so well.

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON (sceptical)**

'All us ye excel' -- be this then thy claim?  
Well, then, pray tell, how attained thee this fame?

**TUTIVILLUS**

Alas, is it true, my skill thou dost doubt?  
If this be the case, I'll straighten it out.  
(*gestures to the audience*)  
Just look at these souls, they're open to sin,  
I'll show you how quick I can make them give in,  
Just watch.

*TUTIVILLUS turns his attention to the audience, and singles out members of the crowd to mock.*

**TUTIVILLUS (CONT' D)**

Here there are many whom I could deride.  
The quandary's merely *how do I decide?*  
Here's represented from far and from wide  
Every sin in the book - so which do I chide?  
(*Looks around, and finally points to one.*)  
That one's a buffoon;  
He comes home with the moon,  
And is out at high noon,

**TUTIVILLUS (CONT'D)**

*(Turning back to DEMONS)*

Why, no one's immune.

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

*(Still unconvinced)*

So great thou may wax, that what be lacked  
Be shown;  
With awe thou dost fill us,  
But now thy name tell us.

**TUTIVILLUS**

My name is Tutivillus

My horn has blown;

*(Certainly the possibility of a wink here, like 'Is that a  
gun in your pocket...')*

Of my wit all are jealous --

As has just been shown.

*A bit of a pause, surveying the scene. He has time. He  
commands the space, and he commands everyone's attention.  
Then low, sinister, highly dramatic:*

**TUTIVILLUS (CONT'D)**

Have you ever been up in the dark of the night,  
And were taking neat notes by the low candlelight,  
When suddenly -- horror! -- a gross spelling error?  
I, Tutivillus, am behind this endeavour,

As the Patron Demon of Scribes. Every blot,  
Every blunder, each typo, each misprint -- the lot! --  
Every blemish, each blotch, every gruesome black line  
That caused you to ruin your essay sublime,  
It was *all me*.

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

*(Now terribly impressed; hanging on his every word. On  
'strumpets', drags FEMINIST onstage.)*

O wise one! wilt thou us provide with a sequel,

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON (CONT'D)**

Addressing those strumpets who want to be equal?

**TUTIVILLUS**

O darling, now *there* is an issue to start!  
For females, a great chunk of Hell's set apart.

So jolly  
Each lass in this land  
Ladylike here at hand,  
So hot, none withstand,  
Leads men to folly.

*He gestures to the FEMINIST.*

Though easy on the eyes, with her nets and her pins,  
The *shrew herself* shrouded her cheeks, and her chins;  
She'll go home on your arm after a couple of gins,  
Her head high in a cloud, not shamed by her sins,  
Or evil;  
With this powder and paint,  
And smoky eye quaint,  
She may smile like a saint,  
But at heart is a devil.

**TUTIVILLUS (CONT'D)**

She looks like an angel; makes secret her sin,  
In a Louis Vuitton, lined with crocodile skin;

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

*(Gazing at woman, who is perhaps unseen)*  
She is the hottest that's ever here been!

**TUTIVILLUS**

*(Pushes FEMINIST offstage.)*  
And she was a feminist -- *(Everyone reacts in horror)* -- you  
see what I mean?

*A shortish, contemplative pause.*

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

*(Points to other sinners - perhaps EVIL SOULS, or just to  
unseen group)*

As for them?

**TUTIVILLUS**

*(Considers for half a second, rocks head, weighs it up.)*

Their neighbours they slated with words barbed and ill,  
Said, 'Britain First', 'MAGA', in voices so shrill;  
They stole from the poor, and would steal from them still,  
And give to the rich: these men had no will

For heart's fare,  
But, rich, fat, and seedy,  
Gluttonous, greedy,  
Always griping yet needy,  
They never did share.

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

*(Drags on DONALD TRUMP)*

And him?

**TUTIVILLUS**

*(Considers again; immense distaste.)*

His money he made through pollution, extortion,  
Looked out for his own, yes he hired his own son,  
And daughter; on a platform of bollocks they run,  
In hell be it shared, here's my malison  
To bind it.

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

*(Speaks to TRUMP.)*

Well, how do you find it?  
With sweethearts or prozzies your wedlock did break;  
Tell me, was it worth it? A merry mistake?

*(Pushes him offstage.)*

See how falsely it falls.

**TUTIVILLUS**

Of ire and of envy find I more to show,  
Of covetousness, gluttony, many more also;  
They call and they cry, 'Please, you must let us go!  
I'm too young to die!' and there sit they so.

All you slags of the mews, and you lechers aloft,  
You sipping on craft ale, adult'ers full oft,  
Your pleasures ye lose, but I'll soon set you soft;  
Your sorrow accrues, come on up to my croft

Ye lubbers and liars, and all ye who thieve,  
Ye foul-tempered knifers, who cause men to grieve,  
Wreckers, extortioners, welcome receive,  
The lawyers and bankers, who t'simony cleave,  
*(He suddenly slows down. Very drawn out and dramatic.)*  
Wel - come - to - Hell.

*Another TRUMPET, the demons look terrified because they know they're late for work.*

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

*(To TUTIVILLUS, awe-inspired.)*

Thou art peerless amongst friends that ever knew I,  
It's almost a shame that the Ending is nigh.  
But I guess we must carry these souls off to die...

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

*(Also awe-inspired.)*

We'll meet by and by.

*DEMONS and TUTIVILLUS leave the stage. TRUMPET again. GOOD SOULS enter from opposite side, looking sheepish. Enter JESUS.*

**JESUS**

There isn't long now, dears, and this is the big one:  
It's time to decide now if you were a good one  
Or bad one; now must I make the divide,  
For you all picked a side. It isn't much fun,

**JESUS (CONT'D)**

But it has to be done.  
And if you have any theological queries,  
If this kinda scuppers some well-thought-out theories,  
We're happy to hear all your questions and cares -  
But don't talk to me, but the Big Man Upstairs.

Now it begins.

*(He turns to the GOOD SOULS.)*

You good souls are each of you souls who would feed  
And house, and clothe, and care for me.

**1<sup>st</sup> GOOD SOUL**

Lord, when had thou such great a need?

**2<sup>nd</sup> GOOD SOUL**

Hunger or thirst, how could it be?

**JESUS**

Whatever you do for another, darlings, you have done for me.  
But where were all you? content in your glee,  
While suffered I such great a need,  
And from the prison raised my plea?

**1<sup>st</sup> EVIL SOUL**

But how, pray, were we able to feed?

**2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL**

In prison, how were we to see?

**JESUS**

All this kindness you owed to the people you knew,  
That old man down the road and the boy without shoes,  
And that poor family that you spurned;  
And all this time you never learned,  
And now I *really* have returned,

TUTIVILLUS *re-enters with the other DEMONS to organise the*  
*damned. TUTIVILLUS finishes JESUS' line.*

**TUTIVILLUS**

*(Gleefully.)* And each of you shall now be burned!

*JESUS and TUTIVILLUS glare at each other for a moment, then TUTIVILLUS eventually caves. He turns to 2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL as the DEMONS enter and join him at the front of the stage.*

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

Hurry up, please, it's time! We've not got all day.  
Form a single-file line; minimise the delay.

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

It won't be long now till you're all on your way.  
*(Looks exasperatedly at 2<sup>nd</sup> EVIL SOUL who has put his hands together, frantic)*  
Oh, come on. Don't you think it's a bit late to pray?

**TUTIVILLUS**

For a good time, not a long time, was each of you here.  
Now a long time and bad time must each of you fear.  
If you've any complaints, let us know, do not slumber,  
Six-Six-Six is the customer service's number.

**1<sup>st</sup> DEMON**

No time now to repent:  
With bad luck you were born.  
No such luck are you lent,  
That shall find you this morn.

**2<sup>nd</sup> DEMON**

Come now with us fiends  
To your anger;  
Your deeds damn you hither  
Come, let's go together,  
You're at the end of your tether,  
Come, tarry no longer.

*TUTIVILLUS and the DEMONS lead the EVIL SOUL offstage. The EVIL SOULS might wail. The GOOD SOUL remains, gazing up at JESUS.*

**1<sup>st</sup> Good Soul**

We love, thee, Lord, in everything,  
That for thine own has ordained thus  
That we may have now our dwelling  
In heaven's bliss given unto us.

Therefore full boldly may we sing  
As we ascend the stairway thus;  
Make we all mirth and loving  
With Te Deum Laudamus.

**JESUS**

Ye good souls are free, to Heaven you're sent --  
Unlike that lot, who's damned to eternal torment.  
You might ask why I, who always taught to forgive,  
Don't send all to Paradise, forever to live.

A bit of a character transformation  
Found only in John's Book of Revelation.  
Alas, my role in this judgement has always been plain:  
To send Evil Souls packing, to an eternity in pain.

But just one last note 'fore the final bell rings,  
Come back here, ye demons, and those poor women bring!  
In judging the feminists one thing left your brain:  
Respecting each other's all I ever taught.

*(To audience.)*

So bear with ye always that one golden thought,  
And maybe some day I will see you again.

FIN.