

*(JULIE and NETTIE kneel in prayer. The TWO HEAVENLY FRIENDS enter from right and cross to BILLY. The chorus hums through the rest of the scene from offstage.)*

**1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND.** Get up, Billy.

**BILLY.** Huh?

**1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND.** Get up.

**BILLY.** *(Straightening up.)* Who are you?

**2ND HEAVENLY FRIEND.** Shake yourself up. Got to get goin'.

**BILLY.** *(Looking up at them and turning front, still sitting.)* Goin'? Where?

**1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND.** Never mind where. Important thing is you can't stay here.

**BILLY.** *(Turning left, looks at JULIE.)* Julie!

*(The lights dim, and a cloud gauze drop comes in behind BILLY and the HEAVENLY FRIENDS.)*

**1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND.** She can't hear you.

**BILLY.** Who decided that?

**1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND.** You did. When you killed yourself.

**BILLY.** I see! So it's over!

**1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND.** It isn't as simple as that. As long as there is one person on earth who remembers you – it isn't over.

**BILLY.** What're you goin' to do to me?

**1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND.** We weren't going to do anything. We jest came down to fetch you – take you up to the jedge.

**BILLY.** Judge! Am I goin' before the Lord God Himself?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND. What hev you ever done thet you should come before Him?

BILLY. (*His anger rising.*) So that's it. Just like Jigger said – “No Supreme Court for little people – just perlice magistrates!”

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND. Who said anythin' about...?

BILLY. I tell you, if they kick me around up there like they did on earth, I'm goin' to do somethin' about it! I'm dead and I got nothin' to lose. I'm goin' to stand up for my rights! I tell you, I'm goin' before the Lord God Himself – straight to the top! Y'hear?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND. Simmer down, Billy. Simmer down.

[MUSIC NO. 25 “THE HIGHEST JUDGE OF ALL”]

BILLY.

TAKE ME BEYOND THE PEARLY GATES,  
 THROUGH A BEAUTIFUL MARBLE HALL,  
 TAKE ME BEFORE THE HIGHEST THRONE  
 AND LET ME JUDGED BY THE HIGHEST JUDGE OF ALL!  
 LET THE LORD SHOUT AND YELL,  
 LET HIS EYES FLASH FLAME,  
 I PROMISE NOT TO QUIVER WHEN HE CALLS MY NAME;  
 LET HIM SEND ME TO HELL,  
 BUT BEFORE I GO,  
 I FEEL THAT I'M ENTITLED TO A HELL OF A SHOW!  
 WANT PINK-FACED ANGELS ON A PURPLE CLOUD,  
 TWANGIN' ON THEIR HARPS TILL THEIR FINGERS GET  
 RED.  
 WANT ORGAN MUSIC – LET IT ROLL OUT LOUD,  
 ROLLIN' LIKE A WAVE WASHIN' OVER MY HEAD!  
 WANT EV'RY STAR IN HEAVEN  
 HANGIN' IN THE ROOM,  
 SHININ' IN MY EYES