

GOD 1 : What's wrong with this body?

LARRY : Well, nothin', but I mean...of all the bodies you could choose from...

GOD 1 : It's a good body, it's comfortable.

LARRY : Okay, alright.

GOD 1 : *(mumbling)* Try telling me what body to use, smart-assed punk kids think they know every thing in-

LARRY : Alright, I'm sorry. Jesus Christ!

GOD 1 : That'll cost you another week in purgatory.

LARRY : A week?

GOD 1 : Well, time is subjective, but let's say a week.

LARRY : I'm not even Catholic.

GOD 1 : You think that matters?

LARRY : A whole week for one lousy "Jesus Christ"?

GOD 1 : Rules are rules. If I make an exception for you...

LARRY : What if I give you a cigarette?

GOD 1 : I quit.

LARRY : One can't hurt. Come on.

GOD 1 : Alright, one.

*Larry gives him a cigarette and lights it for him.*

LARRY : So, that should be worth a little time off, right? From purgatory, I mean.

GOD 1 : What?

LARRY : I gave you a cigarette.

GOD 1 : Larry, if I had wanted a cigarette, I could have created one, poof, like that. I'm God, okay? You can't bribe God. Time off, ha!

*Larry looks away, pouting. Waitress brings the drinks.*

WAITRESS : There you go.

GOD 1 : Thanks. How old do you think I am, sweetheart?

WAITRESS : I'm sure I don't know.

GOD 1 : Ever made it with a deity?