

Rowan Atkinson: "Devil Sketch"

Hello, nice to see you all again.

Now, as the more perceptive of you have probably realised by now, this is Hell, and I am the Devil. Good evening. You can call me Toby, if you like – we try and keep things informal here, as well as infernal. That's just a little joke.

Now, you're all here for eternity, which I hardly need tell you is a sod of a long time, so you get to know everyone pretty well by the end, but for now I'm going to have to split you up into groups. Are there any questions? Yes?

Um, no, I'm afraid we don't have any toilets. If you'd read your Bible you would have seen that it was damnation without relief. So, if you didn't go before you came then I'm afraid you're not going to enjoy yourself very much ... but then, I believe that's the idea.

Right, let's split you up then.

Can you all hear me still?

CAN YOU HEAR ME AT THE RACK?

All right, off we go ...

Murderers, over here. Looters and pillagers – over there please, thieves if you could join them, and bank managers ...

Fornicators, if you could step forward – my God there are a lot of you. Could I split you up into adulterers and the rest? Adulterers if you could just form a line in front of that small guillotine there.

Okay ...

Americans, are you here? Look, I'm sorry about this, apparently God had some fracas with your founding fathers and damned the entire race into perpetuity. He sends particular condolences to the Mormons who He realises put in a lot of work. That's the way the wafer crumbles. The Iranians, I'm afraid, can't be with us – someone's been holding them in purgatory for about nine months.

Sodomites, over there against the wall.

Atheists! Atheists? Over here please. You must be feeling a right bunch of charlies.

Okay, and Christians! Christians? Ah yes, I'm sorry, I'm afraid the Jews were right.

Okay, Moonies, maniacs, marmite eaters, male models, masochists, mass murderers and masseurs, if you could take a pew at the back - with the Methodists that is.

Now, you're the lot who used to kill whales, is that right? Ah, yes, I must remember - I've got some strips to tear off you bastards later.

Everyone who saw Monty Python's "Life of Brian" – I'm afraid He can't take a joke after all.

Alright now, one final thing. We're trying to implement some kind of exchange scheme with the Lord God Almighty, or Cliff as we know him. Some of you will travel up and have a decade in heaven and we're having some angels down here. Now, I hardly need tell you that in heaven you will be expected to behave in an exemplary manner, so I hope you will do the exact opposite – tear off their wings, use their haloes for frisbee practice, that sort of thing.

Well, I have to go now, unfortunately, but Beelzebub here will show you the ropes ... and the chains, and electrodes.

And I'd just like to leave you with a favourite joke of mine, if I may. Quite apt to the circumstances, I think, which goes something like:

"Knock, knock.

Who's there?

Death.

Death wh..."