

The Perfect Blackout

An old stage manager arrived at the Pearly Gates. As a reward for years of patience, discretion, and endeavor, St. Peter granted him a single wish.

"I've never seen a perfect blackout -- can that be arranged?" he asked.

St. Peter snapped his fingers, and the darkness descended. There was not a hint of spill from worklights or prompt corner. There was total silence, not a whisper, not a footstep, not a pin drop -- just complete silence and total darkness. It lasted 18 seconds.

When the lights came up again, St. Peter was gone and the Pearly Gates had been struck.