We all know what happened in the Earthly realm Saturday when Ohio State took it to Michigan. But what we're all eager to know is, what happened in God's country during the first game with both Woody Hayes and Bo Schembechler as members of the hereafter? So allow us to put words in the mouths of our dearly departed, and just imagine what must have been going on at heaven's official OSU-Michigan viewing party ...

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We all know what happened in the Earthly realm Saturday when Ohio State took it to Michigan. But what we're all eager to know is, what happened in God's country?

Surely, the spiritual realm had to be abuzz during Saturday's game. The first game with both Woody Hayes and Bo Schembechler as members of the hereafter.

Unless you have a divine stage pass, you won't know until you shed this mortal coil. So allow us to put words in the mouths of our dearly departed, and just imagine what must have been going on at heaven's official OSU-Michigan viewing party...

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The scene: A plush room somewhere just north of St. Peter's gate. Woody and Bo are sitting at opposite ends of a large couch, surrounded by a select group of dead famous people, including Abraham Lincoln, Jimi Hendrix and John Belushi. The game is on a large flat-panel screen, the resolution crisper than anything on Earth.

Bo: Damn it! Damn it all straight to ... uh ... Purgatory. Fourteen-seven. Carr is a bozo. There, I said it. What was I telling them all week? Nobody's listening.

Woody: Bo, I know you only keel over dead once, but you should really learn to relax. There's plenty more where that came from.

Bo (holding up his hands): I could say something else, but I won't. I just got here.

John Belushi: Yeah, well I'll say something! This football stuff is a load of horse shit! I mean,

you can't even bet on it here!

Abraham Lincoln: Oh, sorry, Mr. Actor! I didn't know they let you say words like that here!

Belushi: Words like what? Say it, Prez!

Lincoln: I despise all actors. For eternity.

Belushi: Yeah, well, all I know is that every Saturday, we sneak in here and watch lingerie mud wrestling on pay-per-view. Now this game's going on, and suddenly the world stops.

Woody (in his best coaching voice): Shut your damn pie hole, son, or I'll shut it for you! There IS nothing else but this game for the next three hours!

Bo: I must admit, you still got it, Woody.

Woody: Of course I still got it, Bo! I never lost it!

Belushi: Yeah, well all I know is there's two guys in this room who still have their Johnsons attached and want to watch lingerie mud wrestling. Ain't that right, Jimi?

Jimi Hendrix (exhaling a big puff of smoke): mmmmm.....

Lincoln: That young man had better not be performing such acts when He shows up, you know? Speaking of which....

A large, golden door opens. A host of angels begin singing high hosannas, followed by a bright flash. God enters the room.

God: What's all the yelling in here? And what's this haze? Good heavens ... it's purple!

Everyone in the room: Jimi did it!

God: Mr. Hendrix, what have I told you about smoking the happy hash in the hereafter? It's not permitted! I've warned you time and time again. Now I want you to take your guitar and play me 1,000 repetitions of "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee." No stopping, understood? Now go!

Hendrix (getting up slowly and walking out): This place is cramping my style.

God: How about flames burning your posterior? Would that cramp your style? How would you like that? Strum me a river, Mozart. I better hear that guitar loud and clear!

Belushi: Yeah, you tell him, God!

God: And YOU, Mr. Belushi. I've got millions of prayers pouring in from all over the world, and then I get distracted by your typically loud hissy-fit when you don't get your way.

Woody: Eh, he's just upset because we're making him watch the Ohio State-Michigan game.

God: The what? It's on already? (sits down between Woody and Bo) I've got to watch this for at least a few minutes. What's the score?

Woody: 14-7, Buckeyes.

God: Fabulous!

Bo: Fabulous?? What do you mean fabulous? You're God. You're not supposed to have a rooting interest.

God (looking at Bo, then turning to Woody): He's new here, right?

Woody: Yep. (to Bo) God's been a Buckeye fan since the dawn of time.

Bo: He ... what? But ... then explain how I was able to win all those games against Ohio State. Explain the John Cooper years.

God: Oh, I still give them free will. I think it makes for excellent competition. But I must admit, I've been rooting for the Scarlet and Gray since the days of leather helmets.

Bo: Then, are there any Michigan fans in the afterlife?

God: Certainly. But this is the one place where Michigan is "south," if you get my drift.

Bo: South? As in ... as in ...

Woody: As we speak, Lucifer's wearing his prized Wolverine fleece.

(Bo smacks his head in disbelief)

God: Although to be fair, the devil took up Michigan's cause just to spite me. He's probably down there with Jack the Ripper and John Wilkes Booth watching the game right now, rooting as hard as he can for Michigan.

Lincoln: And that's exactly the way it should be.

Belushi: (Aiming his finger like a gun, pointing at the back of Lincoln's head) Look what I'm doing!

Lincoln: You see what I have to put up with? It's so hard being benevolent.

God: Mr. Belushi! Out! Now!

Belushi: Man! I'm outta here. I'll go point and laugh while Hendrix plays. Or maybe John Paul II has a game of canasta going. Yeah, that's it! (exits)

Bo (to God): So you really are an Ohio State fan. Amazing. You must think I'm pretty low, then.

God: Nonsense. You lived a good life, taught a lot of young men the right way to live. And you coached at Ohio State, so you'll always be one of the good guys to me.

Woody: Who do you think was pulling for you the whole time, Bo? I was.

Bo: So how did a former Michigan coach end up here, on the same couch with God and none other than Mr. Woody Hayes?

God: Well, I bumped Maurice Clarett to the back of the line. He has some time to figure things out.